STORIES of SWISS CHILDREN

JOHANNA SPYRI

30750 Summit Lane
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

See page 314

In the midst of the flock came the goat-boy.

STORIES OF SWISS CHILDREN

BY

JOHANNA SPYRI

AUTHOR OF HEIDI

TRANSLATED BY

HELEN B DOLE

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

STORIES OF SWISS CHILDREN

By
JOHANNA SPYRI
Author of "Heidi"

Translated by
HELEN B. DOLE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919,
1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1925
BY THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

Published 1926
Second Printing

Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

TONI, THE LITTLE WOOD-CARVER — PAGE

I. AT HOME IN THE LITTLE STONE HUT . . 1
II. A HARD SENTENCE 10
III. UP IN THE MOUNTAINS 17
IV. IN THE SANITARIUM 28

LITTLE CURLY-HEAD

I. AT WILLOW-JOSEPH'S HOUSE 42
II. NEW ACQUAINTANCES 51
III. WHAT KEEPING SILENT DOES 61
IV. WHAT THE DEAR LORD SENDS 72
V. CHRISTMAS 81

THE ROSE-CHILD

I. THE TIME OF ROSES 97
II. A LITTLE HELPER AND GREAT HELP . . . 102
III. ROSE-RESLI'S TROUBLE 111
IV. SORROW-MOTHER NO LONGER 117

THE CHILDREN'S CAROL

I. BASTI AND FRANZELI LEARN A SONG . . . 127
II. UNEXPECTED NEW YEAR'S SINGERS . . . 136
III. ONE SURPRISE AFTER ANOTHER 150

LITTLE MISS GRASSHOPPER

I. BEFORE THE JOURNEY 158
II. ON THE GEMMI PASS 162
III. NEW ACQUAINTANCES 167
IV. A TERRIBLE NIGHT 174
V. THE NEXT MORNING 180

Jo, the Little Machinist

I. Gathering Wood 197
II. Feieli Brings About a Decision . . . 206
III. How Feieli Tries to Find a Way . . . 216
IV. A Kind Word and Refreshment at the Right Time 224
V. Feieli's Joy 234

What Sami Sings with the Birds

I. Old Mary Ann 248
II. At the Grandmother's 256
III. Another Life 262
IV. Hard Times 273
V. The Birds Are Still Singing 283
VI. Sami Sings Too 293

Moni, the Goat-Boy

I. All Is Well with Moni 312
II. Moni's Life in the Mountains 318
III. A Visit 326
IV. Moni Can No Longer Sing 335
V. Moni Sings Again 343

Trini, the Little Strawberry Girl

I. The Old Washerwoman's Trouble . . . 349
II. Among the Strawberries 355
III. Trini Understands Something New . . . 363
IV. Another Angry Speech, and What Followed 368
V. How It Fared with the Cousin . . . 375

Tiss, a Little Alpine Waif

I. All Against One 384
II. At the Cowherd's Hut by the Brook . . 393
III. A Helpful Angel 404
IV. What the Cowherd's Mother Decided . . 412

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

In the midst of the flock came the goat-boy (P. 314) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Moni, the goat-boy . . . . . *Title-Page*

PAGE

Toni stood as if rooted to the floor . . . 14

The pleasure all three took in Curly-Head surpassed every other joy 62

The kind old woman began the work immediately . 112

Basti went ahead and worked his way through the deep snow 136

" I went still farther, and there were more and more flowers " 190

The children sat down under an ancient fir tree . 200

" Listen, Grandmother! Up there in the tree! " . 260

The higher he mounted, the more beautiful became the view 320

Trini always knew where the finest berries grew . 356

He was lying on the ground and could not move . 410

Toni, the Little Wood-Carver

I

AT HOME IN THE LITTLE STONE HUT

HIGH up in the Bernese Oberland, quite a distance above the meadow-encircled hamlet of Kandergrund, stands a little lonely hut, under the shadow of an old fir-tree. Not far away rushes down from the wooded heights of rock the Wild brook, which in times of heavy rains has carried away so many rocks and bowlders that when the storms are ended a ragged mass of stones is left, through which flows a swift, clear stream of water. Therefore the little dwelling near by this brook is called the stone hut.

Here lived the honest day-laborer Toni, who conducted himself well in every farmhouse where he went to work, for he was quiet and industrious, punctual at his tasks, and reliable in every way.

In his hut at home he had a young wife and a little boy, who was a joy to both of them. Near the hut in the little shed was the goat, the milk of which supplied food for the mother and child, while the father received his board through the week on the farms where he worked from morning until night. Only on Sunday was he at home with his wife and little Toni. The wife Elsbeth kept her little house in good order; it was narrow and

tiny, but it always looked so clean and cheerful that every one liked to come into the sunny room, and the father, Toni, was never so happy as when he was at home in the stone hut with his little boy on his knee.

For five years the family lived in harmony and undisturbed peace. Although they had no abundance and little worldly goods, they were happy and content. The husband earned enough, so they did not suffer want, and they desired nothing beyond their simple manner of life, for they loved each other and their greatest delight was little Toni.

The little boy grew strong and healthy and with his merry ways delighted his father's heart, when he remained at home on Sundays, and sweetened all his mother's work on week-days, when his father was away until late in the evening.

Little Toni was now four years old and already knew how to be helpful in all sorts of small ways, in the house and the goat's shed and also in the field behind the hut. From morning until night he tripped happily behind his mother for he was as content as the little birds up in the old fir-tree.

When Saturday night came the mother scrubbed and cleaned with doubled energy to finish early, for on that day the father was through his work earlier than other days, and she always went with little Toni by the hand, part way to meet him. This was a great delight to the child. He now knew very well how one task followed another in the household. When his mother began to

scrub, he jumped around in the room with delight and cried out again and again: "Now we are going for Father! Now we are going for Father!" until the moment came when his mother took him by the hand and started along.

Saturday evening had come again in the lovely month of May. Outdoors the birds in the trees were singing merrily up to the blue sky; indoors the mother was cleaning busily, in order to get out early into the golden evening, and meanwhile now outside, now in the house, little Toni was hopping around and shouting:

"Now we are going for Father!"

It was not long before the work was finished. The mother put on her shawl, tied on her best apron and stepped out of the house.

Toni jumped for joy and ran three times around his mother, then seized her hand and shouted once more:

"Now we are going for Father!"

Then he tripped along beside his mother in the lovely, sunny evening. They wandered to the Wild brook, over the wooden bridge, which crosses it, and came to the narrow foot-path, winding up through the flower-laden meadows to the farm where the father worked.

The last rays of the setting sun fell across the meadows and the sound of the evening bells came up from Kandergrund.

The mother stood still and folded her hands.

"Lay your hands together, Toneli," she said, "it is the Angelus."

The child obeyed.

"What must I pray, Mother?" he asked.

"Give us and all tired people a blessed Sunday! Amen!" said the mother devoutly.

Toneli repeated the prayer. Suddenly he screamed: "Father is coming!"

Down from the farm some one was running as fast as he could come.

"That is not Father," said his mother, and both went towards the running man. When they met, the man stood still and said, gasping:

"Don't go any farther; turn around, Elsbeth. I came straight to you, for something has happened."

"Oh, my God!" cried the woman in the greatest anguish, "has something happened to Toni?"

"Yes, he was with the wood-cutters, and then he was struck. They have brought him back; he is lying up at the farm—but don't go up there," he added, holding Elsbeth fast, for she wanted to start off as soon as she heard the news.

"Not go up?" she said quickly. "I must go to him; I must help him and see about bringing him home."

"You cannot help him, he is—he is already dead," said the messenger in an unsteady voice. Then he turned and ran back again, glad to have the message off his mind.

Elsbeth threw herself down on a stone by the way, unable to stand or to walk. She held her apron before her face and burst into weeping and sobbing, so that

Toneli was distressed and frightened. He pressed close to his mother and began to cry too.

It was already dark when Elsbeth finally came to herself and could think of her child. The little one was still sitting beside her on the ground, with both hands pressed to his eyes, and sobbing pitifully. His mother lifted him up.

"Come, Toneli, we must go home; it is late," she said, taking him by the hand. But he resisted.

"No, no, we must wait for Father!" he said and pulled his mother back.

Again she could not keep back the tears. "Oh, Toneli, Father will come no more," she said, stifling her sobs; "he is already enjoying the blessed Sunday, we prayed for, for the weary. See, the dear Lord has taken him to Heaven; it is so beautiful there, he will prefer to stay there."

"Then we will go too," replied Toneli, starting along.

"Yes, yes, we shall go there too," promised his mother, "but now we must first go home to the stone hut," and without a word she went with the little one back to the silent cottage.

The proprietor of the Matten farm sent word to Elsbeth the following day that he would do everything necessary for her husband, and so she need not come until it was time for the service, for she would not recognize her husband. He sent her some money in order that she would not have too much care in the next few days, and promised to think of her later on.

Elsbeth did as he advised and remained at home until the bells in Kandergrund rang for the service. Then she went to accompany her husband to his resting place.

Sad and hard days came for Elsbeth. She missed her good, kind husband everywhere, and felt quite lost without him. Besides, cares came now which she had known little about before, for her husband had had his good, daily work. But now she felt sometimes as if she would almost despair. She had nothing but her goat and the little potato field behind the cottage, and from these she had to feed and clothe herself and the little one, and besides furnish rent for the little house.

Elsbeth had only one consolation, but one that always supported her when pain and care oppressed her; she could pray, and although often in the midst of tears, still always with the firm belief that the dear Lord would hear her supplication.

When at night she had put little Toni in his tiny bed she would kneel down beside him and repeat aloud the old hymn, which now came from the depths of her heart, as never before:

Oh, God of Love, oh Father-heart,
  In whom my trust is founded,
I know full well how good Thou art—
  E'en when by grief I am wounded.

Oh Lord, it surely can not be
  That Thou wilt let me languish
In hopeless depths of misery,
  And live in tears of anguish.

Oh Lord, my soul yearns for Thine aid
In this dark vale of weeping;
For Thee I've waited, hoped and prayed
Assured of Thy safe keeping.

Lord let me bear whate'er Thy Love
May send of grief or sorrow,
Until Thou, in Thy Heaven above,
Make dawn a brighter morrow.

And in the midst of her urgent praying, the mother's tears flowed abundantly, and little Toni, deeply moved in his heart by his mother's weeping and earnest prayer, kept his hands folded and wept softly too.

So the time passed. Elsbeth struggled along and little Toni was able to help her in many ways, for he was now seven years old. He was his mother's only joy, and she was able to take delight in him for he was obedient and willing to do everything she desired. He had always been so inseparable from his mother that he knew exactly how the tasks of the day had to be done, and he desired nothing but to help her whenever he could. If she was working in the little field, he squatted beside her, pulled out the weeds, and threw the stones across the path.

If his mother was taking the goat out of the shed so that she could nibble the grass around the hut, he went with her step by step, for his mother had told him he must watch her so that she would not run away.

If his mother was sitting in winter by her spinning-wheel, he sat the whole time beside her, mending his win-

ter shoes with strong strips of cloth, as she had taught him to do. He had no greater wish than to see his mother happy and contented. His greatest pleasure was, when Sunday came and she was resting from all work, to sit with her on the little wooden bench in front of the house and listen as she told him about his father and talk with her about all kinds of things.

But now the time had come for Toni to go to school. It was very hard for him to leave his mother and remain away from her so much. The long way down to Kandergrund and up again took so much time that Toni was hardly ever with his mother any more through the day, but only in the evening. Indeed he always came home so quickly that she could hardly believe it possible, for he looked forward with pleasure all day long to getting home again. He lost no time with his schoolmates but ran immediately away from them as soon as school was over. He was not accustomed to the ways of the other boys since he had been constantly alone with his quietly working mother and used to performing definite tasks continually without any noise.

So it was altogether strange to him and he took no pleasure in it when the boys, coming out of the schoolhouse, set up a great screaming, one running after another, trying to see which was the stronger, and throwing one another on the ground, or wrestling so that their caps were thrown far away and their jackets half torn off.

The wrestlers would often call to him:

" Come and play! " and when he ran away from them they would call after him: " You are a coward." But this made little difference to him; he didn't hear it long, for he ran with all his might in order to be at home again with his mother.

Now a new interest for him arose in the school: he had seen beautiful animals drawn on white sheets, which the children of the upper classes copied. He quickly tried to draw them, too, with his pencil and at home continued drawing the animals again and again as long as he had a bit of paper. Then he cut out the animals and tried to make them stand on the table, but this he could not do. Then suddenly the thought came to him that if they were of wood they could stand. He began quickly with his knife to cut around on a little piece of wood until there was a body and four legs; but the wood was not large enough for the neck and the head; so he had to take another piece and calculate from the beginning how high it must be and where the head must be placed. So Toni cut away with much perseverance until he succeeded in making something like a goat and could show it with great satisfaction to his mother. She was much delighted at his skill and said:

" You are surely going to be a wood-carver, and a very good one."

From that time on Toni looked at every little piece of wood which came in his way, to see if it would be good for carving, and if so he would quickly put it away, so that he often brought home all his pockets full

of these pieces, which he then collected like treasures into a pile and spent every free moment carving them.

Thus the years passed by. Although Elsbeth always had many cares, she experienced only joy in her Toni. He still clung to her with the same love, helped her in every way as well as he could, and spent his life beside her entirely at his quiet occupation, in which he gradually acquired a quite gratifying skill. Toni was never so content as when he was sitting in the little stone hut with his carving and his mother came in and out happily employed, always saying a kindly word to him and finally sat down beside him at her spinning-wheel.

II

A HARD SENTENCE

Toni was twelve years old in the winter, and now his school days were over, and the time had come to look about for some kind of work which would bring him in some money and by which he could learn something necessary for future years.

Spring had come and work had begun in the fields. His mother thought it would be best to ask the proprietor of the Matten farm if he had some light work for Toni; but every time she spoke about it he would say beseechingly:

"Oh, Mother, don't do that; let me be a wood-carver!"

She would have had no objection to this, but knew no way to bring it about, and she had known the farmer up on the Matten farm ever since her husband had worked there, and ever since his death from time to time he had sent her a little wood or meal.

She hoped that he would employ Toni at first for light tasks in the field, so that he would gradually learn to do the heavier work.

So on Saturday night after the day's work was ended and she sat down with Toni to their scanty supper, she said once more:

"Toni, now we must take a decided step; I think it is best for me to go up to the Matten farm to-morrow."

"Oh, Mother, don't do that!" said Toni, quite beseechingly. "Don't go to the farmer! If you will only let me be a wood-carver, I will work so hard, that I will earn enough, and you will not have to do so much, and then I can stay at home with you. Besides you would be all alone, and I can't bear it, if I have to be always away from you. Let me stay with you; don't send me away, Mother."

"Oh, you good Toni," said his mother, "what wouldn't I give to be able to keep you always with me! But that really cannot be. I know of no way for you to be a wood-carver; some one would have to teach you, and when you had learned, how should we sell the carvings? You would have to know people and go about, or else your work wouldn't bring any money. If only I

could talk with some one, who could give me good advice!"

"Don't you know any one, Mother, you can ask?" said Toni anxiously and racked his brain to try to think of some one. His mother too began to consider.

"I think I will go to the pastor, who has already given me advice," said his mother, delighted to have found a way out of the difficulty.

Toni was quite happy and now was determined that early the next morning they should go down to the church and then his mother could go in to see the pastor and Toni would wait outside.

Everything was carried out on Sunday morning as they had planned. His mother had put two of the little carved animals in her pocket to show the pastor as examples of her boy's good ability. The pastor received her very cordially, had her sit down beside him and enquired with interest about her affairs, for he knew Elsbeth and how bravely she had helped herself through all the hard times.

She told him now the whole story, how Toni from a very early age had worked at the carving with so much interest and now wished for nothing so much as to carry on this work, but how she knew of no way for him to learn, nor how, later, the work could be sold. Finally she showed him the two little animals as examples of Toni's skill.

The pastor replied to the mother that the plan would be very difficult to carry out. Although the two little

goats were not badly carved, yet in order to perform the work right and to earn his bread by it, Toni would have first to learn from a good carver, because making only little animals or boxes would not amount to anything or bring in any money, and he would only be wasting his time.

However, down in the village of Frutigen there was a very skillful, well-known wood-carver, who made wonderful large works which went far into the world, even to America. He carved whole groups of animals on high rocks, chamois and eagles and whole mountains with the herdsman and the cows. Elsbeth could talk with this carver. If Toni studied with him he could help him to sell the finished work, for he had ways open for it.

Elsbeth left the pastor with gratitude and new hope in her heart. In front of the house Toni was waiting in great suspense. She had to tell him at once everything the pastor had said, and when she finally related about the wood-carver in Frutigen Toni suddenly stood still and said:

" Then come, Mother, let us go to the place at once."

However, his mother had not thought it over—she made many objections, but Toni begged so earnestly, that she finally said:

" We must go home first and have something to eat, for it is very far away; but we can do that quickly and then start off again right away."

So they hurried back to the house, took a little bread and milk and started on their way again. They had

several hours to travel, but Toni was so busy with his plans and thoughts for the future, the time flew like a dream and he looked up in great surprise when his mother said:

"See, there is the church tower of Frutigen!"

They were soon standing in front of the wood-carver's house, and learned from the children before the door that their father was at home.

Inside in the large, wainscotted room, sat the wood-carver with his wife at the table, looking at a large book of beautiful colored pictures of animals which he would be able to make good use of in his handicraft. When the two arrived he welcomed them and invited them to come and be seated on the wooden bench, where he and his wife were sitting and which ran along the wall around the entire room. Elsbeth accepted the invitation and immediately began to tell the wood-carver why she had come to see him, and what she so much desired of him.

Meanwhile Toni stood as if rooted to the floor and stared motionless at a single spot. In front of him next the wall was a glass case, in which could be seen two high rocks, carved out of wood. On one was standing a chamois with her little ones. They had such dainty, slender legs, and their fine heads sat so naturally on their necks that it seemed as if they were all alive and not at all made of wood. On the other rock stood a hunter, his gun hanging by his side, and his hat, with even a feather in it, sat on his head, all so finely carved,

Toni stood as if rooted to the floor.

that one would think it must be a real hat and a real little feather, and yet all was of wood.

Next the hunter stood his dog, and it seemed as if he would even wag his tail. Toni was like one enchanted and hardly breathed.

When his mother finished speaking, the wood-carver said it seemed to him as if she thought the affair would half go of itself, but it was not so. If a thing was to be done right, it cost much time and patience to learn. He was not averse to taking the boy, for it seemed to him that he had a desire to learn; but she would have to pay for his board for a couple of months in Frutigen, besides paying for his instruction, which would be as much as his board, and she herself must know whether she could spend so much on the boy. On the other hand he would promise that the boy would be taught right, and she could see there in the glass case what he could learn to do.

At first Elsbeth was so disappointed and dismayed she was unable to speak a word. Now she knew that it would be absolutely impossible for her to fulfill her boy's greatest wish. The necessary expense of board and instruction was beyond anything that she could manage, so much so that it was quite out of the question. It was all over with Toni's plans.

She rose and thanked the wood-carver for his willingness to take the boy, but she would have to decline his offer. Then she beckoned to Toni, whose eyes were still so fastened to the glass case that he paid no atten-

tion. She took him by the hand and led him quietly out of the door.

Outside Toni said, drawing a deep breath:

"Did you see what was in the case? Mother, did you see it?"

"Yes, yes, I saw it, Toni," replied his mother with a sigh, "but did you hear what the wood-carver said?"

Toni had heard nothing; all his mind had been directed to one point.

"No, I didn't hear anything; when can I go?" he asked longingly.

"Oh, it is not possible, Toni, but don't take it so to heart! See, I can't do it, although I would like to so much," declared his mother; "but everything would come to more than I earn in a year, and you know how hard I have to work to manage to make the two ends meet."

It was a hard blow for Toni. All his hopes for many years lay destroyed before him; but he knew how his mother worked, how little she herself had, and how she always tried to give him everything that she could. He said not a word and silently swallowed his rising tears, but he was very much grieved that all his hopes were over, since for the first time he had seen what wonderful things could be made out of a piece of wood.

III

UP IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE next morning, the farmer on the Matten farm sent word to Elsbeth to come up to see him towards evening, as he had something to talk with her about. At the right time she laid aside her hoe, tied on a clean apron, and said:

"Finish the hoeing, Toni; then you can milk the goat and give her some fresh straw, so she will have a better bed. Then I will be back again."

She went up to the Matten farm. The farmer was standing in the open barn-door gazing with satisfaction at his beautiful cows, wandering in a long procession to the well. Elsbeth stepped up to him.

"Well, I am glad you have come," he said, holding out his hand to her. "I have been thinking about you on account of the boy's welfare. He is now at an age to do some light work and help you a little, at least to take care of himself."

"I have already been thinking about that," replied Elsbeth, "and wanted to ask you if you could give him a little light work in the fields?"

"That is fortunate," continued the farmer. "I have a little job for him, healthy and not very hard, that is to say not hard at all. He can go up to the small mountain with the cows. The herdsman with his boys is on the big mountain and a man is also there to come every

morning and evening for the milking, so the boy will not be entirely alone and will have nothing to do but watch the cows so that none wander off, that they don't hook each other or do anything out of the way. While he sits there on the mountain he is master and can have all the milk he wants. A king couldn't have anything better."

Elsbeth was a little frightened by the offer. If Toni had been more with the farm men, and had been with cows, or if he had naturally a different disposition, wilder and more roving and commanding—but as he was so quiet and shy, and besides without any knowledge of such things, to be for the first time all alone for several months, away from home, up on the mountains, watching a herd of cows, this seemed to her too hard for Toni. What would the poor boy, who was not particularly strong, do if anything happened to him or to the herd? She expressed all her thoughts to the farmer, but it made no difference; he thought it would be good for the boy to get out for once, and up on the mountain he would be much stronger than at home, and nothing could happen to him, for he would be given a horn and if anything went wrong he could blow lustily, and immediately the farm man would come from the other mountain; in a half hour he would be there.

Elsbeth finally thought the farmer understood it much better than she, and so it was decided that the next week, when the cows went up to the mountain pasture, Toni should go with them.

" He shall have a good bit of money and a new suit of clothes when he comes down. That will be a help for the winter," said the farmer finally.

Elsbeth thanked him as she said good-by, and turned homeward.

Toni was at first opposed to this, when he heard that he would be away so long without being able to come home a single time; but his mother explained to him how easy the work would be, that he would grow stronger up there, so as to be able to do better things later on, and that the Matten farmer would give him a new suit and a good bit of money as pay. So Toni objected no longer, but said he would be glad to do something and not let his mother work alone.

Then it occurred to Elsbeth that, if Toni was going to be away the whole summer, she could perhaps go to one of the big hotels in Interlaken where so many strangers go for the summer. There she could earn a good sum of money and meet the coming winter without anxiety. She was already known in Interlaken for she had served as chambermaid in one of the hotels for several summers before her marriage.

When the day came for the big herd of cows to be taken up to the mountain pasture, Toni's mother gave him his little bundle and said:

" Go now, in God's name! Don't forget to pray, when the day begins, and when it ends, and the dear Lord will not forget you, and His protection is better than that of men."

So Toni started off with his little bundle behind the herd up the mountain.

Immediately after this Elsbeth closed her cottage. She took the goat up to the Matten farm. When the farmer heard that she was going to Interlaken, he promised her to take the goat, and thought when Elsbeth came home again, she would give twice as much milk, and what he made from her he would give back to Elsbeth in cheese. Then she started down to Interlaken.

The herd had already been climbing the mountain for several hours. The herdsman turned off to the left with the big herd, and the man went with Toni up towards the right, followed by the smaller herd, which consisted of fewer cows but many young cattle, for not many cows could be kept on the small mountain pasture, because the milk had to be carried across to the big one where the herdsman's hut stood.

They now reached the highest point of the pasture. There stood a little hut. All around there was nothing but pasture, not a tree, not a bush. In the hut on one side was a narrow seat fastened to the wall in front of which stood a table. On the other side stood a bed of hay. In the corner was a little, round stool and on this was a wooden jug.

Toni and the man stepped inside. The latter placed on the floor the big wooden milk-pail, which he had brought up on his back, took out of it a round loaf of bread and a huge piece of cheese, laid both on the table

and said: " Of course you have a knife," to which Toni assented.

Then the man took the wooden jug, swung the milk-pail on his back and went out. Toni followed him. The man lifted a wooden basin out of the big pail, seated himself on the little round stool which he had brought out of the hut and began to milk one cow after another. If one was too far away, he would call out: " Drive her here!" and Toni obeyed. When the basin was full he poured it into the big pail and silently went on until all the cows had been milked. At the last the man filled the jug with milk, handed it to Toni, took the pail on his back, the basin in his hand and saying " Good-night!" went down the mountain.

Then Toni was all alone. He put his jug of milk in the hut and came out again. He looked around on every side. He looked over to the big mountain, but between that and his pasture was a wide valley so one had to descend in order to climb up to the big one. But all around both pastures great dark masses of mountains looked down, some rocky, gray and jagged, others covered with snow, all reaching up to the sky, so high and mighty and with such different peaks and horns and some with such broad backs, that it almost seemed to Toni as if they were enormous giants, each one having his own face and looking down at him. It was a clear evening. The mountain opposite was shining in the golden evening light, and now a little star came into sight above the dark mountains, and looked down to

Toni in such a friendly way that it cheered him very much.

He thought of his mother, where she was now and how she was in the habit of standing with him at this time in front of the little cottage and talking so pleasantly. Then suddenly there came over him such a feeling of loneliness that he ran into the hut, threw himself down on the cot, buried his face in the hay and sobbed softly, until the weariness of the day overcame him and he fell asleep.

The bright morning lured him out early. The man was already outside. He milked the cows, spoke not a word and went away.

Now a long, long day followed. It was perfectly still all around. The cows grazed and lay down around in the sun-bathed pasture. Toni went into the hut two or three times, drank some milk and ate some bread and cheese. Then he came out again, sat down on the ground and carved on a piece of wood he had in his pocket, for although he no longer dared to cherish the hope of becoming a wood-carver, yet he could not help carving for himself as well as he could. At last it was evening again. The man came and went. He said not a word, and Toni had nothing to say either.

Thus passed one day after another. They were all so long! so long! In the evening, when it began to grow dark it always seemed terrible to Toni, for then the high mountains looked so black and threatening, as if they would suddenly do him some harm. Then he

would rush back into the hut and crawl into his bed of hay.

Many days had passed like this, one exactly the same as the other. The sun had always shone in a cloudless sky; always at evening the friendly little star had gleamed above the dark mountain. But one afternoon, thick, gray clouds began to chase one another across the sky; now and then blinding lightning flashed, and suddenly frightful thunder-bolts sounded, which echoed roaring from the mountains, as if there were twice as many and then a terrible storm broke. It was as dark as night; the rain beat against the hut, and meanwhile the thunder rolled with fearful reverberations through the mountains; quivering lightning lighted up the black, frightful giant-forms, which seemed quite specter-like to come nearer and look down menacingly. The cattle ran together in alarm and bellowed loudly, and great birds of prey flapped around with piercing shrieks.

Toni had long since fled into the hut, but the lightning showed him the frightful forms and it seemed every minute as if the rolling thunder would overthrow the hut to the ground. Toni was so alarmed he could hardly breathe. He climbed up on the table expecting every minute that the hut would fall and crush him. The storm lasted for hours, and the man never came over. It was now really night but still the blinding lightning flashed and new peals of thunder rolled and the storm howled and raged as if it would sweep the hut away.

Toni stood half the night stiff with fright, clinging to

the table, and with no thought, only a feeling of a frightful power, which was crushing everything. How he reached his bed he did not know, but in the morning he lay stretched across the hay, so exhausted he could hardly rise. He looked anxiously out of the window. How must it look outside after such a night? Then he went out to see about the cows. The ground was still wet, but the animals were peacefully grazing.

The sky was gray, and thick, black clouds were passing over it. Gloomy and frightful the high mountains stood there. They had come so near and looked more threateningly than ever at Toni. He ran back into the hut.

Many days of thunder-storms followed, one after another and if the sun came out between, it burned unbearably, and new storms followed so unceasingly and violent, that the herdsman on the other mountain often said that he had not known such a summer for years, and if it didn't change he wouldn't make half so much butter as in former summers, because the cows gave no milk, as they didn't like the fodder.

During this time the man-servant chose the most favorable time to come over to the small pasture, milked the cows as quickly as possible and did not look after the boy at all; only now and then, when he thought Toni had no more milk, he would bring the jug out quickly, fill it and put it back again. Then he often saw Toni sitting on his bed of hay, and would call out in passing:

"You are lazy!"

But then he ran right away in order to get back without being wet, and did not trouble himself further about the boy.

So June had passed, and already a good part of July. The thunder-storms had become less frequent, but thick fog often so enveloped the mountain that one could hardly see two steps away, and only here and there a black head appeared, looking gloomily through the mist. The cattle often wandered so far that the man found some of them between the two mountains and brought them up again. This would not do. He called up to the boy, but received no answer. He ran to the hut and went in. Toni, crouched in the corner, was sitting on his bed and staring straight before him.

"Why don't you look after the cows?" asked the man.

He received no answer.

"Can't you speak? What is the matter with you?"

No answer.

Then the man looked at the bread and cheese, to see if Toni had eaten everything and was suffering from hunger. But more than half the bread was there and the larger part of the cheese. Toni had taken almost nothing but milk.

"What is the matter with you, then? Are you sick?" asked the man again.

Toni gave no answer. He seemed not to hear anything and stared so motionless before him that the man was quite alarmed. He ran out of the hut. He told the herdsman how it was with the boy and they decided

that when one of the herdsman's boys went down with the butter, he must tell the Matten farmer about it.

Another week passed. Then the news was brought to the farmer. He thought the boy would be happy again, that the heavy thunder-storms had only frightened him a little. But he sent word for the herdsman to go over; he had boys of his own and would understand better about this than the hired man. If anything was wrong with Toni he must be brought down.

Some days later the herdsman really went over with one of his boys and found Toni still crouched in the corner just as the man had seen him. Toni made no sound to anything the herdsman said to him, did not move and kept staring always before him.

"He must go down," said the herdsman to his boy; "go with him right away, but take care that nothing happens to him and be good to him; the boy is to be pitied," and he looked at Toni with sympathy, for the herdsman had a good heart and took delight in his own three big, healthy boys. The one he had with him was a strong, sturdy fellow of sixteen years. He went up to Toni and told him to stand up, but Toni did not move. Then the lad took him under the arms, lifted him up, like a feather, then swung him on his back, held him firmly with both hands, and went with his light burden down the mountain.

When the Matten farmer saw Toni in such a sad condition, which remained just the same, he was alarmed, for he had not expected such a thing. He did not know

at all what to do with the boy. His mother was far away, no relatives were there, and he himself did not want to keep Toni while in this condition. He could take such a responsibility, but he did not want to do so. Suddenly a good thought came to him, the same as the people there in every difficulty, in every need and every trouble, always have first of all:

" Take him to the Pastor," he said to the herdsman's boy; " he will have some good advice to give, which will help."

The lad immediately started off and went to the Pastor, who allowed the boy to tell him as much as he knew about the details of the case, how Toni came to be in this condition and how long it had lasted; but the lad knew very little about it all. The Pastor first tried every means to make Toni speak, and asked him if he would like to go to his mother, but it was all in vain; Toni did not give the least sign of understanding or interest.

Then the Pastor sat down, wrote a letter and said to the herdsman's boy:

" Go back to the Matten farm and tell the farmer to harness his little carriage and send it to me, and then I will see that Toni goes to-day to Bern. He is very sick; say that to the farmer."

The farmer harnessed immediately, glad that further responsibility was taken from him and he had only to carry Toni as far as the railway. But the Pastor sent down to his sexton, an older, kindly man, who had given

him a helping hand for years in many matters of responsibility. He was commissioned to take Toni with all care to the great sanitarium in Bern and to give the letter to the doctor there, a good friend of the Pastor's. A half hour later, the open carriage with the high seat drove up in front of the Pastor's house. The sexton climbed up, placed the sick boy beside him, held him carefully but firmly, and thus Toni drove out into the world, with a horse, for the first time in his life. But he sat there with no sign of interest. It was as if he were no longer conscious of the outer world.

IV

IN THE SANITARIUM

The doctor of the sanitarium was sitting with his family around the family table, engaged in merry conversation on various subjects. Even the lady from Geneva, who spent several hours a day with the family, seemed to-day a little infected by the children's gayety. She had never before taken so lively a part in the discussion, which the school-children carried on about different interests.

This lady's beloved and gifted son had died not long before; on this account she had fallen into such deep sadness that her health had suffered greatly and therefore she had been brought to the sanitarium to recover.

The animated conversation was suddenly interrupted by a letter which was handed to the doctor.

"A letter from an old friend, who is sending me a patient to the sanitarium. He is a young boy, hardly as old as our Max—there, read it." Whereupon the doctor handed the letter to his wife.

"Oh, the poor boy!" exclaimed his wife. "Is he here? Bring him in. Perhaps it will do him good to see the children."

"I think he is outside," said the doctor; he went out, and soon came in again with the sexton and Toni. He led the former into a bay window and began talking with him in a low tone. Meanwhile the doctor's wife drew near to Toni, who on entering had pressed into the nearest corner. She spoke kindly to him and invited him to come to the table and eat something with her children. Toni did not move. Then lively little Marie jumped down from her chair and came to Toni with a large piece of bread and butter.

"There, take a bite," she said encouragingly.

Toni remained motionless.

"See, you must do so," and the little girl bit a good piece from the bread and held it to him, then again a little nearer, so he only needed to bite into it. But he stared in front of him and made no motion. This silent resistance frightened Marie and she drew back quietly.

Then the doctor came, took Toni by the hand and went out, followed by the sexton.

Poor Toni's appearance had made a great impression on the children. They had become perfectly quiet.

Later when they had gone to bed and the two women were sitting alone together, the doctor came back again. In reply to their urgent questions he informed them about all that the sexton had told him concerning Toni's illness and his life with his mother, and that no one had ever noticed anything wrong with the boy before, only he had always been a quiet, gentle child and more slenderly built than any of the other village children.

The women asked how he had come into this condition in the summer up on the beautiful mountain, and the doctor explained that it was not so strange, if one knew how terrible the thunder-storms were up in the mountains. " Besides," he concluded, " a delicate child, such as this boy, all alone without a human being near, for whole weeks, even months long, without hearing a word spoken, might well be so terrified through fear and horror in the awful loneliness that he would become wholly benumbed."

Then the lady from Geneva, who took an unusual interest in poor Toni's fate, exclaimed in great excitement:

" How can a mother allow such a thing to happen to her child! It is wholly inconceivable, quite incomprehensible! "

" You really can have no idea," replied the doctor soothingly, " what poor mothers are obliged to let

happen to their children. But don't believe that it causes them less pain than others. You see how many suffer that we know nothing about, and how hard poverty oppresses."

"Will you be able to help the poor young boy?" asked the lady from Geneva.

"If I can only bring out the right emotion in him," he replied, "so that the spell, which holds him imprisoned, can be broken. Now everything in him is numbed and lifeless."

"Oh, do help him! Do help him!" begged the sick lady imploringly. "Oh, if I could do something for him!" And she walked to and fro thinking about a way to help, for Toni's condition went deeply to her heart.

It was the second week of August when Toni came to the sanitarium. Day after day, week after week passed and the doctor could only bring the same sad news to the two women, who every morning awaited his report with great anxiety. Not the slightest change was noticed. Every means was tried to amuse the boy, to see if he would perhaps laugh. Other attempts were devised to disturb him, to make him cry. They performed all kinds of tricks to attract his attention. All, all were in vain; no trace of interest or emotion was aroused in Toni.

"If he could only be made to laugh or to cry once!" repeated the doctor over and over again.

When he had been four weeks in the sanitarium all

hope disappeared, for the doctor had exhausted every means.

"Now I will try one thing more," he said one morning to his wife. "I have written to my friend, the Pastor, and asked him if the boy was very much attached to his mother, and if so, to send for her right away. Perhaps to see her again would make an impression on him."

The two women looked forward in great suspense to Elsbeth's arrival.

In the first week of September the last guests left the hotel in Interlaken where Elsbeth had spent the summer. She immediately started on her way home, for she wanted to get everything in order before Toni came down from the mountain. She never thought but that he was still up there, and had no suspicion of all that had happened. When she reached home, she went at once to the Matten farm to enquire for Toni and to bring the goat home.

The farmer was very friendly, and thought her goat was now by far one of the finest, because she had had good fodder so long. But when Elsbeth asked after her Toni, he broke off abruptly and said he had so much to do, she must go to the Pastor, for he would have the best knowledge about the boy. It immediately seemed to Elsbeth that it was a little strange for the Pastor to know best what happened up on the mountain and while she was leading home the goat, and thinking about the matter, a feeling of anxiety came over her and grew

stronger and stronger. As soon as she reached home, she quickly tied the goat, without going into the cottage at all, and ran back the same way she had come, down again to Kandergrund.

The Pastor told her with great consideration, how Toni had not borne the life on the mountain very well and they had been obliged to bring him down, and since it seemed best for him that he should go at once to a good physician for the right care, he had sent the boy immediately to Bern.

His mother was very much shocked and wanted to travel the next day to see for herself if her child was very ill.

But the Pastor said that would not do, but that she should wait until the doctor allowed a visit, and she could be sure that Toni was receiving the best care.

With a heavy heart Elsbeth went back to her cottage. She could do nothing but leave it all to the dear Lord, who alone had been her trust for so many years. But it was only a few days later when the Pastor sent her word that she was to go to Bern at once, as the doctor wished her to come.

Early the following day Elsbeth started. About noon she reached Bern and soon was standing in front of the door of the sanitarium.

She was led to the doctor's living-room and here received with great friendliness by his wife and with still keener sympathy by the lady from Geneva, who had so lived in the history of poor Toni and his mother that

she could hardly think of anything else but how to help these two. She had had only the one child and could so well understand the mother's trouble. She had even asked the doctor to allow her to be present when he took the boy to his mother, in order to share in the joy, if the poor boy's delight at seeing her again would affect him as they hoped.

Soon the doctor appeared, and after he had prepared the mother not to expect Toni to speak at the first moment, he brought him in. He led him by the hand into the room, then he let go and stepped to one side.

The mother ran to her Toni and tried to seize his hand. He drew back and pressed into the corner staring into vacancy.

The women and the doctor exchanged sad looks.

His mother went up to him and caressed him.

"Toneli, Toneli," she said again and again in a tender voice, "don't you know me? Don't you know your mother any more?"

As always before Toni pressed against the wall, made no motion and stared before him.

In tender tones the mother continued mournfully:

"Oh, Toneli, say just a single word! Only look at me once! Toneli, don't you hear me?"

Toneli remained unmoved.

Still once again the mother looked at him full of tenderness, but only met his staring eyes. It was too much for poor Elsbeth, that the only possession she had on earth, and the one she loved with all her heart, her

Toni, should be lost to her, and in such a sad way! She forgot everything around her. She fell on her knees beside her child, and while the tears were bursting from her eyes, she poured out aloud the sorrow in her heart:

Oh God of Love, oh Father-heart,
In whom my trust is founded,
I know full well how good Thou art—
E'en when by grief I am wounded.

Oh Lord, it surely can not be
That Thou wilt let me languish
In hopeless depths of misery
And live in tears of anguish.

Toni's eyes took on a different expression. He looked at his mother. She did not see him and went on imploring in the midst of her tears:

Oh Lord, my soul yearns for Thine aid
In this dark vale of weeping;
For Thee I have waited, hoped and prayed,
Assured of Thy safe keeping.

Suddenly Toni threw himself on his mother and sobbed aloud. She threw her arms around him and her tears of sorrow turned to loud sobs of joy. The child sobbed aloud also.

"It is won," said the doctor in great delight to the women, who, deeply moved, were looking on at the mother and boy.

Then the doctor opened the door of the next room and beckoned Elsbeth to go in there with Toni. He

thought it would be good for both to be alone for a while. In there after a while Toni began to talk quite naturally with his mother and asked her:

"Are we going home, Mother, to the stone hut? Sha'n't I have to go up on the mountain any more?"

And she quieted him and said she would now take him right home, and they would stay there together. Soon all Toni's thoughts came back again quite clearly, and after a while he said:

"But I must earn something, Mother."

"Don't trouble about that now," said Elsbeth quietly; "the dear Lord will show a way when it is time."

Then they began to talk about the goat, how pretty and fat she had grown, and Toni gradually became quite lively.

After an hour the doctor brought them both into the living-room back to the ladies. Toni was entirely changed; his eyes had now an earnest but quite different expression. The lady from Geneva was indescribably delighted. She sat down beside him at once, and he had to tell her where he had been to school and what he had liked to study.

But the doctor beckoned to Elsbeth to come to him.

"Listen, my good woman," he began, "the words which you repeated made a deep, penetrating impression on the boy's heart. Did he know the hymn already?"

"Oh, yes, sir," exclaimed Elsbeth, "many hundred times I have repeated it beside his little bed, when he

was very small, often with many tears, and he would weep too, when he didn't know why."

" He wept because you wept, he suffered because you suffered," said the doctor. " Now I understand how he was aroused by these words. With such impressions in early childhood it is no wonder he became a quiet and reserved boy. This explains to me a great deal in the past."

Then the lady from Geneva came up for she wanted to talk with the mother.

" My dear, good woman, he certainly must not go up on the mountain again. He is not fit for it," she said in great eagerness. " We must find something different for him. Has he no taste for some other occupation? But it must be light, for he is not strong and needs care."

" Oh, yes, he has a great desire to learn something," said his mother. " From a little boy he has wished for it, but I hardly dare mention it."

" There, there, my good woman, tell me right away about it," said the lady encouragingly, expecting something unheard-of.

" He wants so much to be a wood-carver, and has a good deal of talent for it, but the cost of board and instruction together is more than eighty francs."

" Is that all? " exclaimed the lady in the greatest surprise, " is that all? Come, my boy," and she ran to Toni again, " would you really like to become a wood-carver—better than anything else? "

The joy which shone in Toni's eyes, when he answered that he would, showed the lady what she had to do. She had such a longing to help Toni, that she wanted to act immediately that very hour.

"Would you like to learn at once, go to a teacher right away?" she asked him.

Toni gladly replied that he would.

But now came a new thought. She turned to the doctor. "Perhaps he ought to recover his health first?"

The doctor replied that he had been already thinking about that. The mother had told him that she knew a very good master up in Frutigen. "Now I think," he went on to say, "that carving is not a strenuous work, and one of the most important things for Toni is to have for some time good, nourishing food. In Frutigen there is a very good inn, if he only could ——"

"I will undertake that, Doctor, I will undertake that," interrupted the lady. "I will go with him. We will start to-morrow. In Frutigen I will provide for Toni's board and lodging and for everything he needs." In her great delight the lady shook hands with both the mother and the boy repeatedly, and went out to instruct her maid about preparations for the journey.

When the mother with her boy had been taken to their room, the doctor said with great delight to his wife:

"We have two recoveries. Our lady is also cured. A new interest has come to her, and you will see she will have new life in providing for this young boy. This has been a beautiful day!"

On the following morning the journey was made to Frutigen, and the little company were so glad and happy together that they reached there before they were aware of it.

At the wood-carver's the lady was told everything that would be needed for the work, and after he had showed them all kinds of instruments, he thought a fine book with good pictures, from which one could work, would be useful.

After the lady had charged him to teach Toni everything in any way necessary for the future, they went to the inn. Here the lady engaged a good room with comfortable bed, and herself arranged with the host a bill of fare for every day in the week. The host promised, with many bows, to follow everything exactly, for he saw very well with whom he had to deal.

Then Toni and his mother had to eat with the lady in the inn, and during the meal she had much more to say. She was going now, she said, the next day, home to Geneva, where there were large shops, in which nothing was sold but carvings. There she would immediately arrange for Toni to send all his articles, so he could begin to work with fresh zeal. Moreover, she insisted that Toni should remain, not two, but three months with the carver, so that he could learn everything from the foundation. He could go from here to visit his mother on Sundays, or she could come to him.

Elsbeth and Toni were so full of gratitude, they could find no words to express it, but the lady understood

them nevertheless and bore home a happy heart, such as she had not had for a long time.

It came about just as the doctor had foreseen. The lady, who had not been able to think any more about her home, now desired to return to Geneva. She had so many plans to carry out there that she could hardly wait for the day when she was to go back.

The doctor was delighted to consent to her going soon.

Toni, who had hardly begun with his new teacher, applied himself with so much zeal and skill to his work, that the carver said to his wife in the fourth week:

"If he goes on like this, he will learn to do better than I can."

The three months had come to an end, and Christmas was drawing near. One morning Toni waded through the deep snow up to his home. He looked round and fresh, and his heart was so happy he had to sing aloud as he came along.

But when after a long walk, he suddenly saw the stone hut with the fir-tree thickly covered with snow behind it, tears of joy came to his eyes. He was coming home, home for all time. He ran to the little house, and his mother, who had already seen him, hurried out, and which one of the two was the more delighted, no one could tell; but they were both so happy, as they sat together again in the cottage, that they could think of no greater fortune on earth. Their highest wish was fulfilled. Toni was a wood-carver, and could carry on his work at home with his mother. And with what bless-

ings besides the dear Lord was still overwhelming them! From Geneva such good things kept coming to Elsbeth, that she no longer had to dread anxious days, and with each package came new assurance of the ready acceptance of Toni's work.

Such a Christmas festival as was celebrated two days later in the stone hut, neither Elsbeth nor Toni had ever known before, for the candles which his mother had lighted shone out upon a quantity of things, which Toni had received to wear, and also a whole set of the most beautiful knives for carving and a book with pictures, of a size and beauty such as Toni had never in all his life seen before. His master's book was a mere child's toy beside it. Elsbeth too was lovingly provided for. The lady from Geneva had planned everything, and the bright reflection from it fell back radiantly into her own heart.

The most beautiful deer and huntsman and the wonderful eagles on the rock, standing in the high show-window in Geneva was carved by Toni, and was considered by him to be a particularly successful piece, so it went, not to the dealer in Geneva, but to the lady for whom Toni preserved a thankful heart all his life long.

Little Curly-Head

I

AT WILLOW-JOSEPH'S HOUSE

WHERE lovely, green willow-clad hills rise, one after another, and the intersecting valleys are covered with gleaming red and blue Summer flowers, there lies the little village of Altkirch. The neat, white church with the red tower, and the wooden houses round about, lie protected from every wind, in the green vale, for at the back of the village and from both sides rise steep hills, and only the front side is free and open. This looks across towards the green height of Rechberg, on the wood-crowned summit of which another village with its white stone houses shines afar, and like the mountain bears the name of Rechberg.

Between the hills the wild Ziller brook rushes along, bringing on its journey down from the mountains much wood and stone in its troubled waters.

A highway leads from Altkirch to Rechberg, but it makes a long journey. First it zigzags down the mountain to the Ziller brook, then over the old covered bridge, and on the other side it again zigzags up to the village of Rechberg, in all good five miles long. A shorter and

much pleasanter way is by the narrow foot-path, which leads straight over the mountain down to the brook, and straight across the narrow wooden bridge which spans the rushing torrent. The bridge is so narrow only one person at a time can go over it, and it is well that there is a railing on both sides, by which one can hold on firmly, for it is so lightly built it trembles and yields so much with every step, that the traveler feels quite unsafe as he crosses it.

Not a house is to be seen in any direction on all the green hills around, except on the last, where the steep footpath goes down to the brook. There stands a lonely chapel, looking down upon the rushing water from ancient times, and the bridge so often carried away and newly built again.

There are many poor people in Altkirch, for there is very little work there. Most of the men go as day-laborers to the farms in the neighborhood; a few own a bit of land which they cultivate. Only two or three peasants in the village have enough land to keep a few cows.

One of the poorest families was that of Willow-Joseph, in the old tumble-down cottage, standing opposite the chapel on the foot-path and quite alone. The cottage is almost covered with the long overhanging branches of an ancient willow-tree, which had spread out more and more until it had at last wholly surrounded it. From this tree the owner was called Willow-Joseph. He had always lived in the cottage, for it had belonged

to his father, who had lived there a long time before. Now Willow-Joseph was himself an old man, and lived in the cottage with his aged wife, who had been ill for a good while, and his two grandchildren.

Willow-Joseph had an only son, Sepp, who had always been a good-natured, but a rather shiftless and an unsteady man.

Where he was living now the old parents did not know, for he had gone away from home six years before and little had been heard from him during that time. Sepp had married very early in life, and his parents had been glad, for his wife was the good industrious Constance, whom everybody liked. She was also good-looking and as she went quietly on her way, working conscientiously, she was equalled by few. She kept everything in beautiful order about her husband's house, and Willow-Joseph and his wife had good times as long as their daughter was with them. She worked from early until late and did not let the parents lack for anything. She said father and mother must now rest, as they had done enough, and they two young people must give the old ones happy days.

Sepp went to work every day on the big farm the other side of the brook and on Saturday brought home a good sum of money. Everything was so well ordered and went on its lovely course in health and happiness that Sepp became a very steady man and had no desire to depart from it.

Three years passed thus in undisturbed happiness,

and old Father Klemens, who lived in the long old house back of Altkirch and often came to Willow-Joseph's cottage, said many times:

"Joseph, it is good to live at your house. No unkind words are heard there. Honor your Constance!"

And his kind eyes lighted up with joy when Constance, neat and trim as she always was, came in and welcomed him with her merry voice, and little Stanzeli in her arms would hold out her tiny hand while he was still some distance away, to Father Klemens. Then he would say again:

"Yes, surely, it is good to live with you, Joseph!"

When Stanzeli was two years old little Seppli came into the world. This was a great joy for all, but soon after the greatest sorrow that could happen came to Willow-Joseph's house. Constance died and left her husband and little children, causing a gap that never more was filled.

From that time on Sepp ran about aimlessly. A restless and unsteady spirit came over him again; he could no longer stay at home on Sunday, as he formerly was so glad to do; it drove him farther and farther away, and at last he decided if he could go away altogether and find other work, far off, it would be better for him. He promised to send his parents from time to time a good sum of money to provide for them and his children; then he went away.

For some time he kept his promise and sent the contribution. Then it ceased and for six years they had

known nothing more about him, neither where he had gone, nor even if he was still alive.

Meanwhile both parents had kept growing weaker and poorer. The only small earnings left to them were derived from little baskets which the grandfather wove from the willow twigs and gave every Friday to the dairyman, who carried his cheese to market in the town. The grandfather did not make much from his baskets and the grandmother had to portion out every slice of bread, to get along from one day to another.

Stanzeli was now almost nine, and Seppli seven years old, and Stanzeli had to help her grandfather in everything he did, for her grandmother had been sick in bed for four months, and could do nothing more. So the grandfather and Stanzeli had to do the cooking together every day, but this was not very extensive for there was nothing cooked but corn-meal mush and potatoes, and very rarely a little coffee. But it needed both of them to prepare the food, for Stanzeli was too small still to lift the pots and the grandfather did not always know how to mix things for cooking, while Stanzeli knew this quite well.

So they always worked together in the kitchen, and Seppli usually stood also in the little room where the two could hardly move without getting in each other's way, and gazed in wide-eyed expectation at the grand things which were prepared there. And neither the grandfather nor Stanzeli tried to keep Seppli out of the little kitchen, for they knew very well that he would be

back again in two minutes, for Seppli had remarkable persistence in many ways.

A beautiful, warm September sun was shining outside over the green hills around Altkirch. Even a few beams fell through the opaque window panes on the grandmother's bed.

" O God! " she sighed, " is the sun still shining? If I could only go out once more! But I would be still if my bed was not as hard as wood and nothing more in my pillow. And when I begin to think of the Winter, if I must lie here so on the hard sack, under the thin little cover and without a good pillow, I shall die of cold. I am cold already."

" You mustn't worry about the Winter yet," said the grandfather soothingly. " Our Lord will still be alive then; He has helped us many times, when things looked bad, you must not forget that. What do you say if we make a little drop of coffee to warm you up? "

The grandmother was glad to drink a little cup of coffee, and the grandfather opened the door into the kitchen, for you went directly into it from the room where the grandmother's bed stood. A little flight of stairs behind the stove led up to the sleeping room, where the grandfather slept with the children. Then he beckoned to Stanzeli to come, and immediately Seppli followed after, for he had to see what was going to be prepared to eat. Outside the grandfather took down the saucepan from its place and poured water into it. Then he said:

" Stanzeli, what do you do first? "

" First I must grind the coffee-beans," explained the child and immediately sat down with the old coffee-mill on the stool and turned it with all her might. But there was something wrong with it, and she examined it in first one way and then another, and finally drew out the little drawer carefully underneath. Instead of the fine powder she ought to have found in it, were big pieces almost half coffee-beans. Stanzeli, in horror, held out the drawer to her grandfather, and showed him the trouble. Her grandfather looked at the damage and tried to keep her quiet, saying:

" You mustn't make any noise for your grandmother to hear, or she will be troubled and think she can't have any more coffee to drink. Just wait a little."

Whereupon the grandfather went out and soon came back with a big stone in his hand. With this he broke and crushed the coffee-beans on a paper, and then Stanzeli shook the coarse powder into the saucepan. But when the grandmother took her cup in her hand, she exclaimed pitifully:

" Oh dear! oh dear! big grains are floating on the top, the coffee-mill is broken. Oh, if she had only brought it to me. We are not able to buy a new one."

But the grandfather said in a soothing tone:

" You mustn't make yourself sick about it. With patience many things are made right."

" Yes, indeed, but no coffee-mill," complained the grandmother again.

Stanzeli and Seppli each had a little cup of coffee, and some pieces of potato, for they had bread only on Sunday, each a small piece.

Then the grandfather brought out his baskets, which he had finished weaving, tied them together in pairs with a string and placed a little bundle of them in each child's hands. Then he told the children to go along with them, and charged them not to be too late in coming home. They knew where they had to go with the baskets, for every two weeks they went to the dairyman's on such an errand. He lived quite far from the village. They had to go over the hill, past the chapel, up to the woods, where his cottage stood.

The children now started and since Stanzeli always went on her way conscientiously, Seppli had to follow, even when he would like to stop and look at one thing or another. When they came to the chapel, Stanzeli stood still and said:

"Lay the baskets here on the ground, Seppli; we must go into the chapel and say the Lord's Prayer. They can lie here until we come out."

But Seppli was obstinate.

"I will not go in, I am too hot," he said and sat down on the ground.

"No, Seppli, come. You must come in," commanded Stanzeli. "Don't you know that Father Klemens said when you went by a chapel you must always go in and say a prayer? Stand up and come quickly!"

Seppli remained obstinately sitting on the ground.

But Stanzeli gave him no rest. She took him quite anxiously by the hand and pulled him up.

"You must come, Seppli. It is not right to do so. You ought to want to pray."

At that moment some one came up from below to the chapel. Suddenly Father Klemens stood before the children.

Seppli sprang to his feet in a twinkling. The children offered their hands to the Father.

"Seppli! Seppli!" he said very kindly, as he pressed his hand, "what did I hear? You will not follow Stanzeli, when she wants to go into the chapel with you? I will tell you something. You see, it is not a command of our Lord's that we should go into the chapel to pray, but it is a privilege that we may pray to Him so. And every time when we do this, He sends us something, which we cannot always see right away."

Then the kind priest continued on his way and Seppli went without further opposition with Stanzeli into the chapel and said his prayer reverently. After some time when the children had come out again, they heard loud voices and a heavy panting sounded up the foot-path, which descends very steep to the brook.

Then one after another three heads came into sight, first a little girl's head, and then two boys' heads, and then all at once three children stood before the other two and they all looked at one another with mutual astonishment.

II

NEW ACQUAINTANCES

THE little girl who had just appeared was the largest of them all. She must have been quite eleven years old and the larger of the brothers a little over a year younger, while the other was considerably smaller, but very stockily built.

The little girl came a few steps nearer the children and said:

"What are your names?"

The children mentioned them.

"Where is your home?" asked the child further.

"In Altkirch, there. You can see the church tower," replied Stanzeli, pointing to the red tower between the hills.

"So you have a church too! We have a church like that, but it is closed and we only go in on Sunday. But we have no chapel like that. There stands one higher up. Just see, Kurt, away up in the woods."

The little girl pointed up with her finger and her brother nodded to show that he saw what she wished him to.

"I should like to know why you have such chapels here on so many of the hills."

"So that you can go in and pray, when you pass by," said Stanzeli quickly.

"You can do that anyway," replied the other little

girl; " you can pray anywhere, wherever you are, for the dear Lord hears us everywhere, that I know."

" Yes, but you don't think you ought to pray, until you come to the chapel, then you know right away, and do it too," replied Stanzeli earnestly.

" Now we must go, Lissa," urged her brother Kurt, for this conversation was too long for him.

But Lissa did not hurry at all; she enjoyed making this acquaintance, and Stanzeli pleased her because she made such decided answers and had just said what Lissa could not deny, for she knew it herself. It was really so: it never came into her mind to pray and thank the dear Lord when she went out for a walk and was happy, although she had just said decidedly to Stanzeli that you could pray everywhere. All at once the chapel made a new impression on Lissa, for until now she had looked upon it as only a building, standing there merely because it had been placed there a long time before. She had never thought that to-day it was still making a definite call to every one who passed by. Now it was as if the dear Lord pointed down from Heaven to the chapel and said:

" There it stands, so that you may think of Me."

As Lissa, absorbed in thought, did not speak for a long time, Stanzeli continued:

" And it is not like a command, but rather a favor that we may go in and pray, for when we do so, the dear Lord always sends us something, although we cannot see it. Father Klemens said so."

" Yes, but I would rather have something I can see," broke in Seppli, who had remained standing by Stanzeli and had listened attentively.

" Do you know Father Klemens too? " asked Lissa, quite delighted, for he was well known to all the children on the other side of the Ziller brook for a long distance, and their good friend. Wherever he was seen by them, in his long cloak, the big crucifix hanging at his side, they would run to him from every direction to shake hands with him, and he would immediately take out his old pocketbook from his full robe and give a lovely, bright-colored picture to each one. Lissa had already received many of them, with rosy angels, scattering flowers, and others with a bush full of blooming roses, and a little bird sitting on the very top, and many others besides, so the name of Father Klemens called up the dearest memories.

" He lives near us in Altkirch, up in the old monastery, and he often comes to see us," Stanzeli informed them.

" Yes, and he often brings grandmother a whole loaf of bread," added Seppli, in whose memory this fact stood out very clearly.

" Now we must go; it is still a long way to the dairyman's," said Stanzeli, as she took up her bundle of baskets, and gave Seppli his.

" Will you come to see me sometime, in Rechberg? " asked Lissa, who wanted to continue the new acquaintance a little further.

"I don't know the way. I have never been on the other side of the brook."

"Oh, that is very easy to find, only come early some Sunday afternoon," said Lissa encouragingly. "Then we can play until evening. You have only to go along the path below, and up and up, to the very highest point, and there is Rechberg, and the big house, that stands all alone above all the rest, is our house. So come then!"

Then the children parted. Stanzeli went with Seppli up the mountain and Lissa looked around for her brothers for she had heard nothing of them for a long while. Kurt had climbed up into the old fir-tree, standing next the chapel, and was swinging boldly back and forth on a rotten limb, which cracked suspiciously so that Lissa watched with interest to see whether Kurt would soon come down with the branch, which seemed more amusing than dangerous.

Not far from the tree lay little fat Karl stretched out on the ground fast asleep, and so fast asleep that Lissa's loud calls to get up were entirely lost on him. But now there came something tumbling down the hill that suddenly brought Kurt from the tree and Karl to his feet. It was a big flock of sheep, old and young, big and small: all were swarming, hopping, jumping together and beside them the big sheep dog ran barking so loud and emphatically to prevent any from being lost, that Karl was immediately wakened and sprang up quickly to look at the passing crowd.

The shepherd drove his flock past the children towards Altkirch. The three looked in silent amazement at them as they went by and their eyes could not take in enough of the merry gambols, which the pretty young lambs made beside their mothers, who looked carefully after the little ones, lest they should run away mischievously from the others and be lost.

When the flock had almost passed out of sight, and only the old sheep were left running after the others, Karl, still lost in astonishment, drew a long breath and said:

"If we only had a little lamb like them!"

That was exactly what Kurt and Lissa thought, and all three were wholly agreed, which was seldom the case. Lissa at once proposed to return home quickly and to beg their papa and mamma to grant their request and give them a lamb. Then she pictured to her brothers how it would be if they could take the lamb everywhere with them and lead it up to the pasture and always see its merry gambols and watch it carefully as the old sheep did; and all three with the prospect of such a possession became so delighted, that they rushed down the mountain with all their might and ran over the bridge, Lissa going first. Behind her followed Kurt, and both bounded so high over the lightly built bridge that it tottered and trembled under their feet, and the loose boards laid on it sprang up and down, so that Karl following after lost his footing and fell in the middle of the bridge, and almost plunged into the rush-

ing brook. Kurt turned around and pulled him up, and since Lissa had already come to solid ground, the bridge no longer swayed up and down and the brothers came safely to the other side.

The way from there up to Rechberg was quite far, and it took the children a good three-quarters of an hour before they came to the last steps and saw the lights from the windows in their house shining towards them, for it had meanwhile grown quite dark.

Already for an hour past the magistrate's wife had walked anxiously to and fro, first from the room out on the stone steps of the house, then down into the garden, looked around and then turned back, and after a little while, took the same walk over again.

She had not seen anything of the children since dinner and they were usually at home by four o'clock at coffee-time or even sooner. Their mother had allowed them to spend the free Saturday afternoon up in the woods, so they had run off all three of them in high spirits directly after dinner. But now it had grown quite dark and still not a sound of the children was to be heard anywhere. Where could they have been delayed so long? Or could something have happened to little Karl, who was not quite so strong on his feet? Every possible anxiety rose in the mother's mind and she ran more and more restlessly out and in and to all the windows.

But now—there were their well-known voices; they sounded quite excited although still far below. The mother ran out—to be sure, they were coming up the

hill, and as the children caught sight of her, they ran pell-mell one after the other, each trying to be the first to tell her their experience, but little Karl was now quite far behind. Kurt and Lissa rushed towards their mother almost together and were about to relate everything at the same time, but at that moment a loud voice sounded from the other side:

"Come to supper! Come to supper!"

It was the voice of the magistrate, who had just returned from his business and had strict household regulations.

When they were all quietly seated at the table, they began their story, but now it was not so easy, for the children had first to explain what had happened that they had not come home at coffee-time as they ought.

Finally it came out that Lissa had found it too dull in the little woods and had proposed that they climb up to the old linden tree. Since from there they could look down on the old chapel and the Ziller brook and the narrow footpath, Lissa had an irresistible desire to run there at once and see it all near to, for she had a pleasant memory of the swaying and trembling of the bridge on an earlier excursion there. The brothers consented and the journey was undertaken in haste. Finally it had proved to be much farther than it had appeared.

When the children had confessed the forbidden journey, which was followed by a warning not to carry out such a sudden idea again, then came the whole story in full force, first about the chapel, then the two children,

then the flock of sheep and afterwards everything all over again from the beginning and in still greater detail. Finally came the description of the jolly crossing over the brook, and what had happened there. This description naturally resulted in their father's strictly forbidding any future expeditions to the Ziller brook. The swaying bridge was a contrivance against which the magistrate had long protested, but still the rickety means of crossing remained.

"Karl, the fat, is resting after his day's work, and yours must come to an end too," said their father, shaking the chair next him a little, on which Karl had fallen asleep, for he had made a great exertion. But it was not so easy to break this first good sleep, and the father seized the chair, and carried it together with the sleeper into the bedroom, and the other children followed him jumping and shouting at the huge joke. Finally their mother came and had no end of trouble to wake up the one and quiet the others.

From that day on, no breakfast, dinner or supper passed that the children did not break forth one after another and in every tone, with these words:

"If only we had a little lamb!"

Finally the magistrate had had enough of it.

One evening, when the mother was sitting with the children around the table, and little Karl, who was somewhat bored by the studies of the older ones, had just said for the sixteenth time:

"If we only had a little lamb ——" suddenly their

father opened the door wide and in sprang a real, live lamb. The little creature was covered with curly snow-white wool and the prettiest the children had ever seen. Such shouts of delight, such a noise was raised in the room that not a word could be understood, for the lamb ran bunting and bleating from one corner of the room to the other, because it could find no way out and all three children ran after it, screaming with delight. But suddenly sounded their father's loud voice:

"Now, that is enough! First of all the little lamb is coming to its brand new stall and you come too, and listen to what I have to say."

The children went out with the lamb. They wondered very much where the new stall for the little creature could be, and how it looked.

To be sure, there was a little partition of brand new boards put up in the back of the stable, and in it lay fine, soft straw for the lamb to sleep on. A little crib had also been brought in, where they could throw grass and hay for the creature and other good things, which would taste good to it.

When the lamb had been put to bed on the straw, and lay quite still, only breathing a little anxiously, the father said it must now go to sleep, closed the low door, and beckoned the children to follow him.

Inside the room he sat down, placed the three children in front of him, raised his fore-finger high and said earnestly:

"Now listen to me well and think about what I say.

I have taken the little lamb away from its mother, to give it to you. Now you must take the mother's place, watch over it carefully and tend it so that it will be content with you and not die of homesickness. You may take it out in every free hour, to play with you and go to walk with you. You can take it to the pasture so it can crop the grass for itself; you can go with it wherever you like. But never must you leave the little creature alone, not for a moment, for it is still too small to find its way; it would run away at once, and never find its stall and miserably perish. Whoever takes it out of the stable, must keep it under his eyes until he brings it back again to its place. Have you understood me well and will you care for the lamb exactly as I have said, or if you would rather not, tell me and I will take it to-night back to its mother?"

The children all three cried out, that their father should leave the lamb with them. They would not give it back at any price. All three promised from their hearts, and with all sincerity, to watch over it and care for it, as their father required, and never for a moment to leave the creature standing or running alone, and each one assured him that he himself would always bring back the lamb to the stable, when it was time, for that would be the greatest delight. But their father said that would be unsafe; it must be decided that whoever took the lamb out must bring it back again and so it must remain. Once more the children promised to treat the lamb exactly as their father had ordered, and all

three gave him their hand on it, and all three were so full of excitement at the prospect of having a live lamb to keep for their own, that they could not go to sleep that evening for the longest time. Even sleepy little Karl sat quite upright in his bed and exclaimed again and again to Kurt:

"Papa shall see that the lamb will come to no harm with us, I will look out for that."

III

WHAT KEEPING SILENT DOES

The principal question on the following day was what name to give the lamb. Lissa proposed to give it the name of "Eulalia," for her friend's cat was called this, and the name seemed to her especially grand. But her brothers wouldn't listen to that, for they thought it too long. Kurt suggested the name Nero, as the big dog he so much admired down at the mill was called. But Lissa and Karl wouldn't have the lamb called by the same name as the dog with the broad nose. Then they consulted their mother about it, and she suggested that the little creature be called "Curly-Head," after its own peculiarity. The children agreed at once to this name, and so it was called from that time on. The pleasure all three took in the pretty white Curly-Head surpassed every other joy and amusement. In every

free moment it was taken out of its stall and led around here and there.

Sometimes all three children went out together and took Curly-Head up to the pasture or to the woods, and sat down there with it. Sometimes Lissa would sit on the bench and the little creature would lay its head trustfully in her lap, while Kurt and Karl would run to the near-by clover field and bring some of the fine spicy leaves, which Curly-Head would eat with the greatest satisfaction, first from the hand of one and then from that of the other, bleating very contentedly meanwhile.

At other times one of the children would go alone to take the lamb out of the stable and bring it along to walk, if some errand had to be done at the mill or the baker's or the old washwoman's. Then the lamb always went gladly by the side of its leader, and seemed to understand quite well what was said to it by Kurt and Lissa and especially by its great friend Karl, on these walks. It would answer now and then with an assenting joyful bleat and at the same time look up at its companion so understandingly, that there was no doubt that Curly-Head always took a lively part in the conversation. Every day it became more trustful and affectionate with the children. It would always press close to the one who took it out of the stall, as if its own mother had come, and the children loved it more and more every day and cared for it and watched over it, and always after their walks and happy conversation

The pleasure all three took in Curly Head surpassed every other joy.

brought it back to its little house in the stable, and to its nice bed of straw.

Curly-Head grew so finely with this excellent care that it became as round as a ball, and with its snow-white curly wool looked as pretty and clean as if it were always wearing its Sunday dress.

Thus the beautiful, sunny Autumn came to an end, and November had arrived more quickly than the children had ever known it before. Now they could begin to talk about Christmas, since the festival would be coming in the very next month. Kurt and Karl could easily unite the pleasures of the present to the hopes of the future and bind them into a double enjoyment. So they took a constant delight in their Curly-Head and on every one of their walks told it about all the wonderful times that Christmas would bring them and all the things they secretly expected from the Christ-child. Curly-Head always listened very attentively and the brothers did not fail to give it the expectation of surely having its share in the Christmas presents. All three for the most part enjoyed these wonderful prospects together and became each day more and more confidential with one another.

Lissa had a little different disposition. When a new and great delight was in prospect she became so excited about it, and all her thoughts were so full of it that the old pleasures were a little in the background.

Now Lissa had a particular friend in the big farmhouse on the path down to the brook, the agreeable

Marie, who always entered into all Lissa's ideas. Lissa was eager to visit this friend now because she could discuss with her quite otherwise about her hopes and expectations for Christmas-time, than with her brothers, who cherished such different wishes and did not understand hers aright.

Her mother allowed her to make the visit, and on the first free afternoon Lissa was to go. She had hardly patience enough to hold still, while her mother wound around her neck a warm scarf, which the cold November wind made very necessary. Then she ran and bounded away and her mother watched the child until she was half-way down the hill, then went back into the house.

In a moment it occurred to Lissa that the way was rather long and it would be less tiresome to take Curly-Head for a companion, if her brothers had not already taken her away. She turned quickly round, ran to the stable, found Curly-Head lying quietly on the straw, took it out quickly and ran with it down the barren path over which the wind blew the bright-colored Autumn leaves around her. Their continual running brought them in a short time to the end of their journey. Soon Lissa walked out with her friend, absorbed in deep conversation, back and forth in the sunny place in front of the house, while Curly-Head nibbled contentedly by the hedge which surrounded the garden. The friends refreshed themselves between long discussions, with sweet pears and juicy red apples, which were at hand

in rich abundance, for Marie's mother had brought out a whole big basket full of the fruit, and what the children couldn't eat, Lissa was to take home. It had always been so, for on the farm grew beautiful apples and pears in great quantities.

When it was time for Lissa to return home, her friend started along the path to accompany her, and they still had so much to say that they came to the last little ascent to Lissa's father's house, they knew not how. Marie departed quickly and Lissa hurried up the path. It was already quite dark. When she reached the house, it went through her mind like a paralyzing flash:

"Where is Curly-Head?"

She knew she had taken it along, then had seen it grazing by the hedge, and then had entirely forgotten it and paid no more attention to it. In the most terrible fright she rushed down the mountain, calling in every direction: "Curly-Head! Curly-Head! Where are you? Oh, come here! Come here!" but all was still, Curly-Head was nowhere to be seen. Lissa ran back to the farmhouse. There was already a light from the windows of the living-room. From the stone steps she could see very well inside. They were all sitting at the table at supper, father, mother, and Marie, her brothers, the servants, and on the seat by the stove lay the old cat. But nowhere was a sign of Curly-Head to be seen, as Lissa spied into every corner. Then Lissa ran around the house, into the garden, all around the hedge and again into the garden, and then all along the hedge

inside, always calling "Curly-Head, come here! Oh, come here!" It was all in vain; there was no sign of the lamb to be seen or heard. Lissa's anxiety increased more and more. It grew still darker and the wind howled louder and louder, and almost blew her off the ground. She must go home. What should she do? She did not dare tell that she had lost Curly-Head, because she had forgotten it. But she would tell her mother. She ran as fast as she could up the mountain. At home everything was ready for supper, even her father was there. Lissa came running into the room, so red and hot and disheveled, that her mother said:

"You cannot come to the table so, child; go and make yourself tidy."

And her father added:

"Above all you must not come home so late! Now hurry and come right back at once or you will have nothing to eat."

Lissa obeyed quickly. She suddenly felt that she would much rather not return to supper at all, but that would not do. She came back to her place dejected. She was frightfully anxious about what further remarks and questions would be made. But before any one could address a word to her the attention of all the members of the family was taken by a new occurrence.

Hans, the man-servant, put his head in at the door and said:

"With your permission, Magistrate, although the

children are all in the house, as Trina said, the little lamb is not in the stable."

"What?" exclaimed the Magistrate. "Here's a pretty state of things! Who took it out? Who did it?"

"I didn't!"—"I didn't!"—"Surely I didn't!"—"I didn't either!" screamed Kurt and Karl so noisily together, that no one could hear whether Lissa kept silent or cried out.

Their mother said to quiet them:

"Don't be so noisy. It surely cannot have been Lissa. In the afternoon she ran off alone to her friend Marie's, and only came back a few minutes ago."

"Then it is one of you two," quickly spoke their father, as he cast a penetrating look towards the two boys.

A terrible outcry was raised in reply:

"I didn't do it!"—"I didn't do it!"—"I surely didn't"—and both gazed with such big, honest eyes at their father, that he immediately exclaimed:

"No, no, you are not the ones. Then Hans must have left the stable door open, where the lamb was, and it must have run out at that moment. But it seems to me so unlikely, I must go and see."

Their father left the room, in order to investigate outside in the stable.

When the excitement, the accusations and the defense were over, another impression gained the upper hand. Suddenly Karl laid his head on his arm and sobbed aloud and mournfully:

"Now Curly-Head is lost —! We shall never have it again. Now it will starve to death!"

Then Kurt began. He cried aloud: "Yes, now it is growing colder all the time, and it won't have anything to eat and will freeze and starve to death."

Then Lissa began to weep and groan harder than the other two. She didn't say a word, but one could hear how much keener and deeper than her brothers' her grief was, and Lissa well knew why.

Later on when Kurt and Karl had long been asleep on their pillows and were having happy dreams about Curly-Head, Lissa lay restless in her bed and could not go to sleep. Not only was she mourning for the misfortune to the lamb, now wandering about distressed and neglected in the night, but she blamed herself for it and besides she had kept silent when she should have confessed.

Lissa had indeed not cried out: "I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" but she had kept silent when her mother had said confidently: "Lissa cannot have done it," and the child felt decidedly that she had done the same wrong to keep silent, as if she had told an untruth. Lissa was very unhappy and could find no consolation and no rest, until she made up her mind to tell her mother everything in the morning; perhaps then Curly-Head would be found.

On the following morning there was bright sunshine, and it was at once decided at breakfast that they would all three go out, as soon as school was over, to look for

Curly-Head, for it must be somewhere about. In the afternoon they would do the same, and all were convinced that the lamb would be found before evening. Their mother said to console the children that their father had sent Hans out very early to look everywhere for the little creature, so there was every hope that it would be found again. Lissa was the happiest over this prospect and thought that she wouldn't need to say anything now, and that everything would turn out all right again.

That day the whole of Rechberg was searched for the lamb, and in every home inquiries were made about it, but it was as if Curly-Head had disappeared from the earth. Nobody had seen it, nowhere was any trace of it to be found. For some days further they searched and inquired for it, but always in vain. Then the Magistrate said they had done enough, and it was useless to hunt any more, for either the poor little creature was no longer alive or else it had strayed far away.

A few days after, the first snow fell, and the flakes came down so big and thick that in a short time the whole garden lay deep in it, and the white covering rose half-way up the hedge. Every year the children were hugely delighted at the first snow, and always shouted and screamed the louder, the more the flakes whirled around.

Now they were quite still and one would peep here and another there out of the window, and each in the stillness thought of Curly-Head, if it were lying some-

where under the cold snow, or wanted to wade out and couldn't, and was calling in its well-known voice piteously for help and no one heard and helped it.

Then their father came home at evening and said:

"It is a bitter cold night, the snow is already frozen hard. If the poor lamb is still outdoors and not dead already, it will perish to-night. I wish I had never brought the poor creature home!"

Karl broke into such a cry of lamentation and Kurt and Lissa, filled to overflowing with their grief, joined in as if their hearts would break, so that their father left the room, and their mother tried to comfort them as well as she could.

From that time on the Magistrate never spoke of the lamb again, and their mother talked to them about the beautiful Christmas festival whenever they began to mourn for Curly-Head. She told them the Christ-child was coming to make every heart glad, and that this festival was coming soon and would make them happy again too.

When the sympathetic Karl would begin to mourn again on cold, dark evenings: "If only Curly-Head wouldn't freeze or shiver to death outside!" then his mother would say consolingly:

"See, Karl, the dear Lord cares for the little creature. He can prepare a warm bed somewhere for Curly-Head and let it be well with it. And although it is no longer with us, and we can't take care of it, let us be happy and give Curly-Head into the dear Lord's hands."

Kurt listened attentively while his mother was consoling Karl, and so it came about that the brothers gradually became quite happy again, to leave Curly-Head entirely to the dear Lord and His care, and every day they looked forward more gladly and with fuller expectation to the beautiful Christmas-time. But Lissa was not happy with them. On her lay, as it were, a heavy weight completely crushing her, and that would never, never more let her be happy. At night she dreamed she saw Curly-Head half starved and frozen, lying out in the snow, and looking up at her with such sad eyes, saying:

"You did this!"

Then Lissa would wake crying and later, when she wanted to be merry with her brothers, she couldn't, for she kept thinking all the time: if the two knew that she had done it, how they would reproach her! She no longer dared look her father and mother straight in the eyes, for she had kept silent when she ought to have confessed to them, and now she couldn't let it pass her lips, for she had let her parents believe for so long that she knew nothing about the matter.

So Lissa never had a happy moment more, and every day she looked sadder and more sorrowful and when Kurt and Karl came to her and said:

"Cheer up, Lissa; Christmas is coming nearer every day, and just think of all that can happen!" then the tears would come at once into Lissa's eyes, and half crying she would say:

"I can't be happy any more, never, never more, even at Christmas-time."

This seemed too sad to the sympathetic Karl, and he would say to her, quite consolingly:

"See, Lissa, when you can't do anything more, give everything up to the dear Lord, and then you will be happy again, if you haven't done anything wrong. Mamma said so."

Then Lissa would begin to cry in good earnest, so that Karl became frightened and he ran right away, as Kurt had already done before, for it seemed to them very disagreeable that Lissa was so changed.

But Lissa's altered behavior did not escape her mother. She often watched the child for a long time in silence, but she asked her no questions.

IV

WHAT THE DEAR LORD SENDS

November came to an end. The snow had become still deeper, and every day the cold became more intense. The grandmother in Altkirch pulled her thin bed-covering this way and that, for she could hardly keep warm any longer under it. The room was also cold, for there was only a very small supply of wood, and in this deep snow no brushwood could be found. Coffee was seldom made and the beans had now to be crushed

always with stones; the mill was utterly useless, and there was no money for a new one. The poor grandmother had much to mourn over and complain about. The grandfather sat most of the time on the bench by the stove, trying to console her misery and weaving his little baskets the while.

As long as it continued to snow, and the deep snow was soft, the grandfather had been obliged to carry his baskets himself to the dairyman, for if he had sent the children, they would have stuck fast in the drifts. There was no road broken out up the mountain, so the grandfather had trouble to get through, he sank so many times deep in the snow-banks.

But now the sky was clear, and the high snow fields were frozen hard far and wide, so that one could go over them as over a firm road. Not once under the heaviest man did the ice-crust crack. Now the children could be sent again on their errand. Stanzeli wrapped a shawl around her, Seppli put on his woolen cap, and then they started off each with a bundle of baskets on the arm. After a good half hour, when they came to the chapel, Stanzeli laid her baskets down and took Seppli by the hand to go inside. But Seppli was obstinate again:

"I will not come, I will not pray now. My fingers are freezing," he asserted and planted his feet on the ground, so that Stanzeli should not move him forward. But she begged and pulled him and reminded him what Father Klemens had said and was quite distressed as

if Seppli would prevent some great good to them both. Stanzeli had already heard and understood so much about trouble and misery, that it seemed to her a great good fortune and consolation to be allowed to kneel down and pray to a father in heaven, who would help all poor people. Seppli at last yielded and they went into the silent chapel. Stanzeli said her prayer softly and reverently. Suddenly a strange plaintive cry sounded through the great stillness. A little frightened, Stanzeli turned to Seppli and said softly:

"Don't do so in the chapel. You must be quiet."

Just as softly but cross Seppli replied:

"I am not doing it. You are."

In a moment the cry sounded again, but louder. Seppli looked searchingly at a place by the altar. Suddenly he seized Stanzeli by the arm and pulled her with such force from her seat, and to the altar, that she could do nothing but follow. Here, at the foot of the altar, half covered with the altar cloth, under which it had crawled, lay a white lamb, trembling and shivering with cold, and its thin little legs stretched out, as if it couldn't move any longer, from exhaustion.

"That is a sheep. Now something has been sent to us, that we can see," explained Seppli with delight.

Stanzeli looked at the animal with great astonishment. The words of Father Klemens at once came to her mind, and she did not doubt that the dear Lord, who sends something to every one who prays, had sent the lamb to-day to them. Only Stanzeli didn't quite understand

why it was lying there so feeble and half dead. She began to stroke the little creature, and to show it that it mustn't be afraid, but it could hardly move and only from time to time gave a very pitiful cry.

"Let's take it home and give it a potato: it is hungry," said Seppli, for hunger was the only evil he could think of and this had made him cry.

"What are you thinking about, Seppli? We must go up to the dairyman's," the dutiful Stanzeli reminded him. "But we can't leave it here so alone," and the child looked thoughtfully at the little animal, breathing with such difficulty.

"Now I know something we can do," continued Stanzeli, after a few minutes' consideration. "You watch the lamb here, and I will run as fast as I can up to the dairyman's and come right back and then we will go home!"

Seppli agreed to the proposal and Stanzeli immediately ran off, and shot over the snow field like a doe.

Seppli sat down on the floor and looked with satisfaction at his present. The lamb was covered with such lovely thick wool, that shivering Seppli felt a desire to put his cold hand into it, and it grew so warm, he quickly put in the other. Then he drew close to the lamb and it was like a little stove for him, and although it was shivering with the cold, its woolen pelt was a splendid means of warming Seppli.

In a short half hour Stanzeli came running back again, and the children in their delight then wanted to

take their present home to their grandfather and grandmother. But they tried in vain to bring the lamb to its feet, it was so weak, it fell right over again, when they had lifted it a little and then it moaned pitifully.

"We must carry it," said Stanzeli, "but it is too heavy for me; you must help me," and she showed Seppli how to take hold of the lamb without hurting it, and so they carried it away together. They went rather slowly, for it was quite awkward to walk with the burden between them, but the children were so delighted with their present, that they didn't stop until they reached home and then rushed into the room with their surprise.

"We have brought a lamb, a live lamb, with very warm wool!" cried Seppli as he entered, and when they were wholly inside the room, the children laid the lamb down beside their astonished grandfather on the bench by the stove. Then Stanzeli began to relate how it had all happened, and how it had happened exactly as Father Klemens had always told them, that the dear Lord sent every one who prayed something, only it could not always be seen.

"But to-day it can be seen," broke in Seppli with delight.

The grandfather looked at the grandmother to see what she thought about it, and she looked at him and said:

"What do you think about it, Joseph? Tell me."

After some reflection the grandfather said: "Some one must go up to Father Klemens, and ask him what

he thinks. I believe I will go myself." Whereupon he got up from his seat, put on his old fur cap and went out.

Father Klemens came back with the grandfather. After he had greeted the grandmother and spoken a few kind words with her, he sat down beside the little lamb lying there almost dead, and looked at it. Then he placed Stanzeli and Seppli in front of him and said:

" See, children, it is so; when a man prays, the dear Lord sends him a happy and trustful heart, and that is a beautiful gift, and on that depend many other good gifts. But the lamb here has lost its way. It may belong to the big flock, which passed by late in the Autumn, and the shepherd will be asking for it. It must have been lost a long time for it is quite starved and almost dead. We may not be able to save its life. First we must give it a little warm milk, and then see what more it can take."

The kind Father with these last words had lifted the lamb a little and gently laid his hand under its head.

Then the grandfather said hesitatingly:

" We will do what we can. Stanzeli, go and see if there is a little milk left."

But Father Klemens prevented Stanzeli from going out, saying: " I think you needn't go. If it is all the same to you, I will take the lamb home with me. I have room enough, and I can care for it."

This was a great relief to both the old people, for they didn't want to let the lamb die of hunger, and they didn't know where to get anything to feed it.

Then Father Klemens took the feeble lamb on his arm and went with it up to the old monastery. Seppli watched him for a long time and grumbled a little.

After a few days the grandfather saw Father Klemens coming to his cottage, and said wonderingly to the grandmother:

"Why do you think the good Father is coming to us again?"

"The lamb must be dead, and now he will tell us that we mustn't expect a penny of reward from the shepherd," remarked the grandmother.

Father Klemens came in. One could see that he had no glad tidings to bring. Stanzeli and Seppli came bounding towards him to give him their hands. He stroked both kindly, then said softly to the grandfather:

"I think it is best for you to send the children away for a little while, as I have something to tell you."

This was somewhat disturbing to the grandfather, and he thought to himself:

"If I could only get the grandmother out of the way for a little, so she wouldn't hear if something unpleasant has to be told."

He put the tin can on Stanzeli's arm and said:

"Go now with Seppli and get the milk, and if it is still too early, you can wait at the farm. It is warm in the cow-shed."

When the children had gone, the Father pushed his chair nearer the grandmother's bed and said:

"Come a little nearer too, Joseph, I must tell you

both something, but I do it unwillingly. Sepp has done something wrong."

He had scarcely spoken these words when the grandmother made a fearful outcry and said over and over again:

"Oh, my God, that I should live to see this! It was my last hope that Sepp would still turn round and come home, and stand by us in our old age, and now it is all over with. Perhaps we shall have to bear a great disgrace and yet we have lived to old age in honor and good report. Oh, how willingly I would stop grumbling and lie on my hard bed without complaint, and never more have a good drop of coffee, if only this wouldn't have to happen to Sepp! Oh, if only he hadn't brought misfortune and disgrace to himself and us!"

The grandfather too sat there looking very much alarmed and cast down.

"What has he done, Father?" he asked hesitatingly. "Is it something wicked?"

The Father replied that he didn't know at all what it was; he had only learned that Sepp had done something wrong over across the Ziller brook and it had been brought to the Magistrate in Rechberg, who was going to have him put in prison.

"Oh, my God, did it happen up there?" the grandmother broke forth again. "Oh, what will be done to him! He will surely punish him severely enough because he has a different belief."

"No, no, you mustn't take it so, grandmother," in-

terrupted the Father in defense, " that is not so. The Magistrate is not unjust, and he thinks well of the faith. I have myself more than once heard him say: ' A pious and God-fearing man on this side of the Ziller brook and such an one on the other side both pray to the same Father in Heaven, and the prayer of one is exactly as acceptable to Him as that of the other.' I have known the Magistrate up there for many years, and I can tell you that I have many hundred times had edifying conversations with him and his wife, as we sat together, and we have understood each other so well that we always get along perfectly and I reproach myself when I haven't been there for a long time. Now I have it in mind to go there very soon and to see how it stands with Sepp, and to speak a good word with the Magistrate for him."

Both the old people were very glad and thankful for this plan, but the grandmother began to grieve again and said mournfully:

" If only I hadn't done wrong, so that this misfortune might not have come to us, because I complained and grieved over little things. But I will surely do it no more and will be patient, Father Klemens. What do you think? Will our Father in Heaven take away my penance and not punish me so hard? "

The Priest comforted the grandmother and exhorted her to keep her good resolutions. Then he rose and promised her to come again as soon as he had been up to Rechberg and could bring news of Sepp.

The grandfather accompanied the Father to the front

of the house; then he asked: "And how is it with the little lamb? Is it living still, or is it dead?"

"Not at all dead," replied Father Klemens gladly, "round and full, and already jumping about merrily, and it is such a trusting little creature, that I shall be sorry to give it up when the shepherd comes by again. I have sent him word that the lamb is with me, so he will probably leave it until he comes into the neighborhood, and now God bless you!"

The Priest shook the grandfather's hand and went hastily away, for he had to comfort other sick people who were anxiously waiting for him. In all Altkirch and far beyond, kind Father Klemens was the comforter of all the poor and sick.

V

CHRISTMAS

THE longed for Christmas day had come. From early morning Kurt and Karl had wandered in a fever of excitement from one room to another and up and down stairs and nowhere could they find a resting place, for the overpowering sense of the approaching good fortune drove them round and round. By constant motion they had the feeling that they could reach the evening more quickly.

Lissa sat quite still in a corner and gave no response

when her brothers came to her and wanted her to join in their exalted hopes. Lissa had never experienced such a Christmas day. Usually how full of happy unrest and burning expectation she was! How full of gladness and joy she was, for she knew nothing more splendid than these hours of expectation and then suddenly their fulfillment! The fulfillment of all the many, many wishes in the brilliant glory of the lights! Now she sat there and wanted to be happy like her brothers. But a pressing weight, as it were, lay on her, stifling every feeling of joy, and although she tried to force herself to throw it off and forget it all, and take delight in the evening, as before, it seemed to her as if she suddenly heard some one coming, who had found Curly-Head dead and knew that she had lost it and forgotten it, and was going to tell her father. Then she crept deeper into the corner and listened hard, and all joy was gone; it came no more into her heart.

Towards evening Kurt and Karl had finally found a moment of rest, or rather the excitement, which had now reached its highest point, had brought them both together on one chair, where in pleasant expectation they only ventured to speak together in low tones.

"What do you suppose about a croquet-set with colored balls?" whispered Karl. "Do you believe the Christ-child will think of that?"

"Perhaps," answered Kurt softly, "but do you know what? I would much rather He would think of a new sled, for you see the 'Kessler' doesn't go well and then

we have only the ' Geiss,' and if Lissa gets to be happy again, you will see how she will coast, that I know, and then we shall never have the ' Geiss,' and there isn't room enough for us both on the ' Kessler.' "

" Yes, but think of the fort. Do you know, Kurt, how many thousand times we have wanted a fort? " reminded Karl; " we would almost rather go without a sled, don't you think so? "

" Yes, indeed," said Kurt hesitatingly, for a new thought had come to his mind.

" Or supposing the Christ-child should bring us a box of colors and we could paint the big soldier picture-sheets? "

" Oh, oh! " groaned Karl, impressed with the charming possibility.

Then their mother came into the room.

" Children," she said, beckoning with her finger, " in there the lights are burning by the piano. Now we are going to sing a song. Where is Lissa? "

In the twilight her mother had not noticed that Lissa was sitting in the corner, nor did her brothers know it. She hadn't made a sound. Now she came out and all went over to the piano. Then their mother sat down and played and began to sing. Kurt and Karl joined in at the top of their voices and Lissa sang very softly. And when they came to these words in the song:

Jesus is greater, Jesus is greater
Who fills our sad hearts with joy—

Karl sang with such deafening gayety that one could see he had no sad heart at this time. But Lissa had felt what it is to have a sad heart. She sobbed and sobbed and couldn't sing any more. When they had sung to the end of the song the mother rose and said:

"Now stay here quietly until I come back." But Lissa ran after her and cried pitifully:

"Mamma! Mamma! Can't I ask you something?"

Her mother led the child into her sleeping-room and asked what she wanted.

"Mamma, can Jesus make every single sad heart glad again?" asked Lissa anxiously.

"Yes, child, every one," answered her mother, "every one who leans on Him. Only He can't make those happy who cling to wrong-doing and will not give it up."

Then Lissa broke into loud crying.

"I will not cling to it any more," she sobbed. "I will tell you. I took Curly-Head away with me and then forgot it and lost it, and then I kept silent about it, and I am to blame for its starving and freezing and I can't be happy any more, about anything."

Then her mother drew Lissa to her affectionately and said consolingly:

"Now you know, dear child, how a wrong that we keep fast in our hearts makes us frightfully unhappy. You must remember that, and never do so again. But now you have repented, and the holy Christ can and will enter your heart and make you happy again, for to-day He will make all hearts glad. Now wipe your tears

away and go to your brothers. I will come to you soon."

Such a weight was lifted from Lissa's heart, and she felt so light and free, that she wanted to jump over all the mountains. All of a sudden she keenly realized:

"To-day is Christmas! What great things may happen to-day?" Everything in her rejoiced. But one single shadow still rose at times in her heart: Curly-Head! Where could the starved Curly-Head be lying?

When Lissa ran jumping to her brothers, they were very much surprised, but Karl said:

"I am glad you are like this. I thought you would be happy again at Christmas."

Then Lissa had to give vent to her happy excitement and freshly awakened hopes to her brothers; but in the midst of her eager communications, the door-bell rang louder and louder, and Karl, snow-white with excitement, exclaimed:

"The Christ-child!"

Immediately the mother opened the door and a flood of light came in from outside—the children rushed towards it.

Then it streamed and shimmered and sparkled around, and from its wonderful splendor one could hardly tell what it all was. But in the middle stood a big fir-tree with bright, glistening lights from top to bottom on all the branches, and rosy angels and shining Summer birds hovering around the lights, and red strawberries, and shining cherries, and golden pears and little apples

hanging from all the twigs, and the children ran in speechless delight to and fro around the tree. But all at once something came running in and suddenly Lissa was almost thrown down; she gave a huge cry of joy and—really there was little Curly-Head! Round as a ball, lively and roguish, it rushed to Lissa and rubbed its little head against her and bleated loud for joy. Kurt and Karl hurried along at the well-known sound and could hardly believe what they saw. Curly-Head, neither hungry nor frozen but quite alive and merry, was there again! They hugged it tight for love and joy.

But Karl now caught sight of something. He gave a high jump to one side:

"Kurt, Kurt," he screamed, "the fort! the fort!" But Kurt had already jumped to the other side and called back:

"Come here! Come here! Here is the new sled! Oh, what a splendid sled!" And as Karl ran to look, he cried out again:

"Oh! oh! there is the box of colors! Oh, so many brushes in it!"

Lissa kept hugging and caressing little Curly-Head for its return was to her the dearest gift. Oh, how happy she would be now! Everything, everything that had troubled her was past, everything was all right again! How was it possible?

All at once Lissa saw two eyes, wide open, gazing at the shining tree in motionless wonder. That must really be Seppli. Lissa rose from the floor, where she had

been squatting beside Curly-Head—to be sure, there was Stanzeli too beside Seppli looking in astonishment at all the brilliant splendor. Lissa went to the children.

"Did you come to see me to-day, Stanzeli?" she asked. "Isn't the tree beautiful? Did you know the Christ-child would come to-day?"

"Oh, no! oh, no!" said Stanzeli quite shyly and softly, "but your mother brought us in. To-day Father Klemens said the lamb belonged to you, and we might bring it up here."

"So did you bring little Curly-Head? But where from, Stanzeli? Where was it then? How can it be so well and look so?"

Then her mother came and said to Lissa she would tell her all about it, but now she must bring the children to the table by the window, for the Christ-child had remembered them too. But at first no urging could move Seppli from the spot, for he had never in his life seen such a shining tree with alluring, shimmering, wonderful things on every bough. He couldn't turn his eyes away from it. He took absolutely no step forward although the invitation sounded enticing. Finally Lissa said:

"Just come, Seppli. There by the table you can see the tree quite splendidly, and besides, you can see what the Christ-child has brought you."

Then Seppli moved slowly and without taking his eyes from the tree. But the table gave him a sight he had not expected. On a plate lay the largest ginger-

cake he had ever seen, and round it lay red apples and a big pile of nuts. And near these lay a strong knapsack in which he could carry everything he needed for school so that nothing would be lost. And the book, and slate and pencil and everything he would need from Easter on was inside. Next it lay a good strong jacket for Seppli, such as he had never had before in his life. When Lissa said, "These belong to you, Seppli," he stood, as if petrified, by the table and looked first at Stanzeli to see if she believed it was true, and then again at his treasures.

Neither could Stanzeli look enough at the warm little gown and the wonderful fitted work-box, standing together beside the plate of ginger-bread.

But now she was frightened, for the Magistrate came straight to her with a man, who had been standing by the door with Hans and Trina, and said:

"Look over there. She really doesn't know you any more."

Then he went away.

The man held out his hand:

"Give me your hand, Stanzeli," he said; "don't be so strange to me! Your eyes look exactly like your blessed mother's. Come, speak, Stanzeli. I am your father and you look exactly like her." And he had to wipe his eyes again and again.

"We have only a grandfather and a grandmother," explained Seppli, who had been watching everything.

"No, no, surely, Seppli, you have a father too, and

I am he," said his father, taking each of the children by the hand. " I will surely prove it to you, but you must know me. Stanzeli, won't you be friendly with your father? You have grown to be exactly like your mother."

The man had to keep wiping his eyes.

" Yes, I am now," said Stanzeli timidly, " but I don't know you at all."

The Magistrate from a little distance had been watching the little group by the table, and now he stepped towards them again.

" Sepp," he said earnestly, " I know a father and a mother too, who are grieved because their son no longer knows them, and has no kind word and no grateful service for them, who have cared for his children so well. But to-day is Christmas; to-day every one must be happy. Go, Sepp, harness the brown horse to the sleigh. You shall take your children home. I will leave the rest to you."

" May God reward the Magistrate, may God reward you a thousand times!" said Sepp, who could hardly speak from emotion. " The Magistrate shall surely be pleased with me, just as surely as I hope the Lord will be merciful to my poor soul!"

" Good! good! Now up and away, Sepp, and that goes with the sleigh," and the Magistrate pointed to a big bundle lying next the table by the children. Sepp took it on his shoulders and went out.

Then all the presents belonging to Stanzeli and

Seppli were packed together, and the children took their departure, and it was decided that in the Spring Seppli and Stanzeli should come back again the first fine Sunday, and then Lissa and her brothers would also go to Altkirch, for they wanted as soon as possible to visit Father Klemens with Curly-Head, and thank him for his good nursing.

Then Trina took each child by the hand, to tuck them into the sleigh, and the mother called out to her again and again:

"Trina, wrap them up tight in the big sleigh-robe so that they will not freeze."

In the house, under the Christmas tree, the joy and merriment over the many, many wonderful gifts spread out there, lasted for a long, long time, and above all over the newly returned, merry bleating Curly-Head.

About the time the strong brown horse with the sleigh drove away from the Magistrate's house, Father Klemens was coming down from the monastery along the moonlit footpath. He smiled with satisfaction to himself, as he thought of the visit he had made to Rechberg ten days before, and how it had been shown that Sepp was not so badly off as had been feared.

Sepp had run away from a master, who had treated him badly. The master was a rich and important farmer, who wouldn't put up with this. He made a great fuss and brought action against Sepp, and so the matter came before the Magistrate, but he said the workman should not be abused, no matter who the

master was, and Sepp could go his way. This much the Father had learned from the Magistrate himself, and then he told him something about Sepp's aged parents and his two children, and how that Sepp was not bad, only frivolous and how, since the loss of his wife, he had got on the wrong road, and if the Magistrate would give him some good advice, he could make an impression on him for the better. The Magistrate had then promised the Father to do so, and afterwards his wife had inquired about Willow-Joseph's household and the children, and so one thing led to another. Finally the Father had told about the lamb that the children had found and was now in his care. Then it suddenly came out to whom the lost lamb belonged, and that it was Curly-Head. Then the Magistrate and his wife showed great delight and they commissioned the Father to send the lamb over by the children on Christmas day, when they would have a festival with a Christmas tree.

This was an extraordinary joy to the kind Father, but he had not said a word about the Christmas tree, either to the old people or the children, and so he was now smiling quite contentedly to think of their surprise. And as he wanted to see their happy faces, and also hoped the old people would be a little happy, he was going in the darkness to the willow cottage.

As soon as he entered the room, the grandmother called out to him:

"God be praised that you have come, Father! We shall have a word of encouragement. It is already so

dark, and the children are still on the way and have to cross the brook. Oh, I hope nothing has happened to them."

"No, no, Grandmother," said the Father in a happy voice, "to-day we mustn't complain; to-day there is joy and the holy Christ watches especially over the children, and won't let anything happen to them. Now let us have a good talk; the time will pass best in that way, and you come here too, Joseph, and join us."

Meanwhile Sepp was letting the brown horse trot so that the sleigh seemed to fly, for he had been seized with such a longing to get home again that he couldn't go fast enough. He had not been there for six years, and whenever thoughts of home had now and then arisen, he had always seen only a great sadness and emptiness, such as he had found when Constance died. In order to escape from these thoughts Sepp had always gone farther away. But to-day, since he had seen his children, everything seemed different, and Stanzeli had brought her departed mother so vividly before his eyes, and all the happy days he had lived with her and his parents in the willow cottage, he thought he cculdn't wait until he saw the house and his father and mother again.

Now the sleigh stopped by the willows. Sepp lifted his children out, and threw the thick robe over the brown horse. Then he took Stanzeli by one hand and Seppli by the other and went into the house. He was so overcome that he ran sobbing to the bed and cried:

"Mother! Father! Don't be angry with me any longer, and forgive me. I will truly do what I can, so that you will see better days. I know very well that you must have had hard times, but, God willing, you shall be better off from this time forth."

His father and mother had to weep for joy, and his mother said between her sobs:

"Oh, Sepp, Sepp, is it really possible! I never believed our Lord God could so change your heart, but now I will give praise and thanks as long as I have any breath in me."

And the father gave his hand to his son and said:

"It is all right, Sepp, everything shall be forgiven and forgotten, and be welcome. But tell how you happened to come with the children, and how you are."

First Sepp had to press Father Klemens's hand, for he had listened with a quiet smile of satisfaction to everything. Then the old people learned to their astonishment that the Magistrate had engaged Sepp as a farm-servant and had already trusted him with their horse and sleigh. Since Hans and Trina were going to establish a household of their own at New Year's, the place was open for a servant, and Sepp was highly delighted to take it.

"And what a place it is! Such a good master who can advise me like a father and besides such good wages and so much clothing all the year through, this I know from Hans. But I have begged the Magistrate not to give me any of my wages yet, so that I can't spend any

of it but bring it all to you at the end of the month. Now I really have nothing to bring you except good will."

"That is worth while, and may our Lord God give His blessing on it. Amen!" said Father Klemens.

For a long time Seppli had been wandering to and fro heavily laden, and could find no place for his treasures or attract any one's attention to them. But now he was able to get to his grandmother's bed, and soon had it half covered with his presents, and when Stanzeli saw this she came quickly along and covered the other half with hers. Their grandmother's head looked out from the midst of them as if it was a fair, and she had to clap her hands for wonder, and say again and again: "Is it possible!"

But when Sepp suddenly brought in the big bundle and unrolled it, and three and then four beautiful warm blankets came into sight, the grandmother could say no more from surprise and thankfulness, but kept her hands folded and surely was giving silent thanks again and again.

But the grandfather lifted the hard object, which was placed in the middle of the blankets, from the floor, and the old man's eyes shone with delight, for his own wish was fulfilled: he held up a brand new coffee-mill in his hand. Now at last he could grind the coffee properly and prepare the drink for the grandmother as it ought to be.

Such a Christmas evening, full of happiness and joy,

was never celebrated in Willow-Joseph's cottage before.

Sepp now experienced the longed for pleasure of having his children sit trustfully with him, Seppli on one knee, Stanzeli on the other, and each wanted to know their father better, for since they had seen how dear he was to their grandfather and grandmother, and belonged so near to them, they also loved him and were aware that they belonged to him.

Now Sepp had to go back to Rechberg, but he knew that he would soon return and could spend every Sunday afternoon with his people, for this the Magistrate had told him.

When he was seated in the sleigh, and was ready to drive away, Seppli ran out and cried:

"Father, wait. I must tell you something!" And when his father bent forward, Seppli said emphatically in his ear:

"Father, when you come past the chapel, don't forget to go in and pray, for you know the dear Lord always sends something to you there; at first you can't see it, but later on you do."

Seppli had noticed that all the rich gifts of this day were connected with the lamb, which the dear Lord had led into the chapel for them, and he well remembered how he had refused to go in. He would never do so again.

A great intercourse between Rechberg and Altkirch

is carried on. Sepp is a faithful and reliable servant in the Magistrate's house, and goes every Sunday afternoon to Altkirch, carrying fresh white bread to eat with the coffee. This tastes so good to the grandmother, as it comes from the new mill, together with other nourishing things from Rechberg, that she has gained new strength. Now she can work around the house again, herself, and receive Sepp cheerfully in the room put in order for Sunday, with the grandfather and the children, and that makes Sepp happy all the week, and he says to himself quietly: " Home is the best place, after all."

From time to time his children go to see him in Rechberg, and then there is always a merry day for all the children together, and Curly-Head is always by and plays with them, and often when it looks up at Lissa, she thinks:

" Oh, how happy I am once more! Never again in all my life will I conceal a wrong in my heart! "

The Rose Child

I

THE TIME OF ROSES

DIETRICH, the sheriff of Wildbach, who had once owned considerable property, had for several years been falling into bad ways and by this means had lost his position and his salary. His only occupation was cutting a few tufts of grass from his uncultivated fields, and carrying it home to feed his poor little goat; for himself and his foster-child there were only a few potatoes and a little milk.

After dinner Dietrich would vanish and not appear again until towards night to milk the goat. Then he was seen no more at home; but every one knew that he sat in the tavern until late at night, and that soon house and land and goat would be taken from him to pay his debts.

As long as his wife had lived things had gone better. They had had more land and a cow, and the wife had worked industriously early and late. They had never had any children of their own, but an orphan niece of Dietrich's had been living with them for three years. He had lost his wife the year before, and since then things had gone so rapidly from bad to worse that every one wondered at the child's fresh, blooming ap-

pearance. She was now eight years old and was everywhere called Rose-Resli, for she was never seen without a rose in her hand or in her mouth. Resli—her real name was Theresa—had such a love for roses, and gazed with her merry blue eyes so longingly into every garden where roses grew, that the owners inside would call out kindly: "Would you like one?" And Rose-Resli, beaming with delight, would stretch her little hand through the fence and receive her prize gratefully.

So the child was always seen surrounded with roses as soon as they began to bloom, and every one knew the blooming Rose-Resli and was fond of her.

She did not see much of her uncle. In the morning she went to school and at noon he usually said:

"I shall not be home to-night, but you will find something to eat."

But the cupboard was always empty. It was well that here and there a child at school gave Rose-Resli apples or pears, or even a slice of bread, and often when she had to go hungry, she could run freely to the gardens round about where the roses grew, and gather a few, and in this pleasure she would forget everything else.

To-day again the child had found no supper, but for all that she skipped happily across the meadows. It was a bright Summer evening. The butterflies were fluttering up and down in the blue air and high above the swallows flew round in a circle, twittering, summer-like, and all about in the meadows the crickets were

chirping merrily, so that Rose-Resli became more and more gladsome and jumped higher and higher as if she would fly away with the butterflies. Thus in a short time she came to a garden, which lay at a distance, on a wooded hill, and always had the most beautiful roses. The garden was surrounded by a wooden fence, and Rose-Resli quickly climbed up on the lower rail and looked longingly into the garden.

" Come right in," called a voice from behind the trees; " I know very well what you are looking for; to-day you shall have some more roses."

Rose-Resli didn't wait to be asked a second time. She stepped quickly inside, went straight to the fragrant rose-bed and looked in wonderment at the multitude of red and white, light and dark blossoms, glowing and giving forth their perfume together. Then the President's wife, the owner of the garden, came up to her. She had many times before given roses to Resli, and had just now called her to come in.

" You have come at just the right time to-day, Resli," she said. " You shall have a big bunch, but many of the roses are ready to fall, you see, so you must be a little quiet and not jump so high, as you usually do, or all the petals will fall off the flowers before you reach home."

Then the President's wife carefully cut a rose here and another there, and then two together, light and dark red and white ones, until she made a big, large, wonderful bouquet. Rose-Resli's eyes grew bigger and

bigger, for she had never held anything so wonderfully beautiful in her hand before. But here and there the fragrant petals were falling to the ground and the bare stems looked so sad among the other flowers, that Rose-Resli seemed quite alarmed.

"See! see!" said the lady warningly, "you will have to walk very slowly to your house, or you will not have three left with their petals on when you get there."

Rose-Resli thanked her politely and started on her way back. This led her past a miserable little hut where lived the "Sorrow-mother," a quiet woman with a sorrowful face. Rose-Resli had never heard her called anything else, and supposed that she had no other name.

"Sorrow-mother," called Resli, when she saw the old woman at the window, "see! see! Have you ever seen such roses?"

"No, Resli, not for a long time," replied the woman, and the child went on her way, quite absorbed in the sweetness and beauty of her flowers.

As Resli was passing the last house on the road, the woman of the house, called the Peasant Woman of the Cross-way, because she lived where two roads crossed, came out and, with both of her strong arms on her hips, looked at the child.

"Well, well, you are really a Rose-Resli to-day," she called to her; "come, show me your treasures close to."

Rose-Resli turned quickly around, and joyfully held her bouquet out to her. But with her quick movement

the petals dropped from three or four of the roses and fluttered to the ground. Resli looked at them sadly.

"Too bad," said the woman, "but they would be just right for me. Child, give me your roses and you shall have a good piece of bread for them. You can't carry them any farther. By the time you get home you will have nothing but stems in your hand. Come, give them to me."

"All my roses, and not have any to keep?" asked Resli, quite taken aback.

"You can keep one of them; see, this one, the others will fall right away. Come lay them in here, they mustn't be lost," and the peasant woman held out her apron. Resli laid her roses in it, all except one which she placed in the front of her little dress, where she almost always wore a rosebud. Then the peasant woman went into the house, and soon came back again with a big slice of bread in her hand, at sight of which the child suddenly realized for the first time that she was very hungry.

"Listen, Resli, I will give you some good advice," said the peasant woman, as she gave the bread to the child; "take a little basket, go, every evening, where there are roses growing, and ask for the ones that are ready to fall. Then put them right into the basket, so that you will not lose the leaves; for I need them, and every evening, if you will bring me a nice little pile of petals, you shall have a good big piece of bread. Will you do it?"

"Yes, surely," said Rose-Resli, and started on her way home, eating her bread, with great satisfaction.

When the child passed by the Sorrow-mother's cottage again, she was coming along home, carrying on her back the bundle of fagots she had gathered.

"What has become of your beautiful roses?" she asked, when the child came up to her. Resli told her the whole story, and how she was going to bring rose-leaves every day to the cross-road woman.

The Sorrow-mother listened thoughtfully; then she said timidly:

"Resli, won't you come to me to-morrow, before you take the roses to the peasant woman? I should like to ask you something then."

"Yes, I will do that, so sleep well, Sorrow-mother!"

Whereupon Resli went on her way. When she reached her uncle's distant cottage, she went into the silent, lonely room. She closed no door, made no light. Like a little bird she sought her nest in the gloaming and soon was sleeping peacefully. She dreamed of her roses, until the bright sun wakened her again.

II

A LITTLE HELPER AND GREAT HELP

THE woman whom the people had given the name of Sorrow-mother was a very poor widow. She had seen better days, and was not accustomed to beg; she

starved and suffered in silence, told her trouble only to the dear Lord, and sought in Him alone to find the consolation she needed. Her husband, who had been a tailor, died young and left her only one son. Like his father he was to be a tailor. This the boy's guardian had resolved upon, and he was the one to decide the matter. But Joseph did not like this; when he ought to be working at his trade, he ran away, and came home late at night or not at all. So he fell into bad company, and his guardian, who was also overseer of the parish, threatened, if he would not work and do well, to send him on the next transport to Australia.

Joseph was very much broken up by this and said that he could work, if they would let him do what he wanted, and if he could go away from home without being sent.

Then he disappeared and never came back. His mother mourned for him greatly, but she gave her child up to the dear Lord, and when the people in the village said scornfully:

"What good has it been for you to pray so much? You are living in poverty with your sorrow, and Joseph will die in poverty far away." Then she would answer:

"If I have to remain a sorrowing mother to the end and have to die in poverty, I will not lose my faith that Joseph will return to the right way, for I have from the beginning and always, again and again, given him into the dear Lord's keeping and have prayed for him so much, that it cannot be in vain."

The next day, as soon as school was over, Rose-Resli started off. The child did not own a basket, but she could pile the roses in her apron. Skipping merrily along, she came to the large garden, where the President's wife was wandering about among her flowers.

"Would you like some more roses, Resli?" she asked the child. "Come in; there are one or two more left to give you."

"Only the ones that are ready to fall," said Resli, holding out her little apron so that to-day she might not let a single leaf fall to the ground.

"Yes, if you like them so, you can have your whole apron full! Come over here."

And the President's wife led the child to a large bed full of roses which were wide open or had already dropped half their leaves. Here she cut off so many that Rose-Resli had her apron quite full.

"May I come again to-morrow?" asked Resli expectantly.

"Certainly you may," replied the lady; "you shall have all these that are wide open, if you take pleasure in them."

Rose-Resli thanked her and ran along much delighted. When she reached the tumble-down cottage where the Sorrow-mother lived, the child remembered her promise to stop there. She stepped into the low, little room where the Sorrow-mother sat at the spinning-wheel. She greeted Resli with great friendliness. Then she went to her window, cut off two red roses

from the little rose-bush growing there, and held them out to the child.

"See, Resli," she said hesitatingly, "I want to ask you if you will take these two rosebuds also with you; perhaps the peasant woman will give you a little more bread for them, even if it is a very small piece. Will you do this, Resli?"

"Yes, yes," replied the child quickly, "and then I will bring the bread right to you. I will be back again soon."

The Cross-way woman was standing in front of her house, by the wall of her vegetable garden, and looking first into one and then into another of the baskets standing on the wall, and in which the beautiful, fragrant rose-leaves were spread out to dry in the sun. Every year the peasant woman made a sweet-smelling rose-water and for this she used a great many rose-leaves, which were not very easy to get.

"That's right," she said with satisfaction as Rose-Resli came and opened her apron, "to-day you shall have a fine piece of bread."

"I have two more," said Resli, holding up high the Sorrow-mother's rosebuds.

"Throw them on the others; they are very small indeed, but perhaps they will have a couple of leaves."

"But I should very much like to have a separate piece of bread for them," said Resli, still holding them fast in her hand.

"I know very well," said the peasant woman, step-

ping into the house, " we were all like that once; now and then at school we swapped a piece of bread for a pear or a couple of prunes; it's so, I know, Resli. There, take the big piece in exchange for the roses in your apron, and here is a little one for the other two. Are you satisfied with this? "

" Yes, yes, really," Resli assured her, thanked her many times, and started to return. She laid the small piece of bread in her apron for the Sorrow-mother, and immediately bit eagerly into the larger piece, for she had had very little to eat at noon, and at night there was nothing at all. So the whole piece of bread had come to an end before Resli reached the little old house. Now she was there and stepped inside and exclaimed: " Here, Sorrow-mother, here is your bread! "

The woman took the child's hand, and pressed it gratefully.

" You don't know how much good you are doing me, Resli," she said. " You see, out in the garden, I have potatoes, which are my only food. But often my stomach can't bear them any longer; bread is too dear for me, and then when I eat almost nothing, I grow so weak, I am no longer able to spin. So I am glad to have your bread, Resli, and thank you heartily for it."

Then Rose-Resli was sorry that she had brought only the small piece of bread to the Sorrow-mother, and had kept the large piece for herself, and she kept thinking in her heart:

" Oh, if I had only eaten the little piece instead of

the big one," and she looked quite cast down. The Sorrow-mother thought she was still hungry, and wanted to give back the little piece of bread to her. But Resli said:

" No, no, I don't want it. I have already had enough; to-morrow I will come again!"

And away she went.

On the following evening she came promptly back again. Once more the President's wife had filled her apron with roses, and again the Sorrow-mother had broken off two rosebuds from the bush and given them to Resli. When she reached the Cross-way woman's, and took the roses out of her apron, Resli said:

" Can I have one piece of bread to-day, but as big as the two together?"

" You see, I guessed right!" replied the peasant woman. " Now you have found out that it is a shame to swap good bread for apples and pears. That is right; only keep it, and to-day it is quite fresh, so you shall have a fine piece; come with me."

The peasant woman went into her kitchen, and cut from the large loaf of bread the biggest piece Resli had ever held in her hand, in all her life. She ran quickly to the Sorrow-mother, and beaming with delight laid the whole piece in her hand; not a morsel had the child taken out of it to-day. Like a weight it had lain on her heart, that she had kept the large piece of bread and brought the small one to the Sorrow-mother. Her eyes shone with delight when the old woman looked in

amazement at her piece of bread. She held it out to the child, saying:

"What is this, Resli? It is surely your bread; come take it, take it! If you will break off just a little piece of it, I will thank you!"

"No, no, I will not take a single crumb of it," said the child. "Good-night, and to-morrow I will come again!"

"I have no more roses, Resli, but I thank you; you don't know how much good you have done me!"

There were tears in the woman's eyes as she called after the child. Resli had noticed this, and for a moment she became quite thoughtful. Then something came to her mind, and Resli was glad in her heart once more, sang and jumped for joy and thought out what she would do the next day.

Soon the President's wife had no more roses, but Resli in her rambles had become acquainted with so many other gardens, that she had no trouble in finding other roses, and she was so quick and light-footed that no place was too far away for her. So every evening she brought her apron full of roses to the peasant woman, and received every time her piece of bread, which was larger rather than smaller, for the peasant woman was very much pleased with what Resli did.

A neighbor who also prepared rose-water, sometimes looked on with envy when she saw Resli shake out her full apron, and said it was no wonder if the Cross-way woman could make better rose-water than she; if she

knew how to procure such beautiful rose-leaves, she would succeed as well.

Resli never ate any more of the bread. The Sorrow-mother had to have it all, although she objected and wanted to share it with the child. From time to time Resli would ask:

"Sorrow-mother, is the bread doing you good?"

Then the poor woman would tell her again and again how much stronger she felt, since she had bread to eat every day; how much more she could spin and earn, so that she would not have to suffer with the cold in the Winter, as usual.

Finally she always said:

"If only I could repay you for what you are doing for me, Resli!"

But Resli's face beamed with such delight that one could see that she already had received the best reward.

Thus it went on until the time of roses was over. One evening, when Resli had run far and wide, and had looked into all the gardens in vain, and at last brought only three half-withered roses to the peasant woman, she said:

"It is all over with the roses, but next year you must bring me your lovely rose-leaves again."

These words made an impression on Resli, which the peasant woman had not expected. She supposed that such a child would receive something here and there from kind people, and not depend so much on her piece of bread. But Resli was thinking of the Sorrow-mother,

and what would happen to her now if she had nothing to eat but her few potatoes. Big tears came into her eyes, as she saw that the roses were all gone.

"No, no, you must not cry, Resli," said the peasant woman sympathetically. "Promise me that next Summer you will again bring me many beautiful roses, and you shall have your piece of bread every day all through the Winter. Will you do it?"

Then her tears were quickly dried, and Resli beamed with delight.

"Yes, indeed, I will; and you shall have all, all the roses, and forget-me-nots, too."

"I don't need them; but the roses—don't forget them! There is your piece of bread, and now it is time for apples, and you must have some of those. There, Resli!" and the peasant woman reached for a big red-cheeked apple, and offered it, together with the piece of bread, to the child.

In highest glee Resli ran off with her treasures, and the peasant woman gazed after her with gratification, for she was fond of Resli and delighted that she was so happy. Besides, she was pleased to have already assured the finest roses for herself the coming Summer. She had particularly noticed how her neighbor was always looking over at her rose-leaves, and she had been a little anxious lest she might entice Resli away for the following Summer, for she must have surely found out that the child brought her fine roses.

The Sorrow-mother, too, had a happy evening.

When Resli, who always brought sunshine into the old woman's lonely room, told her everything she had arranged with the peasant woman, the Sorrow-mother folded her hands and silently thanked the dear Lord for having sent the child, like a good angel, to her, and that now she could look forward to the dreaded Winter with so much less anxiety and concern.

III

ROSE-RESLI'S TROUBLE

Some days later it appeared as if a wonderful change had taken place; as if the Sorrow-mother and Rose-Resli had exchanged natures. The woman was sitting with a calm, happy face by her spinning-wheel. Then Resli stepped in, looking as troubled as if something had happened which would take away her joyousness for all time.

"What is the matter, Resli; what is the matter?" asked the Sorrow-mother in alarm.

"I have a hole in my dress," she cried out in a very fierce tone, "and at school the children all laughed at me; they ran behind me and kept singing louder and louder:

"Rose-Resli, rose-stalk,
Rose-Resli, hole in your frock!"

And at the recollection of the insult which she had had to bear, great tears rolled down Resli's cheeks.

"It was not nice of the children to laugh at you; but perhaps they didn't mean to be so naughty. Come here, Resli, show me the tear. We will mend it," said the Sorrow-mother comfortingly.

Resli stepped up to her, and she did not have to hunt long to find the hole, for it was very large. The kind old woman had the child sit down on a stool, brought her thread and needle, and began the work immediately.

But Resli could not forget her trouble at once and sobbed aloud.

"Be comforted, Resli," said the Sorrow-mother kindly, "such a trouble shall never happen to you again. I will look at your little frock carefully every evening, and mend every little hole at once. And if you catch it and it tears, come quickly to me, and I will make it whole right away. Now can you be happy again?"

"Yes, I can be now," said Resli, quite consoled, and she wiped away her tears, "but I thought every morning I should have another hole, and so they would run after me every day and sing behind me:

"Rose-Resli, rose-stalk—

And so I thought I would never go to school again."

"Yes, indeed, Resli, you must go; that is a law, and a good one, or else you would never learn anything. And you see nobody must run away when trouble comes; we must hold still and bear it, because the dear

The kind old woman began the work immediately.

Lord always has something to teach us in this way which we should not learn otherwise. For when we are in the midst of trouble and sorrow, we seek help and comfort from Him, and learn to know Him, and then trust comes into our hearts, because we perceive that we have a Father in Heaven who stands by us and hears when we call. Do you pray to Him, too, Resli?"

The child thought for a moment, then she said: "Yes, in school."

"What do you pray in school?"

Resli began, and without taking breath, for fear of losing the sound of the words and not be able to go on, she said as fast as she could:

"How the morning-hour rejoices
Those that wake and praise the Lord:
Thankful hearts and happy voices
With His children well accord.

"Now I don't know any more."

The sound of the words had escaped her, so she knew no more.

"It is a beautiful little verse, but you said it rather too fast, Resli; have you thought what it means?"

"No, I have not," replied Resli.

"You see, it means that when you awake in the morning you should think of the dear Lord the first thing, and rejoice, and thank Him for having protected you all through the night. That is the way to pray in the morning. But do you know a little prayer for the evening?"

"No, I don't know any."

"Then you can only pray from your heart to the dear Lord, and ask Him to forgive you if you have done anything wrong during the day, and ask Him to help you so that you will not do it again. You see, Resli, when we can pray right to the dear Lord, we become quite happy again; if I did not do that always, I should have died from trouble long ago."

"Why?" asked Resli, wondering.

"You see, I have had cause enough. I am so very poor and have hardly enough to live on. Besides, I have a child out in the world, a son, and I know nothing about him; perhaps he is dying in poverty, or is already dead; and if I did not entrust him to the dear Lord every evening, as I did in the first hour of his life, and say, 'He is Thine, help him!' I could never go to sleep on account of my anxiety and grief; but when I have prayed so, comfort and trust come into my heart."

"I will help you to pray for him," said Resli.

"That delights me, child; that delights me; and if you pray for Joseph, it will be good for you, too, that I know, and you will need it if you are able to pray aright."

"Why?" asked Resli again.

"See, my child," began the Sorrow-mother affectionately, but a little anxiously, "your uncle has done wrong, and they say that soon his house and land will be taken away from him. Then you will have to go to

strangers, and that means much work and few kind words. You know nothing about that now, and so it will be well if you know the way to the dear Lord, so that you can tell Him all your troubles and find comfort in Him."

"Then I will come and live with you," said Resli, more pleased than troubled.

"Oh, you dear child, I couldn't take care of you at all—something quite different will happen; but we will tell the dear Lord about it, and He will provide for you. So, now, it is all mended," said the Sorrow-mother, who while she was talking had looked over the child's little frock carefully and mended it.

"If you need anything again, come to me and I will help you."

Resli thanked her politely and ran away with a lightened heart. Now she would never be laughed at in school again, and this assurance delighted Resli so much that she quite forgot about the Sorrow-mother's telling her how, perhaps, she would have to go to strangers soon, and have to do hard work.

Resli did not forget her promise, for when she lay down to sleep she prayed quite loud and from her heart: "Dear Lord, do help Joseph!"

A long, hard Winter followed. The Sorrow-mother had to suffer much from the cold, but not from hunger, as in years before, and so she kept what little health she had.

Rose-Resli was her support and her bread-winner. In the late Autumn she had seen the Sorrow-mother with the greatest effort dragging home a little bundle of fagots. Since then she had gone every day into the forest and found so much wood that the Sorrow-mother was able to make a fire every day in her little room, and cook her bread-soup on the little stove. Every evening after school, in spite of cold, storm and snow, Rose-Resli appeared at the Cross-way woman's, many a time quite blue from the cold and shivering in every limb; although she had been given another dress for the Winter, it was not very warm, and she had only a thin shawl over her neck and shoulders.

So when the peasant woman saw the child shivering and with her teeth chattering so from the cold, she thought she must be suffering from hunger to come running through storm and tempests for the sake of a piece of bread. This made her sorry, and she cut deep into the loaf, so that the piece was even larger than it had ever been in the Summer. But the child carried it all to the Sorrow-mother and firmly refused her entreaties to eat half of it herself. If Resli often went hungry to bed, she was glad that the Sorrow-mother was not in need, and prayed: "Dear Lord, help Joseph!" and went to sleep happy.

Under the Sorrow-mother's care her little frock remained in good condition all Winter long, and the school-children no longer laughed at her or ridiculed her.

IV

SORROW-MOTHER NO LONGER

SUMMER had come again, and in all the gardens the roses were blooming and giving forth their fragrance. They were in full bloom in all the beds, the young plants bore quite a burden of blossoms, and they nodded down from the flower-pots in all the windows. It was a great rose year. The Summer evening lay brightly over Wildbach and all the meadows and woods round about. The golden evening sunlight shone on Dietrich's little house, and its glittering windows could be seen from far away.

But in front of it two men were standing, with thoughtful faces. One was Uncle Dietrich. He knew that on the morrow house, fields, and goat would all be taken away from him, and in spite of that he would still be deep in debt.

He thrust both hands in his pockets and said, angrily:

"I will go away. I will know nothing more about it."

"But you must not forget that you will be found," said the other. "I will take the child home with me. She really can't work, for you have let her run wild, but I will soon teach her how to use the hoe. After school there are many hours. Then she shall help me."

"She is still young," said the Uncle.

"All the easier to teach," replied the other, and went on his way.

It was the road-mender of Wildbach and he had to dig out the weeds from the roads and clear them off. All the children were afraid of him and kept out of his way, for he was very cross and rough, and never spoke a friendly word.

To this man Rose-Resli was to go early the next morning. He had no children of his own, and it seemed to him quite right to take home such a child as this, to do all kinds of drudgery for him.

The child herself had no idea of what the men had decided. Even now she was wandering cheerfully through the meadows, far beyond Wildbach on her way to the mill. Here there was a garden full of marvellous roses, and the miller's wife had promised Resli a large bunch of them.

Soon after, the child was seen, with her roses in her hand, going back happily by the same road in the golden evening light. She had not gone far when a young man, with quick footsteps, came up behind her. He was holding his straw hat in his hand and let the fresh, cooling air blow over his head.

"You have some beautiful roses," he exclaimed when he had caught up with Resli; "will you give me one to put in my hat?"

Resli nodded in assent and took one out.

"That is kind of you. You have given me the most beautiful one of all," said the stranger, as he placed it with satisfaction in his hat. "How far are you going?"

"I am going home to Wildbach," was the reply.

"Then we are going the same way," said the traveller and walked along with Resli.

"If you are from Wildbach, you must know the people there well, and can tell me something. Does good Frau Steinmann live there still, and is she well?"

"I don't know her," replied Resli. "Nobody there has that name."

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned the stranger, and was silent. Resli looked at him wonderingly, for from time to time he wiped away a tear and no longer looked happy as before.

After they had walked along together for some time in silence, the stranger began again:

"Do you know the way to the Cross-way woman?"

Resli nodded very emphatically and said:

"I go there every day."

"Then tell me who lives in the old, tumble-down house there at the left on the road, where the crooked willow-tree stands?"

"The Sorrow-mother lives there. I know her well."

"What kind of a name is that? Hasn't she any other?"

"I don't know any other."

"Is she called so because she has had a great deal of sorrow? Do you know?"

"Yes, she has sorrow, because she doesn't know whether Joseph is living in misery or not."

"Oh, my God! my God!" exclaimed the stranger again, and suddenly strode away so that he left Resli

quite a distance behind. But he turned back again, took the child by the hand, and said very kindly:

"Come, let us walk along together and talk a little more."

And he looked so kind and friendly that Resli felt quite trustful.

"Tell me," he continued, "is the Sorrow-mother angry with Joseph?"

"Oh, no! Every night she prays for him, or else she could not go to sleep; and I help her, too."

"Is that so? And what do you pray for him?"

"I pray: 'Dear Lord, do help Joseph!'"

"Perhaps the dear Lord has heard you now, and has helped him."

"Do you believe it?" asked Resli, looking with the greatest interest at the stranger, whose face suddenly lighted up with joy. He said nothing more.

Now they came to the crooked willow-tree, a few steps from the little old house.

"Well, good-bye," said Resli, as she held out her hand to the stranger, evidently somewhat disappointed at his silence. "I am going to see the Sorrow-mother."

"I will go with you," he said quickly. But before they opened the door, it was burst open from the inside and out rushed the Sorrow-mother, embraced the stranger, and exclaimed, again and again:

"Oh, Joseph! Joseph! Is it really you?"

And she wept aloud for joy, and Joseph had to weep with her. And now, when Resli realized that the

stranger was Joseph, who had returned to the Sorrow-mother and looked so well and not so shabby as she had imagined him, she did not know how to contain herself for joy. She hugged the weeping mother and cried exultingly:

"The dear Lord has helped him; the dear Lord has helped him!"

Then all three went into the little house, and the Sorrow-mother looked her son over from head to foot, and her heart overflowed with thankfulness and joy, for he did not look like one who had been sunk into the depths and gone to ruin in poverty, as she had so often, in her chamber at night, imagined him to be. She could not look at him enough, he looked so good to her.

"Come, Mother, come," said the young man, with a happy face, "now let us sit down together and have something to eat, and be merry. Can the child bring us something?"

"Oh, yes, she has done that already," affirmed the mother. "How much good she has brought me before, and now has brought even my son! Where did you find him, Resli?"

"I will tell you all about that, Mother, but let the child go and get some sausages, a bottle of wine, and a big loaf of bread," requested Joseph, laying a large piece of money on the table.

"A whole loaf?" asked Resli, with the greatest astonishment; for she could hardly believe that the Sorrow-mother was to have a whole loaf all at once. But she

flew away in such delight over it that she was back again with all the provisions in an incredibly short space of time.

Then all three sat down at the little table and had a feast, such as was never seen in the room before. But the mother could hardly eat for joy, and kept asking, full of astonishment: "Is this really true, Joseph?" And he quite gayly assured her each time that it was, and gave Resli one slice of bread after another, and sausages, too; and if she said:

"No, no, I really can't eat any more; it is for the Sorrow-mother," then he would reply:

"Just eat and don't worry; Mother shall never again suffer want. She shall have enough bread every day."

"And now," said Joseph, when he had been quite refreshed after his long journey, "now I will tell you, Mother, how things have gone with me. You know, I was to be sent to Australia. But the disgrace of being sent away I would not have, and I couldn't stay here any longer, so I ran away. I went over to England and there I stayed, because I had no money to go any farther. I had hard times there, had to work hard, to earn my living, and thought I should go to destruction. I really believe your prayers saved me, Mother, for every time when things were at their worst, and I was tempted to do wrong, I suddenly heard you as you used to pray, in your room beside me, that the dear Lord might bring all misery upon you, if only He would at last lead me in the right way. Then I saw you before

me and couldn't do anything wrong, to bring you to the grave, and I began to work again.

"I had work in the machine-shops and little by little I improved. In nine years one can learn something, if one wants to, and I wanted to, and now I am a skilled mechanic and shall always find work.

"And now, Mother, you shall have something else. No one shall dare call you 'Sorrow-mother' again. See, Mother, I have brought you my savings. Now tell me how you have fared."

Whereupon Joseph laid his beautiful hard-earned dollars before his mother on the table, and the joy in his heart shone out of his eyes, when he saw his mother's increasing astonishment.

"Oh, that you should earn all that through hard, honest work, Joseph! I don't know how to thank the dear Lord; it is almost too much!" And the good mother had to fold her hands and give praise and thanks again and again. But her son said:

"Tell me now, how it has been with you, Mother."

"There is not much to tell, Joseph," she said; "I have had hard times and much trouble, and they did not call me the Sorrow-mother without good cause. The dear Lord has always helped me through. But in these last years I have been so very poor and lost my strength, so I thought I should not live through another Winter.

"Then like an angel from Heaven came the child Rose-Resli, and she gave me back my strength. The whole Winter through and until now she has supported

me, and I know she has often brought me her bread and gone hungry herself. And now I have only one cause for complaint, Joseph. Resli lives with her uncle Dietrich, and to-morrow he loses his house and home; the child has to go to strangers, and who knows how it will be with her."

"What? The child who has taken care of you, Mother?" interrupted Joseph, indignantly. "We have enough for the child too, no one needs to give us anything for her. I will go to Dietrich. Rose-Resli shall not leave us again!"

And he shot out of the door and hurried away.

Then Resli jumped from her stool, fell on the old woman's neck, and cried out in her delight, again and again:

"Sorrow-mother! Sorrow-mother! Now I can live with you! Now I shall not have to go away again!"

And the mother held the child fast and said:

"Oh, Resli, how much we have to be thankful for! If we thank the dear Lord as long as we live it will not be enough. Never forget that in all your life! Now the last trouble is taken away from my heart, and you must not call me Sorrow-mother any more, for I am not so any longer, but I will be a mother to you."

When the Uncle Dietrich learned from Joseph what he desired, he was glad, for secretly he was fond of Resli. He was unwilling to give her to the cross road-mender, but he didn't know at the time of any other

way, for he had to leave early the next morning. So he said to Joseph:

"Take the child right away. Don't send her back to sleep, but take her little bed at once." He thought the matter would be safer in this way, for if the road-mender came early in the morning he could not take Resli with him.

Joseph was much pleased and pressed another piece of money into Dietrich's hand, for he had heard that the uncle had never been unkind to Resli.

So he took the little bed and its scanty contents on his shoulder and came home quite happy with it.

It was placed in the little chamber next the mother's bed, and Resli was unspeakably happy because now she could remain day and night with her.

Joseph found his sleeping-place just as he had left it nine years before. His mother had thought every day during this time:

"Perhaps he will come back, and then he must still find a home."

And Joseph was so happy to have found his home again, that he would not have left it for any money. He found the work that he wanted, for he was a skilled, expert workman.

Every morning, when he went to work, Resli placed a rose in his hat. This pleased Joseph very much, and made him feel happy at his work. He always had a rose, even when there were no more to be seen anywhere about, for Resli knew every place where a last rose

could be blooming, and she obtained the rose from the one to whom it belonged.

As soon as the story became known, how Resli had supported the Sorrow-mother for a whole year long almost alone, everybody loved her even much more than before, and wherever she went she received roses from the gardens, whether they were the first or the last.

So the three happy people lived together in the smallest house in Wildbach, and Rose-Resli will be her name all her life long.

The Children's Carol

I

BASTI AND FRÄNZELI LEARN A SONG

IN Bürgeln, the little village above Altorf, the green meadows with their fragrant grass and gay flowers are wonderful to look at and to wander through in summertime. Shady nut-trees stand round about and the foaming Schächen brook rushes past them down through the meadows, and makes wild leaps whenever a stone lies in its way.

At the end of the little village, where there is an old tower overgrown with ivy, a footpath follows the brook farther along. Here stands an extremely large, ancient nut-tree, and under its cool shade travellers enjoy lying down and looking from beneath the shady seat up to the high cliffs, which rise above into the blue sky. A few steps away from the old tree a wooden foot-bridge crosses the roaring brook half-way up the mountain, where the path climbs steeply. There stands a little hut with a small shed beside it, and higher up another and still another and then as if thrown down on the mountain, the smallest of all, with such a low door that no person could enter it without bowing his head. The goat-shed behind it is also so small that only the leanest goat can go in and nothing else.

The little hut has only two rooms, a living-room and tiny bedroom next it, and opposite the door of the living-room is a space where the little fireplace stands. In Summer the house-door remains open all day and makes the small room light; otherwise it is very dark.

The haymaker Joseph used to live in the little hut, but he has been dead for four years, and now his wife and two children still live there: quiet, industrious Afra with little Basti, a strong, healthy boy and the still smaller Fränzeli, a delicate little girl with bright curls.

Joseph and Afra had lived very quietly and happily and only left their home when they went to church together. Usually Afra stayed in the house attending to her tasks, but Joseph went away in the morning to his work and came back at night.

When a little boy was sent to them, they looked in the almanac and as they saw that it was Saint Sebastian's day they gave the child his name. Then when the little girl was born on Saint Francis' day, they named her Francisca, which after the custom of the country became Fränzeli.

The children were always Afra's best possession and since she lost her husband, her great comfort and her only joy on earth. She kept her children so clean and neat that no one would have believed that they came from the meanest little hut and belonged to one of the poorest women in the whole region.

Every morning she washed them with all care and combed Fränzeli's light blond curly hair, so that she

would not look unkempt, and every Sunday morning one of the two little shirts which each child owned was washed, and over these was put Fränzeli's best frock, and Basti's trousers, made from his father's. Usually both of them wore nothing else, for shoes and stockings never were on their feet all Summer long. In Winter their mother had something warm in readiness for them, but really not much. It was not necessary, for the children then almost never went out of the house at all. For this and all the necessary work that had to be done, Afra had to be busy early and late and could take little rest for herself. But nothing was too much for her. If she only had her children with her and both looked up at her with their merry eyes, she at once forgot all the weariness from which she longed to be free, and she would not have exchanged her children for any luxury in the world.

Moreover, every one who saw the children was pleased with them. When they came down the mountain, hand in hand—for Basti always held Fränzeli firmly by the hand as if to protect her—one neighbor who saw them pass by would say to another:

" I have often wondered how Afra manages with her children. Since mine came into the world they have never looked so attractive as these two."

" I was just going to say the same," the other usually replied; " I will ask my wife how it happens."

The women, however, were not pleased to hear this, and said there was nothing to be done about it, some

children were like that and others different, and Afra must not think that beautiful children were of the greatest importance. But Afra did not think so by any means. She only desired, since the dear Lord had given her such lovely children, not to disfigure them with dirt.

When one of the neighbors said to her:

" Afra, your children delight me. The boy is like a strawberry and Fränzeli, with her delicate little cheeks and golden curls, is like an altar-image," she would reply:

" If the dear Lord will only keep them well and make them good! I pray for this every day." And this she really did.

Almost five years had now passed since she had lost her husband. Basti had been six years old some time before, and Fränzeli five, but she was so delicately and slenderly built that she looked nearly two years younger than sturdy Basti with his strong limbs.

It was a cold Autumn, and Winter set in early and promised to be very hard. Already in October there was heavy snow and it did not go away. In November Afra's little hut stood so deep in it that one could hardly step out of it. Basti and Fränzeli sat in their corner by the stove and never went outdoors any more. Their mother had to go out now and then, but did so only when she no longer had a crumb of bread in the house.

It was almost impossible to go down the mountain, the snow lay so deep, and no one made a path except

sometimes one single man, who lived still higher up, and in whose footsteps she tried to walk. But if fresh snow had fallen she had to make her way herself and break out a path. When she returned home from these trips she was often so tired she had to muster all her strength not to drop. And yet there was no longer so much to do that she could not take a little rest. But it was not weariness which often made her silent and give out so many heavy sighs, when she finally sat down in the evening to mend the children's clothes. Heavy cares oppressed her and grew every day. Often she did not know how she could get a bit of bread, she so seldom had any work, and if she had no knitting or spinning to do for a whole week, she could buy none, and the little milk from the thin goat was all the food she had for the three of them.

So Afra often for hours at a time in the night was puzzled to know what she could do to earn something, if ever so little, for three long Winter months still lay before her. Usually when she put the children to bed and sat down beside them with her mending, she sang a song to them which lulled them to sleep. Now she sat silently and no song would rise from her heavy heart.

She was sitting thus one evening, silent and full of trouble, and outside the wind howled and shook the little hut as if it would overturn it. Fränzeli had already fallen asleep, for if she saw her mother sitting beside her she was not disturbed even when the wind howled and whistled so cruelly. But Basti's eyes were still wide

open and looked at his mother while she mended. Suddenly he said:

"But, Mother, why don't you ever sing any more?"

"Oh dear," she sighed, "I can't sing any longer."

"Don't you know the song any more? Wait. I will show you how it goes," and Basti sat right up in his bed and began to sing:

Night descends from darkening skies
Fields and woods caressing.
Lord, to Thee our prayers arise,
Give us now Thy blessing.

With a steady, clear voice Basti had sung the verse through quite correctly, for he had heard it so many evenings from his mother, and she was quite surprised. Suddenly a thought came into her head.

"The dear Lord has sent it to me," she said, and looked with delight at her boy. "Basti, you can help me to earn something, so that I can have bread again for you and Fränzeli. Would you like to do it?"

"Yes, yes, I should!—This very minute?" asked Basti in the greatest haste, and immediately jumped out of bed.

"No, no, get into bed again. Don't you see how cold you are?" and his mother quickly put the little one back under the covers.

"But to-morrow I will teach you a song and on New Year's day you can sing it to the people. It will not

be much longer until then and they will give you bread and perhaps nuts."

Basti became so excited at the prospect of this reward and important assistance, that he could not go to sleep and asked again and again:

"Mother, is it morning yet?" but at last sleep mastered him and closed his eyes.

In the morning he woke with the same thoughts with which he had gone to sleep, but he had to have patience, for his mother said:

"We can't sing until evening for I have too much to do to-day."

So Basti whiled away the time by telling Fränzeli what his mother was going to teach him and that he would then be able to bring home bread and perhaps nuts too.

Fränzeli listened quite intently and she, too, could hardly wait until the evening.

When it had grown dark and their mother had finished all her tasks, she lighted the little lamp, seated herself at the table and drew Fränzeli on one side of her and Basti on the other. Then she began to work on the warm stockings which had to be knitted for Basti to wear on the expedition, and said:

"Listen to me very attentively, Basti. I will sing the first verse a few times, then we will try to see if you know it," and the mother began to sing. It was not long before Basti was singing with her, and suddenly Fränzeli began to join in quite eagerly. When

the mother heard her, she nodded to her kindly, and when the verse came to an end she said:

"That is right, Fränzeli, perhaps you will learn it too."

When she had sung the verse several times together with them, their mother said:

"Now will you try it, Basti? Fränzeli will help a little too, won't you, Fränzeli?"

She nodded gladly and Basti began his song with a steady voice. But how astonished their mother was when Fränzeli joined in with her silver, clear little voice, which she had never heard like this before, and when Basti sometimes failed to follow the melody, the little girl sang on like a bird that sings his melody without any difficulty and quite correctly to the end. Her mother was highly delighted. She had never thought that little Fränzeli would be able to help, and it sounded so sweetly when the two sang together, that she wanted to listen to them all the time. She had accomplished so much more than she had expected.

Every evening now they sang with all diligence and when the week was at an end the children could sing the whole song with all four verses without hesitation, and that delighted them so much that when they came to the end they always wanted to sing it over again from the beginning and could not have enough of it. Their mother was very happy about it, for now she could be sure that the children would not break down even if she was not with them.

December had come and the end of the year was near. One evening shortly before this, the mother sat down with the children once more to see if they were quite sure of their song and began the tune, but they were always ahead of their mother, they were so sure and so eager, and their mother had to hurry her time a little throughout to keep with them. Without hesitation they sang all four verses of their New Year's song. These were the words:

The Old Year now has taken flight,
The New Year is beginning.
We pray it bring you all delight
In working and in winning.

Now come the icy Winter days,
The ground is hard and frozen.
For the dear Lord directs your ways
As His wise Love has chosen.

The hungry birds may search the ground
For seeds the trees deny them.
And even children wander round
For crusts to satisfy them.

But may the New Year bring you all
Great joy and richest treasure,
And if the Lord your friend you call
He'll help you in full measure.

II

UNEXPECTED NEW YEAR'S SINGERS

New Year's morning had come. The mother went to church very early, for she never missed that. Then she began to wrap the expectant children in all the warm things which they had. To be sure they were not much, but she had knitted a pair of warm stockings also for Fränzeli, who would surely need them to-day. Finally she took an old shawl, which she herself usually wore, wrapped it round and round Fränzeli, took her in her arms and said:

"There, now we can go."

Basti went ahead and worked his way bravely through the deep snow down to the path along by the Schächen brook. Here he could walk beside his mother and had so many questions to ask about where they were now and what was going to happen that the time passed very quickly and before he knew it the long way lay behind him.

They had now reached the first houses of Altorf. The mother noticed at once that a crowd of children were on their way to sing their New Year's songs. They were coming in and out of all the houses. Afra went without delay to the large hotel, standing not far from the church by the old tower. Here it was quite still. The mother placed Fränzeli on the ground, unwrapped her and then sent the children into the big

Basti went ahead and worked his way through the deep snow.

house, telling them to begin their song as soon as they entered. She herself withdrew a little way behind the tower, so that she could see the children when they came out again.

Basti, holding Fränzeli firmly by the hand, went into the house and immediately began to sing his song in a clear voice and Fränzeli joined him quite melodiously. Then the door of the hotel opened, the people called the children inside, praised them for their singing, and into the basket which the mother had hung on Basti's arm came from here and there many pieces of bread, and now and then a bit of money, and the lady of the house laid in a big handful of nuts and said:

"On New Year's day you must have something besides bread!"

Then Basti thanked her in quite a loud voice and Fränzeli very softly, and the children, full of joy at their gifts, ran out to their mother. Then they went on to another house, but there were other children singing there and others coming after, so that often a whole crowd was standing together in the same house. If they all attempted to sing together the woman or her husband would come out and say they would rather give each a piece of bread than have such a noise. Often there were some of them who did not receive any gift and had to go empty-handed away. More than once, when so many were standing in front of a door, the woman would call Fränzeli to her and say kindly:

"Come, little one, you are almost frozen, you must

have something, but then go home, you are shivering like a little leaf."

After the children had sung in five or six houses, and were coming out of another, their mother saw that they could not go on any longer. It was bitter cold, and she herself was almost frozen, and delicate Fränzeli was trembling in every limb, so that she could no longer sing. Basti also was completely blue, and had such stiff hands he could not grasp the basket, but had to hold it out on his arm when he was about to be given something.

Then the mother quickly wrapped Fränzeli around and took her in her arms.

" And you, Basti," she said, " run along fast, so as to get warm again."

Then they ran without stopping, until they were at home in their little hut, and all three sat down around the stove close together, until their hands and feet were warm again. Then Basti brought out the basket, as they had to see everything that was in it.

After their great exertion the children received each a fine piece of bread and their nuts besides, and so they celebrated together a happy New Year's evening. The mother too was happy and thankful. Although she had not received any lasting help, yet she had bread enough for many days, and here and there a penny had been thrown into the basket and she could make good use of these.

Really hard days full of trouble followed, and the

mother often had to struggle with want and cold. But finally the long Winter came to an end, the warm sun appeared again, the children could once more sit in front of the little hut and no longer had to shiver with cold. The goat was again led out, could eat the sweet, young grass and gave a little more milk.

The mother was relieved of a great burden, as she no longer had to hunt everywhere for wood to warm the frail little house sufficiently, for now the sun shone warm in the windows and lovely mild air streamed in. But she had over-exerted herself so greatly all through the Winter and taken so little food that she had come to the end of her strength and even the warm Spring sunshine could not bring it back again. Still she did not lessen her work and her ceaseless activity from early until late, and if oftentimes she thought she would have to succumb from weariness and weakness, a great, inward anguish always urged her on anew, for she foresaw very well that if she could no longer support herself and her children, they would be taken from her by the overseers of the poor and provided for somewhere else, so that she could earn her bread at service. And the thought was so terrible to her, that she preferred to spend her last bit of strength.

Now the long, hot Summer days had come. From the cloudless sky the sun sent fiery heat down on the steep mountain-side, on which the late hay lay everywhere, drying or already gathered into stacks. Afra with her children had climbed up where high among the

rocks she owned a tiny bit of land, from which every year she obtained the winter fodder for her goat. She had bound together the hay that she had made the day before, in order to carry home the warm, dry load on her head. Fränzeli clung fast to her mother's skirt, as she always did, when she had no free hand, but Basti had to carry a little load of hay too.

When they reached home the mother immediately brought out the milk, for they had eaten nothing since their scanty breakfast except a piece of bread, which they had taken with them, and now it was five o'clock in the evening. When the mother took the rest of the bread with the milk out of the cupboard she saw for the first time how very little there was. Before she finished knitting the stockings ordered, she would have no money to buy bread and yesterday and to-day she had not been able to knit on account of the work with the hay. The mother gave half of the small piece of bread to Fränzeli, the other to Basti and said:

"I know quite well that you are very hungry, but you see that I can't give you any more for there is no more there. But this evening I will knit fast, then to-morrow I can give you a bigger piece."

Basti took his little piece gladly, but he did not take a bite of it, for he saw that his mother, after pouring milk into the bowls, which she gave to the children, sat down and laid her head in her hands. Basti watched her intently.

"Where is your bread, Mother?" he asked finally.

" I haven't any, Basti, but I am not hungry any more. I don't need any," replied the mother. Then Fränzeli hurried to her and quickly put a little crumb which she had left into her mother's mouth, and Basti held out his piece to her and said pitifully:

" If you haven't any, you must be hungry, so we will share with you."

But his mother gave it back to him. " No, no, Basti, eat it gladly. You see I can't eat anything. I don't feel quite well. If I can go to the doctor to-morrow down in Altorf, he will give me something, for I can't go on like this."

The last words she spoke in a low voice to herself, and suddenly sank back with closed eyes. She had fainted from weakness and exhaustion.

Basti looked at his mother for a while, then he said softly to Fränzeli:

" Come. I know what I am going to do, but you must be very quiet, so as not to wake Mother. You see she wants to sleep a little while."

Whereupon he seized Fränzeli's hand firmly, led her to the door, and she couldn't help being anything but quiet, for she had neither stockings nor shoes on her little feet, nor had Basti either. So they came very softly out through the open door and went together down the mountain. When they had left the steep mountain footpath behind them, and continued their way along by the roaring water, Basti pushed Fränzeli away from the brook to the other side of the path and

quite a good piece into the meadow and said authoritatively:

"You see, Fränzeli, you must never, never, go on the other side, or you might fall into the brook. Mother said so, and little children like you would be drowned right away."

Fränzeli understood and willingly allowed herself to be led through the meadow. Then Basti went on to say:

"See, Fränzeli, now we are going into the houses in Altorf to sing our song again; then we shall be given bread and perhaps nuts too. Then we will take everything to Mother, you know, because she couldn't get anything more to eat to-day. But can you still sing the song?"

Fränzeli was delighted at this prospect and went on with new eagerness through the meadow and then on the stony street, in spite of her bare little feet. She said she could still sing the song, and Basti began to try it once more. So the children sang their New Year's song loudly. They knew it still very well, sang it from the beginning through and in this way came to Altorf before they knew it, although Fränzeli's tender feet had become quite red from the exertion. When they had reached the first houses of the place they stopped singing and Basti said:

"I know very well which house to begin with, but not here."

He led Fränzeli, who was now rather tired, to the big hotel, "The Golden Eagle," where their mother had

sent them in first on New Year's day. But now it looked quite different from then. The evening sun threw golden beams on the open space in front of the door, and quite a noise came from there. A whole crowd of strangers had arrived, noisy young men in handsome bright-colored caps who, as soon as they came, had taken the large table from the dining-room outside to the open square, and were now sitting around it, eating and drinking in great merriment, for they had had a long walk to-day and were now enjoying themselves. When Basti saw so many people at the table, and Fränzeli stood still from fright, he thought it better to sing to the men at a safe distance, so he began with all his might, that they might hear it even in the midst of the noise they were making.

"Be still," suddenly thundered the huge voice of a big powerful man, who was sitting at the head of the table. "Be still, I say. I hear singing; we are going to have music at our supper table."

The men all looked around, and when they saw the children, who had placed themselves a little behind the old tower, they all beckoned to them, and a crowd of voices called together:

"Come here!" "Come nearer!" "Come right here!"

The children had stopped singing, and Basti came nearer very willingly. But he had to urge Fränzeli a little, for she was very much frightened.

Then the big blond man with the thick beard held out

his long arm, drew Basti nearer to the table and they all cried:

"Now let them sing, Barbarossa."

"There, now sing your song," he commanded, "only don't be afraid."

Basti began in a loud voice, and Fränzeli's small one was added like a soft, silver bell, and without hesitating they sang:

The old year now has taken flight
The New Year is beginning,
We pray it bring you all delight
In working and in winning.

"Mercy! We are on the other side of the globe. They are celebrating New Year's here!" exclaimed Barbarossa loudly, and such a shouting and laughing followed that they made a terrible noise.

"Listen and don't make such a noise," cried the tall man with black curly hair, sitting next Barbarossa. "Look at the little madonna; she is trembling from fright."

Then they were really quiet and all looked at Fränzeli, who was clinging anxiously to Basti.

"Maximilian, take the little girl!" commanded Barbarossa, "and then let them sing again!"

Maximilian took Fränzeli kindly by the hand and said: "Come to me, little girl, then no one can hurt you."

Fränzeli held his firm hand trustfully, and as soon as it was quiet, Basti's voice continued singing:

Now come the icy winter days,
The ground is hard and frozen.
For the dear Lord directs your ways
As His wise Love has chosen.

"He has really protected me from cold to-day," exclaimed Barbarossa, who was all aglow, eyes, cheeks and beard.

Noise and loud laughter broke forth again, but many of them cried out: "Again!" "Again!" "Once more!" The children sang:

The hungry birds may search the ground
For seeds the trees deny them,
And even children wander round
For crusts to satisfy them.

"That they must have, they must have that," they all cried from all sides, and a crowd of plates piled with good things was pushed towards the children. But Basti did not allow himself to be enticed away; with a steady voice he went on singing, and Fränzeli helped him to the end:

But may the New Year bring you all
Great joy and richest treasure,
And if the Lord your friend you call
He'll help you in full measure.

Then a tremendous shouting broke forth, and all cried together:

"That is a beautiful wish! That will bring us good luck on our journey!"

But Barbarossa now drew Basti to him and placed before him a plate filled with fine things such as he had never seen in all his life before. On the edge lay a large piece of snow-white bread, and Barbarossa said encouragingly:

"There, my son, now go bravely to work and don't stop until you have finished everything."

And all the other plates heaped high were pressed towards him, and from all sides they cried: "Take this too! He shall have this one too!"

Basti stood and gazed at all the luxuries, his eyes shining with delight, and growing bigger and bigger with expectation, but he did not move. Fränzeli's protector, whose hand she still held fast, had placed a plate just as abundantly filled before her and urged her to help herself. Fränzeli, who had grown very hungry during the long walk, immediately took a fine morsel on her fork, and was going to put it in her mouth, but she quickly glanced at Basti and when she saw that he was not eating a single mouthful she hastily laid her piece back again on the plate.

"What is the matter with you? Why don't you begin to eat, my brave son of William Tell? What is your real name?" asked Barbarossa.

"My name is Basti," was the reply.

"Good, Basti, my son, what are you thinking about so deeply that makes you open your eyes so wide and takes away your appetite?"

"If I only had a bag!" he burst forth.

" A bag? And what for? "

" I would put everything into it and take it to Mother. She has no bread at all to-day."

Then the men became quite sympathetic and many of them cried out that they must get him a bag and he must do as he wished. Others asked where his mother lived, if she was quite near. When Basti answered that she lived in Bürgeln up on the mountain, they all exclaimed in surprise and Barbarossa said:

" If you have come down from up there, you really must be hungry—is it not so, Basti? "

" Yes, and besides that we have had only a very little bread all day," he stated, " but to-morrow, perhaps, Mother can finish the stockings, then we shall have more."

Then each of the men wanted to do something, one to get a bag, others a porter, but Barbarossa called out above all the others:

" Now first of all, I want to see that these two children have enough to eat, and then the rest will come later. Now listen, Basti! What is here on your plate is yours; eat that and when you have finished your mother shall have all the rest."

" Everything? " asked Basti, and looked with shining eyes at all the well-filled plates.

" Everything! " stated Barbarossa. " Can you begin now? " Then Basti seized his fork and ate with such a gratifying appetite that Barbarossa looked on with great satisfaction, and Maximilian sympathized when

Fränzeli at last ventured to appease her great hunger. The proceeding was interrupted now and then by a short question and answer.

"Did your mother send you here to sing the song?" asked Barbarossa.

"No, she went to sleep, because she had no bread to eat and was tired. She wanted to go to the doctor, too, because he would give her some medicine," explained Basti, "and so I came with Fränzeli, so that Mother could have some bread, when she woke, because we got bread the first time when we sang here."

Then the men understood how it had happened, that the children had sung their New Year's song to them, and Barbarossa said:

"I propose that we all together accompany our singers up to Bürgeln. Besides to-morrow we must look for the place where the wild waters of the Schächen brook swallowed up the brave Tell. To-day let us make a moonlight party and bring our runaway friends back to their mother."

"And you, as the kind doctor, can give her a good prescription," added Maximilian.

But when he saw that all his friends had left their seats, swinging their sticks, and were ready to be up and away he called to them quite indignantly:

"Really, what are you thinking about? Can this little delicate creature keep step with you? Moreover shall she have to travel over this long way for the second time on her two tiny little feet? First, let the land-

lord harness his horse, then the little girl can sit in the carriage with the provision basket, and then we will start along."

"Your idea is good," remarked Barbarossa, looking at the huge basket, which the landlady brought out instead of a bag, for when she understood what the men wanted of her, she had told them that all the different kinds of food could not be thrown together into a bag, and had therefore brought out a huge big basket and packed everything into it nicely.

"This is best," continued Barbarossa, turning to Maximilian. "You stay and sit with your little girl and the provision basket in the carriage; we will go ahead and Basti shall be our guide."

This was decided upon, but when the procession was about to start, Barbarossa stopped them again and said earnestly:

"No one knows what dangers and hardships we may encounter on this nightly expedition, so let each one follow my example and put a bottle of strengthening wine in his pocket."

Whereupon he went into the house to procure one for himself and all the others followed noisily after, for the proposal had met with complete approval.

Finally they were all ready again and could start on their journey.

Big Barbarossa, with little Basti at his side, walked at the head of the procession. Soon Maximilian lifted the little girl into the open carriage, seated himself be-

side her, next the full-packed basket, and then started away in the beautiful evening light which still flamed golden from the sunset.

Fränzeli looked extraordinarily well pleased to be riding there in a carriage, with her friendly protector by her side. Her confidence in him had become so great that she talked with him continually and told him how she lived at home with her mother, and Basti and the goat, and what they all did.

III

ONE SURPRISE AFTER ANOTHER

Meanwhile the mother had half awakened several times but did not have the strength to recover herself entirely, and each time fell back again and lay for several hours in a sort of stupor. Finally she awoke. The twilight had already come on. She could not see her children, but she was so tired that she remained sitting. "Basti!" she called after some time, as everything was so still around her. "Fränzeli, where are you?"

She received no answer. Then her anxiety suddenly gave her strength. She rose quickly, went to the house door, but nobody was there—she went to the goat and it was all alone—then around the hut, calling the names of the children again and again—all was still. Only from below roared the wild raging Schächen brook. A

frightful anguish came over the mother and she could hardly keep on her feet. She folded her hands and fervently besought the dear Lord to spare her from the worst. Then she ran along the footpath and was going down the mountain when she saw a whole procession of people coming up from below. All were talking loudly and eagerly together, and it seemed exactly as if their raised walking sticks were pointing to her hut.

"Oh, merciful goodness!" she said in the greatest alarm. "Can it be a message for me?" She could not take another step farther, but stood as if paralyzed.

"Mother! Mother!" she suddenly heard called from below, "we are coming now, and you must see what we are bringing! And the men are all coming with us, and Fränzeli is coming in a carriage with a horse."

Now Basti rushed ahead of all the others, and kept calling out and breathlessly telling everything that had happened, for he could not wait for his mother to learn all. And when he had finally reached the top and rushed to his mother, she pressed the boy to her and thanked God with all her heart, and the delight gave her new life.

But her astonishment and surprise grew with every moment for behind her Basti came a whole crowd of men, and they all greeted her in the most friendly way, like old acquaintances. Two of them were carrying on two walking sticks, which rested on their shoulders, a huge basket, and finally came a man holding Fränzeli by the hand, and the child usually so shy was so trustful

with him that she did not once let go his hand when she saw her mother, but pulled him along towards her.

Good Afra did not know when she should begin to thank them, for from Basti's talk she quickly grasped that the men had shown every sort of kindness to the children, and the well-filled basket showed it also. She turned at once to Barbarossa. Because he was the largest of them all, she took him for a sort of leader and thanked him so heartily that he was much moved.

Then it suddenly came to his mind that he ought to give her some medical advice, and proposed to her to step inside the hut with him and to tell him what was the matter with her. She was very much delighted at this and indoors explained to him that she really had no pain, but could hardly stand and walk from weakness and lack of strength. He asked her then what she was eating and drinking and she told him everything. Then Barbarossa stepped out in front of the hut and called in a loud voice:

"Bring all the bottles here!" He himself ran hurriedly to and fro to collect them and finally the table was completely covered with bottles and as many were even standing on the floor, and to Afra, who was speechless with amazement, he said:

"You see, my good woman, we have brought the medicine with us. Take a good glassful every day then you will be better."

"Oh, my dear sir," Afra was at last able to bring out, "I have often thought a little drop of wine would

do me good, if I could only get some, but so much! so much!"

"My worthy woman," replied Barbarossa, "if a little drop would do you good, several drops will do you more good, and now fare you well and your children, too!"

Whereupon he reached his hand to Afra, and she followed him out and took leave of all the men, but she could not finish thanking them. Fränzeli, too, now thanked her protector as well as she could and begged him to come again soon. Basti ran from one to another with his thanks and hurried to the outermost point of the cliff and screamed with all his might as long as he could see anything of the men:

"God bless you, Barbarossa! God bless you, Maximilian!" for he had learned their names well.

When the children were sitting with their mother inside the hut, they had so much to tell her, how everything had happened, how they had quickly gone away to get her a little bread by singing while she was asleep, and how then one thing after another had occurred, until they had been brought home with the horse and carriage. Fränzeli could hardly find words to describe the grandeur she had felt in driving home in the wagon.

Now when the big basket was unpacked and out of each package rolled new and wonderful things to eat, and finally at the bottom came into sight three whole loaves of white bread, which the men had placed there especially, then Basti was so overcome with delight that

he made the highest leaps around the room and had to shout aloud again and again:

"God bless you, Maximilian! God bless you, Barbarossa!"

But the mother said over and over:

"The dear Lord put this into the young men's hearts. We will pray for them every day, my children, and never forget them."

Meanwhile the students were making their way in great hilarity down towards Altorf. Only Maximilian was quite silent for a while, and then he suddenly broke out with the words:

"It really is not right! No, it is not right. We have only rescued the poor woman and children from dying of hunger, and gone no further. What will they do in the Winter without warm clothes, without food, without everything? That must not be. We must take up a collection right away, to-day, and the hotel-keeper can hand over the proceeds."

"Maximilian," then said Barbarossa, "your intention is good, but the proposal is impractical. You forget that we are travelling, that we are far from home and will need much more to get there. What will be left to collect? I will make another proposal. Let us form a society, the Bastiania, yearly dues four marks. All our mothers and sisters shall be named honorary members, who will supply the necessary blouses and dresses for Basti and the little girl. As soon as we reach home the honorary members will be called to assist

in the work of love, and the first contribution from the Bastiania will be sent off."

This proposition found great approval. In the gayest spirits the students entered Altorf again, found their table still standing outside, seated themselves once more at it, and here in the bright moonlight the Bastiania society was founded and started.

How amazed Afra was, when some weeks later the postman brought up such a mighty big package to her, that he had to push it through the door with all his strength. Then he threw it on the floor and said, knitting his brows:

" I am wondering, Afra, what acquaintances you have so far away in Germany. The postmaster, too, couldn't guess who you could know so far away."

" Perhaps you haven't come to the right place with the package," replied Afra.

" You can read it," replied the postman, and went on his way.

Sure enough, Afra's name and her residence were plainly marked on it. She loosened the firmly sewed corner and the whole fastening became gradually undone. The children looked with great excitement at the mysterious object. Suddenly it all fell apart and out rolled blouses and frocks and shawls, shoes and stockings to their great astonishment, and in the midst fell out a heavy roll, in which were many, many silver pieces. The mother clapped her hands together and kept exclaiming:

"But where did they come from? Where did such a blessing come from?"

Then Fränzeli brought her a sheet of paper, which had fallen out of the things. On it stood the words:

And if the Lord your friend you call
He'll help you in full measure.

Then Basti immediately cried out: "That is in the song; it has come from the men!"

Yes, it must be so. Now it was clear to the mother too, that the rich gift could have come from no one else but their benefactors. What inexpressible gratitude now filled her heart, when she suddenly became entirely free from the great anxiety, lest she should be separated from her children. Now she had such abundant supplies she could live without care the coming Winter, and besides the strengthening wine would make her quite strong and well again.

How astonished Afra was, when the next year a similar package followed, and every year following, for the Bastiania continued as a solid alliance and the honorary members thought, with each frock and jacket their children outgrew, of the little New Year's singers, who had been pictured in such glowing colors to them by their sons and brothers, on their return from their trip to Switzerland.

Afra had hung up in her room, as a continual remembrance, the sheet of paper which the men had

placed in their package, and on which stood the words:

And if the Lord your friend you call
He'll help you in full measure.

Little Miss Grasshopper

I

BEFORE THE JOURNEY

ONE sunny July morning Herr Feland was sitting in his easy chair, and holding such a large newspaper in front of him that nothing at all could be seen of his face.

Opposite him sat his wife in a white morning cap. From time to time she poured a little water from the singing kettle on the fragrant coffee in the coffee-pot. Breakfast was about to be served.

Then the door opened and two little girls entered, followed by a young lady, who regarded with some anxiety the lively way in which little Rita ran bounding through the room in order finally to spring with one big leap on her Papa's knee. By her skill in jumping it was plain to see that it was not the first time she had accomplished this. Rita now looked triumphantly around as if to say: "Now I am once more seated in my strong castle where no harm can reach me!"

Then she put her little curly head under the big newspaper and said roguishly:

"Oh, Papa, now I have found you! When are we going to the Gemmi?"

Papa laid aside his paper, kissed his little girl and said:

"First, good-morning, little Grasshopper; we will see about planning for the trip later."

On account of her nimble jumping her Papa called her little Grasshopper. When Rita found the big paper was no longer between her and her Papa she threw her arms around his neck and said, "Good-morning," with great affection. Meanwhile, her sister Ella was standing perfectly still beside her Papa's chair, waiting for his morning greeting. Then he kissed his older little daughter also, and she sat down quietly at the table.

"Now please go too and sit where you belong!" said Papa to Rita, who had made no move to leave her high seat.

"I am going right away, Papa," said Rita assuringly, but first she straightened herself up in her castle, and said:

"I was only waiting for you to say when we are going to the Gemmi."

"As soon as Mother has packed," replied her Papa.

Then Rita jumped down and ran to her Mother.

"Oh, Mamma, let us pack to-day! Please, please, right away," begged Rita coaxingly. "I will help you, and Ella can help you too, and Fräulein Hohlweg, and so we can go away to-morrow and then ——"

"Now we will drink our milk and sit very quietly a while at the table, dear child," replied her Mother with firm decision, and Rita, who saw that there could be no

further answer to her question, sat down in her place between her father and mother, and breakfast began.

Every morning for a long time had begun in Herr Feland's house with pressing question about the trip to the Gemmi, and hardly any other thought entered little Rita's mind.

The plan for this journey had been impressed upon little Rita's imagination in the following way, and had fastened itself firmly there.

The Summer before, her father and mother had made a trip to Switzerland. On the Gemmi Pass, leading from Wallis across to the canton of Berne, they had been so especially delighted that they decided to go there again the following Summer, to take the children and Miss Hohlweg with them and remain there for some time. On their journey the parents had made the acquaintance of the guide Kaspar, and had told him of their intention and desire to hire a house in the vicinity and settle his family there instead of living in a hotel. Then Kaspar had proposed to let them occupy his own cottage, which stood not far from the Gemmi Pass on a green slope near the footpath. He could perfectly well give up his little house at just this time because he himself was always away travelling with strangers, his two boys were taking care of the big flocks in the mountain pasture, and his wife could live in the attic room and serve the Feland family. For them the big living-room and the two sleeping rooms would be put in order.

This proposal was very acceptable to Herr Feland and his wife, and, after looking over the little house, they decided to engage it for the Summer months of the coming year.

This news and the description of the beautiful fields and lofty snow-clad mountains, the green pastures and the numbers of grazing cows, had made a deep impression on the two children, and for a long time Rita had been hardly able to wait for the day to start on the journey. Even in Winter not a day had begun and hardly had one ended without Rita's asking:

"Mamma, will Summer come soon now?"

Now the Summer was really there, and Rita's question became more determined and urgent. Every morning in expectant tones sounded the words:

"When are we going to the Gemmi?"

Every day the child's impatience grew and these impetuous questions and pleadings increased, until Rita could hardly wait any longer to climb into the train and travel to the high mountains and green fields.

Finally the day came when the whole Feland house looked like a big annual fair. Every possible kind of clothing lay around in such piles in all the chambers that there was no more place to sit down. But, little by little, everything disappeared into three huge trunks, and two days later the whole Feland family were seated in the train: Ella in silent delight between her mamma and Fräulein Hohlweg; Rita next her papa, whom she embraced every moment in sheer delight, for now they

were really going on the great journey; now they were going to the Gemmi!

II

ON THE GEMMI PASS

Not far from the summit of the Gemmi Pass a narrow path enters the woods and soon leads to the place where the traveller cannot look without a shudder over the steep walls of rock down into the deep precipice.

One beautiful Summer evening a young boy was coming along this wood-path. In his hand he held a large red flower which he had found deep within the woods and looked at it wonderingly from time to time.

Then he came out of the woods into an open place and gazed around, but appeared to find nothing in particular to look at further, and continued his way. Then he stepped into a narrow field-path, leading to the left up a green slope. There stood two cottages not far apart, each with a small out-building behind it, evidently to shelter the animals. One of these sheds was larger than the other, and the cottage also with its brand new door looked more roomy and better kept. This belonged to the guide Kaspar, who lived in it together with his wife and two boys and every year was able to improve something about it, because he earned a good deal of money as guide to travellers. In his shed stood

not only two goats, like all the neighbors, but for the last two years a fine cow also, which furnished him with wonderful milk and butter.

The smaller cottage beyond with its old worm-eaten door and tumble-down shingle roof belonged to the porter, Martin, the big man, who, on account of his powerful build, was called " strong Martin." He lived there with his wife and four little children, and behind in his small shed stood his two goats, whose milk had to feed the whole family.

All through the Summer, especially in fine weather, strong Martin really had a good income; then he carried travellers' luggage over the Gemmi, but he didn't earn nearly so much as his neighbor Kaspar, who was often away many days at a time with the mountain climbers.

In front of the new house door Kaspar's two boys were now standing and were evidently discussing something very important. They were examining, handling and comparing, with great eagerness, two objects, which they held in their hands, and when at last they seemed to come to an agreement they began all over again. The little fellow, who had just come out of the woods to the cottage, now stood still and looked full of astonishment at what was going on in front of the house-door.

" Seppli, come, look! look! " called one of the two boys to him.

Seppli drew near; his eyes gazed in motionless amazement at what was shown him.

" See what Father brought us from the fair in

Berne," called the larger of the boys again to Seppli, and each one of them held up his present. What a wonderful sight was offered to Seppli's eyes! Chappi and Georgie each held in his hand a large whip, in this country called a *Geissel* or lash. The strong and yet pliable handle was wound round with little bands of red leather. The long white lash was of solid braided leather thongs; on the end hung a firmly twisted round cord of yellow silk with a little tassel at the end. This end, which could make a wonderful crack, was called the whip-lash. Seppli looked speechless at the whips. Never in his life had he seen anything so splendid!

" Now, just listen," said Chappi, beginning to swing his whip, and Georgie did the same, and then it cracked and thundered up and down the valley and resounded from all the mountains, so that it appeared to Seppli as if there was nothing grander and more wonderful in the whole world.

" If I only had a whip with a yellow lash too!" said he, taking a deep breath, when the two had finally stopped cracking theirs.

" Yes, you will have to wait for it," replied Chappi haughtily, and with one last tremendous crack he ran away; he had to show his whip to other people. Georgie ran behind him; but Seppli gazed after the two boys and remained motionless. A heavy weight had fallen on his untroubled heart. He had seen something which he yearned and longed for more than he had ever done before in all his life, and Chappi had said discouragingly:

"Yes, you will have to wait!" It seemed to Seppli exactly as if everything which could make him happy was lost for his whole life. He seized the red flower firmly and threw it away, for to have only a red flower and never, never to own a whip with a yellow lash turned Seppli against the flower; it flew far away into the field and Seppli looked after it in silent rage. No one knows how long he would have remained standing there if the door had not opened behind him and a woman stepped out with a big broom in her hand.

"Where are the boys, Seppli?" she asked curtly.

"Gone off with the whips," was the answer, for they were still before his eyes.

"Run and call them home, and be quick," commanded the woman. "To-morrow early they will have to go to the mountain, and this evening the gentleman is coming, and there is still much to be done. Run and tell them, Seppli!"

The youngster then ran with all his might in the direction where the two boys had disappeared. The woman began to work her broom into every corner and to sweep. She was Kaspar's wife and the mother of the two boys, Chappi and Georgie.

That morning a letter had come from Herr Feland announcing that he and his family would arrive the following evening,—hence the great preparation with the broom, which was not unnecessary, for Chappi and Georgie brought a great deal of dirt, with their big shoes, into the house. Now the two boys came running

along with a frightful cracking of whips, neighbor Seppli still behind them, for the sight of the whips drew him irresistibly along. But when their mother called the boys in, because they had to help with all sorts of work, Seppli finally turned and went over to his house, but very slowly, like one who bore a great trouble. And Seppli was bearing one, for the whips with the yellow lash hovered perpetually before his eyes, and besides he still heard Chappi's crushing words:

"Yes, you will have to wait!"

Over in front of the old house-door on the spot where the earth had been trodden down firmly for a threshing-floor, stood Father Martin striving with a heavy axe to split big knotty logs of wood into small pieces for the mother to lay on the hearth. In a row in front of their father stood Martheli, Friedli, and Betheli, with big, eager eyes, watching his work.

Seppli, the oldest, now came along, placed himself in the row, and opened his eyes wide, for wherever there was something to be seen he was always there. But soon his father pointed to the little pieces on the ground and said in a more gentle, friendly voice than one would have expected from such a big, strong man:

"Well, Seppli, take two at a time in your arms and carry them in to mother in the kitchen, so she can cook our potatoes for us."

Seppli did immediately as he was told, and the work helped him a little to forget his trouble. But later, when he lay beside Friedli in their little bed, he could

not go to sleep at once, as usual; the great hurt rose again before his eyes, and he had to sigh:

"Oh, if I only had a whip with a yellow lash!"

III

NEW ACQUAINTANCES

VERY early the following morning a great cracking of whips was heard, for at four o'clock Chappi and Georgie were already waiting in front of the cottage for the cows which were to be brought here from one place and another in order to drive them up on the mountain, where the big herd was. Then the two would remain up there as shepherd-boys until Autumn, and they were so delighted about it, they couldn't make enough noise; for to be up there together and have nothing to do the whole Summer but run around with their whips and with the cows, was to them a splendid prospect.

When their mother had fastened on their knapsacks and admonished them to be good boys, and they had gone away with their cows, she went back into the house, and then began a sweeping and dusting in every room and corner, from top to bottom, so there was no end to it the whole day long. The sun had already gone down behind the fir-trees when the woman once more wiped off the windows, one after another, and looked

around to see if everything was in order. Everything was shining, the windows all around the house, the table with the slate top, the benches against the walls, and even the floor.

The woman now saw a whole procession of porters, horses and riders coming up the path from the valley. She ran quickly up the narrow stairs to the attic chamber, put on a clean apron, and placed herself in the doorway in order to receive her strange guests. The procession stopped and Herr Feland lifted first his wife and Fräulein Hohlweg, then the children, from the horses.

Rita had hardly touched the ground when she ran to and fro for joy, and did not know which was the most beautiful, the tiny wooden cottage with the little bench in front of the door, the green fields around with the flowers and brooks, or the golden evening sunshine on the rocks and fir-trees. Everything was so new, so lovely! Ella, too, was quite filled with admiration, and looked around in silent astonishment.

Then their father and mother came into the cottage, and a new pleasure began for Rita, since everything here was so different from anything she had ever seen in her life before. She seized Ella by the hand and ran with her into every corner.

" See, see, there are seats all around the room against the wall, and just see where you can climb up."

Whereupon Rita ran quickly up the stairs, leading up behind the oven, to an opening through which the sleeping-room was entered. This was a wonderful dis-

covery! From there they went through an open door into another chamber, where two beds stood. This led into a little garret room and a wooden staircase on the other side went down again into the living-room. This made a wonderful circuit which could be made many times a day, and everything about the whole house, inside and out, looked so new and unusual and promised so much, Rita didn't know what she should enjoy the most.

When, at last, she lay in her big bed up-stairs in the chamber, and Ella in the one beside her, and their mother had said good-night to the children after their evening prayer, Rita drew a deep sigh and said with the greatest contentment:

"Oh, now we are on the Gemmi!"

The most beautiful Summer days now followed, with golden sunshine on the meadows, with cool breezes blowing up in the evergreen woods, and the deep blue sky, spread out above the rocks and the white, snow-capped mountains.

In a few days Ella and Rita had discovered all the lovely spots in the neighborhood, where they could lie down and spend the warm afternoon hours agreeably until evening, when a stroll was taken with their papa and mamma. But Rita was more inclined to discover lovely spots than to rest, and while Ella was sitting on the soft moss under the fir-trees or on the green meadow ground of the mountainside enjoying the thought that Fräulein Hohlweg was coming to read her a charming

story or tell one, Rita had always some new plan which she proceeded to carry out.

Meanwhile their mother sat in the house with their papa, and often had to lie down to rest, for her health was very frail.

When Rita saw Fräulein Hohlweg come out of the house with a big basket filled with knitting materials on her arm all kinds of delightful places immediately came to her mind, where they could go, and before Fräulein Hohlweg had seated herself Rita would tell her that she must go in right away to her papa, for she had a great deal to say to him. In a twinkling she was in the house, had jumped up on her papa's knee and was telling him a multitude of plans,—how they could climb to the fir-trees high up on the rocks and see far around, or go deep, deep into the woods, until they came to the big birds that often screamed so frightfully. Papa would listen to her daring proposals with interest, but thought there were shorter excursions to take near by and then would send her back to Ella and the Fräulein.

Rita had just come to her father's knee again. To-day she had a new proposal to make and it was very urgent.

"Oh, Papa, lay down your book for just a little minute," she begged. "I have something to tell you."

Her papa granted her request and listened attentively.

"See, Papa," continued Rita, "yesterday and again to-day, a little boy has been standing in front of the cottage, over there, and he opens his eyes wide and keeps

looking over here. I must really go over there and ask him why he does that and what his name is."

Papa agreed to this necessary errand, and Rita started off at once. Seppli had been standing over there in the same spot for an hour, gazing at the neighbor's house opposite, for since the strange people had come there was always something new and remarkable to see.

When Rita reached him she placed herself directly in front of him, and put her hands behind her, just as her papa did when he had something important to talk over with her mamma.

"What do you expect to see that you keep looking over there?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Seppli.

This answer didn't seem quite satisfactory to Rita.

"Did you think we had a little boy, too, and did you want to see how he looked?" she continued.

"No," replied Seppli curtly.

"Perhaps you have forgotten what you expected to see," said Rita then, in order to explain the matter to herself and to Seppli.

"What is your name?"

"Seppli."

"How old are you?"

"Don't know."

"You must know. Come, stand beside me so ——" and Rita placed herself beside Seppli, and looked at him over her shoulder. He was a little shorter, but much more stoutly built than Rita.

"You are not so tall as I am," she said. "You are quite small. You see I shall be seven years old, for I was six years old on my birthday; that I know very well, because I had many presents. Perhaps you are six years old, because you are so small."

Seppli took this information without any doubt, for he did not know that he had been seven years old some time ago, and that he had grown more in breadth than in height.

"What do you do all day long, Seppli?" asked Rita.

Seppli had to think about it a long time. Finally he said:

"I know where there are red flowers."

This word fell like a burning spark into Rita's heart. Suddenly she saw a bush with flaming red roses somewhere in the woods, and everything in her longed for the wonderful flowers.

"Where, where? Seppli, where are the flowers? Come, let us go there quickly!" and Rita had already seized Seppli's hand and drawn him along. But Seppli followed rather slowly.

"There," he said, and pointed with his finger to the woods above.

"Oh, can you go there into the big forest?" said Rita expectantly, pulling Seppli along with all her might.

"Yes, and then still farther," replied Seppli deliberately and without hurrying his steps; he had heavy wooden shoes on his feet.

But Rita pulled Seppli still harder. She already saw the path through the dark woods before her, and behind the trees the big red flowers glowing and shimmering.

"Come, Seppli, come," she cried, and pulled him along still harder.

They now came past Kaspar's cottage. Her papa was standing in the doorway. He was looking to see why his little girl stayed away so long, for the visit granted must have come to an end by this time. Just as he stepped on the threshold the strange pair came along, Rita pulling Seppli after her with all her might.

"Here, here! Not so fast, little Grasshopper!" called her papa. "Come here! Where are you dragging your new friend?"

"Oh, Papa," cried Rita in great eagerness, "he knows where there are such beautiful red flowers in the forest; we are going to get them."

"No, no," said papa, taking Rita by the hand, "that won't do. We are going to walk with mamma now, and your little friend can get the flowers and bring them to you, then he shall have a nice piece of bread and butter."

Whereupon her papa led his child into the house and soon they all came out together again, father and mother, Fräulein Hohlweg, Ella and Rita, and walked along the sunlit mountain path down towards the valley.

Seppli remained standing in the same place until he could see nothing more of the company; then he turned around and went back to his own house.

IV

A TERRIBLE NIGHT

On the following day, about the time when Frau Feland had to take her usual rest, Fräulein Hohlweg came with her big basket to a lovely, shady spot near the house, to spend the pleasant hour knitting and reading. Ella sat quietly on her mossy seat, and Rita stood in front of her, telling with great enthusiasm about a bush in the woods, with flaming red flowers, which shone far away through the trees. Her eyes grew bigger and brighter every moment, for the more she talked about it the more plainly she saw it all before her, and it seemed as if she were already on the path in the midst of the woods.

Fräulein Hohlweg put aside her big basket and said:

"Sit down now, Rita, and be quiet. I have something lovely to read to you."

But Rita was so full of her flowers and the woods, and all the things she saw before her eyes, that the command was forgotten.

"I must go right away to Papa. I have so much to tell him!" protested Rita, and ran to the house. It was the same thing that happened every day. Rita always thought of something very important to tell her papa, when she should have been sitting down. To-day she had something even more urgent than usual. When a

long time had passed and the child did not return, Fräulein Hohlweg became uneasy and said:

"Go in quickly, Ella, and call Rita, so that she will not wake Mamma. Papa must have gone already, for he said at the table that he was going for a long walk."

Ella ran in, but did not come back for so long that Fräulein Hohlweg went in too. It was perfectly still in the house. No one was in the living-room, no one in the kitchen! Fräulein went up the little staircase and softly opened the door of the children's room. No one was there! Through the open door she could see into the parents' room. Frau Feland was lying with closed eyes on her bed; she was alone in the room.

Fräulein Hohlweg came out again. Then Ella came up from below and told her she had searched for Rita in the whole house, in every corner, at last even in the yard back of the wood and in the little room belonging to Kaspar's wife, but Rita was nowhere to be found.

Fräulein ran down the stairs to the shed; there she got some information. Kaspar's wife was standing inside spreading the straw for the goats. When questioned about little Rita, she replied only that she had seen the child come into the house not long before. But where could Rita have gone afterwards? Fräulein Hohlweg and Ella began to search through the whole house once more, then all around it in every nook and corner. Kaspar's wife helped willingly for she saw that Fräulein felt a real anxiety; but nowhere was there any trace of the child to be seen. Kaspar's wife ran over to the

neighbor's house, perhaps they had seen Rita, but no one was there, the door was closed, everything still. Then it came to the woman's mind that Martin was making hay to-day, high up on the rocks, and that the whole household had gone with him. She came back with this information. Fräulein Hohlweg was usually of a timid nature, and now she became more and more uneasy.

"Oh, if I had only gone after the child right away!" she exclaimed regretfully a hundred times, but this was of no use. What was to be done? Where should they look for Rita? Could she, perhaps, have gone after the people up to the rocks, with the little boy, with whom she had been seen the day before? The more she thought about this the more likely it seemed to her. If only there was some one to send up there immediately, she thought, before her mother had to be told about the matter.

The obliging woman offered to do this and to come back again as soon as possible, but it was a long and toilsome way; it would take more time than one would think from looking up there.

Fräulein Hohlweg promised her a handsome reward if she would only go and prevent Frau Feland from being frightened, and she was very hopeful that she would surely bring Rita back home with her. But the way was farther than Fräulein had thought, and long before the messenger could return Frau Feland came down from her room and wished to take a walk with the children. Then everything had to be told her.

At the first great shock the mother wanted to go out herself at once, to look for the child and see where she could be, but Fräulein was so sure that Rita must have run off with the little boy that Frau Feland calmed herself and decided to wait for the return of Kaspar's wife. She really didn't have a peaceful moment. She ran from one window to the other then back to the door, and then around the house. The time seemed so long to her,—so long!

At last, after two weary hours, the woman came back, panting and glowing from the heat, but—she came alone, without Rita. Martin had gone up to the rocks, with his whole family early in the morning to make hay, and had remained there. No one had seen the child since the day before. Moreover, along the way the woman had asked for her, here and there, but no trace of her was to be found.

Then the mother broke out into loud lament.

"Oh, if only my husband were here!" she cried. "Where shall we find people to hunt for the child? What must we do? Kind woman, what can we do?"

The woman offered to run around in the huts and summon the people to start out to search before it should be dark; they would have to go up along by the forest-brook, and into the forest.

"If only they hadn't all gone up to make hay," she complained, but she started off immediately. Ella, who now realized what might have happened to Rita, began to weep bitterly.

" Oh, Mamma, if Rita has fallen into the brook, which roars so frightfully, or if she went into the woods and can't find her way!" she sobbed. " Oh, let us go right into the woods. She will surely be so frightened!"

These were also the mother's thoughts. She took Ella by the hand and hurried up to the woods, faster than she was able to go at ordinary times. Fräulein Hohlweg ran behind her, for she hardly knew what she was doing she was so anxious.

One hour after another passed. Women and children ran, searching everywhere, but no trace of Rita was discovered. Night came on.

Frau Feland, all the while holding fast to Ella's hand, had been running in every direction through thickets and underbrush, until now she could run no more. She returned with Ella to the house and fell, completely exhausted. Fräulein Hohlweg, who had followed in her footsteps, stood breathless, looking as if she too were near collapsing. Ella sat still, weeping, beside her mother.

Then Herr Feland came back. When he learned in a few words from his wife what had happened, he first of all carried her up to her sleeping-room and told her to remain perfectly quiet, that he would do everything to find the child. Fräulein Hohlweg and Ella, he said, must go to bed. As soon as he had found Rita he would let them know.

Then Herr Feland went over to Martin's cottage, for his first thought, too, was that Rita had gone away

with her new friend of the day before. Martin was just coming out of the door. He had already heard that a child was lost and was just coming to try to help. To Herr Feland's questions he replied how, since early in the morning, he had been away with his wife and children, and that the little girl had not been seen at all by them.

Herr Feland now thought Rita must have gone away alone, either as she had proposed to him, somewhere up on the rocks, or deep into the forest. So he ordered Martin immediately to get together all the men in the neighborhood, provide them with good lanterns, and have some of them climb up to the high cliffs and hunt around everywhere and others go through the woods in every direction. These last Herr Feland himself would join, and he was determined to continue the search until the child was found.

So the men started off into the night, and Frau Feland heard one hour after another strike on the old wall-clock down-stairs, but the night passed away more slowly, more lingeringly than any she had watched through in all her life. She did not close her eyes. At every distant sound that fell on her ear she jumped up and said to herself:

"Now they are coming and bringing the child! But will she be alive or dead?"

But they did not come. From time to time Ella would come tiptoeing in softly. She wanted to see if her mother was asleep, for through her anxiety she

could find no rest either. When she found that her mother also was awake, she would ask again and again:

"Oh, Mamma, shall we not pray once more that the dear Lord will take care of Rita and bring her home again soon?"

Her mother assented willingly each time, and then Ella would kneel down beside her bed and pray and beseech the dear Lord to protect Rita from all harm and to show her papa the way to her. Then Ella would go back quietly to her room.

The night passed. The beaming sun was already rising behind the mountains and lighted up the woods and meadows, as if it had great joy to announce.

Frau Feland sank back exhausted on her pillow. Finally weariness overcame trouble and care. A quiet slumber snatched the anxious mother away for a short time from torturing suspense and waiting.

V

THE NEXT MORNING

Pale and worried, Herr Feland came through the golden morning light back to his house, and his clothes showed that he had pressed through many thorns and prickly briers. Frau Feland had immediately heard his footsteps and full of anguish called:

"Are you bringing the child?"

He stepped nearer, sat down by the bed, laid his head in his hands and said, almost inaudibly:

"I come alone. I can no longer hope, no longer think. In what condition shall we find the child after the long night, wholly or half dead?"

"Oh, no, Papa," sobbed Ella, who had come in softly, "the dear Lord has surely taken care of our Rita, for Mamma and I have prayed to Him so many times in the night about it."

Her father rose. "We have gone through the forest in every direction all night long; the child cannot be there. Now we will go down through the ravine by the forest-brook."

Her father spoke these words in a trembling voice. The supposition that the child had fallen into the wild forest-brook became more and more certain to him. Herr Feland had arranged for a good breakfast to be prepared for the men at Martin's house, and then they were all to help further in the search. Now it was plain that they would be better able to climb down into the ravines and gorges.

When Herr Feland entered Martin's house the men were still sitting at the table and talking excitedly about what to do next. Seppli was standing by his father staring with open eyes and mouth.

Herr Feland sat down beside Martin. A silence ensued, for they all saw what great anguish and trouble were in his heart. Suddenly Seppli said bluntly:

"I know where she is."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Seppli," said his father reprovingly in his gentle way; "you were up in the hayfield when she was lost; you can't know anything about it."

Herr Feland asked for ropes and other necessary things, and while these were being made ready Seppli said half-aloud but quite distinctly:

"But I really know where she is."

Herr Feland rose, seized him by the hand, and said kindly:

"Little boy, look at me, and tell me truly, do you know anything about the child?"

"Yes," was the short answer.

"Then speak out, little boy! Have you seen the child? Where has she gone?" asked Herr Feland with increasing excitement.

"I will show you," replied Seppli, and went to the door. They all rose. They all looked at one another. No one knew whether to take the suggestion seriously or as foolish.

But Herr Feland followed the boy without any hesitation.

"Seppli, Seppli," said Father Martin reprovingly, "I really think you are making a promise you can't keep."

But Seppli kept trotting along, Herr Feland following, and the men coming reluctantly after.

When the little fellow aimed for the forest they stood still, and one of them said:

"It is utterly useless to follow the boy in there, for we have searched through every place and found nothing. We will not go."

Martin informed Herr Feland that he himself did not have any confidence in the boy. But Seppli kept marching along, and Herr Feland and Martin decided to follow.

Seppli walked resolutely on farther into the woods. Suddenly he turned to the left towards the old fir-trees, where they soon saw something red gleaming through. Seppli steered straight ahead, through the midst of briers and prickly thistles, to a light spot, where there were many large bushes together, all covered with red flowers. Here he stood still and looked around a little puzzled. He had evidently expected to find Rita there. Then he went with determination on his way.

The blossoming bushes became fewer, but larger and larger. Seppli stood still by each one for a moment and looked around, then he would go on, always to the left.

"No, Seppli, don't go any farther," cried his father. "We are coming to the big wall of rock."

But at the same moment there was a shining like fire through the trees. The sun glowed on a bush completely covered with the red flowers. Seppli ran up to it quickly, but he was close to the wall of rock, which extended, rugged and steep, down to the deep precipice below. Seppli looked around and across the flowers down over the rocks. Then he turned around. Herr

Feland stood hopeless behind him. The path came to an end, and the child was not found!

Martin seized the boy by the hand and tried to draw him back from the dangerous spot, when Seppli said in his dry way:

"She is lying down there below."

Herr Feland rushed forward and bent over the precipice—his face grew deathly pale. He stepped back and had to cling to the nearest tree, his knees were shaking so. He beckoned to Martin, who was still holding Seppli fast by the hand. Then he stepped to the edge and looked down into the depths. Here and there a few bushes hung over the precipice. In one place, horribly low down, the rock had one small projection, like a narrow shelf. Here lay, nestled on the rock, a motionless little being, with her face pressed against the stone.

"God in Heaven, it is true, there she lies!" said Martin shuddering, "but whether living or ——"

He did not finish the sentence. One look at Herr Feland closed his lips. He looked as if he were going to drop dead. But he recovered himself.

"Martin," he said faintly, "no time is to be lost. If the child moves she will be over the precipice. Who will climb down? Who will get her?"

The other men now came along: hopeless, they had followed their little guide through curiosity. They too now looked, one after another, down the wall of rock.

"Listen, you men," said Herr Feland in a trembling

voice, " there is not a moment to lose. Who will do it? Who will help? Who dares to go? "

The men looked at one another, but all remained silent. One of them stepped to the edge, looked down, then turned around, shrugged his shoulders, and went away.

" If we were only sure that she is still alive," said another. " But a man risks his life and perhaps only to bring back a dead child."

" Who knows that she is not alive? " cried Herr Feland, almost beside himself, " and if she stirs she is lost beyond recovery! Oh, is it not possible? "

" She would have gone down below long before this if she was still alive. No one could lie as still as that," said another. " And, sir, if one should roll down there, the best reward would be of no use."

Shrugging their shoulders, one after another stepped back. Herr Feland looked around him in despair. There was no prospect of help.

" I will do it myself," he exclaimed, beside himself; " only tell me how? "

Martin now stepped up to him.

" No, sir," he said quietly, " that will not do. Then both would be lost, that is sure. But I will do it, with God's help. I, too, have such little ones, and I know how hard it must be for Herr Feland."

Even before he spoke he had fastened the big rope around the trunk of the old fir-tree, for he had decided to bring up the child to her father, whether she was

dead or alive. Then he took off his cap, prayed softly, seized firm hold of the rope, and slid down the rock.

He reached the little shelf in the rock. With one hand he held to the rope with all his strength; with his bare feet he tried to cling fast to the rock, in order to be able to seize the child with his other hand and lift her up. Gently, quietly, he drew near, for if the child was alive and should be startled by him—just a quick movement—even at the last moment she would be lost.

She lay motionless there. Martin bent over the child and laid his broad, strong hand on her. At the same moment she was about to turn around quickly and would have fallen down beyond recovery, but Martin's hand lay firmly on her. She could turn her head. A pair of big, wondering eyes looked up at the man.

"God be praised and thanked!" said Martin, taking a deep breath. "Say the same, little one, if you can still speak!"

"Yes, I can still speak! God be praised and thanked!" said the child, in a quite clear voice.

Martin looked in greatest amazement at the child, who was wholly unharmed.

"You must be strangely dear to our Lord, for He has worked a miracle for you. You must never forget it all your life long, little one," he said thoughtfully. Then he lifted the child with his strong right hand up to himself.

"There, now you must put both your arms around my neck, very tight, as if I were your dear papa, for

you see, I cannot hold you. I have enough to do, with both my hands, to climb up."

"Yes, yes, I will hold fast," said Rita assuringly and clasping Martin so firmly that he could hardly breathe. But how glad he was!

He now began to climb up the rock. It was no easy task. The blood ran down from his hands and feet. Occasionally he had to rest for a moment. Above stood Herr Feland and the men holding their breath and watching the man sway above the precipice. Would his endurance hold out? Would he come up? Or would he lose his strength? Would he slip and fall with the child into the dark abyss?

Nearer and nearer they came—now only the last frightful steep piece of rock—there——

"God be thanked!" cried Martin, breathless, when he took the last step over the edge. He took the child from his neck and laid her in her trembling father's arms.

Herr Feland had to sit down. He held his child and looked at her, speechless, as if he could not realize his good fortune.

"Oh, Papa, I am so glad!" said Rita, throwing both arms around his neck affectionately. "I knew you would surely come to get me in the morning."

Martin stepped aside, with folded hands; he was gazing at the father and his child, and for joy the tears fell down over his sunburned cheeks. Seppli had pressed close to him and clung to him fast, for he had realized that his father had been in great danger.

Then Herr Feland, with his child in his arms, stepped up to Martin. He held out his hand to the rescuer.

"You know very well, Martin, that I am now doing what I should have done before anything else," he said in a trembling voice. "I thank you, as only one can thank another, to whom a life has been given back. I shall never forget that you risked your life to save my child."

The two men shook hands, and Martin said sincerely:

"It is a great reward to me that I was able to bring back your little girl to you unharmed."

"I will see you again to-day. Now we must go to the mother," said Herr Feland, and, holding his little girl fast in his arms, he started on the way back. Martin, holding Seppli by the hand, and the others followed.

As they were going along in this way through the woods, Martin said to his little boy:

"Now tell me, Seppli, how you knew that the little girl had come just here?"

"Because she wanted to go to the red flowers," replied Seppli.

"But how did you know then that she could be right there by the rock?"

"Because she was not by the first bush, so she must have gone farther, because the flowers keep getting more and more beautiful, and the most beautiful bush of all is the last near the rock. But I didn't know that she had fallen off," explained Seppli.

Herr Feland now reached his house. He went in and

opened the door of the sleeping-room. Ella was still sitting by the bed and holding her mother's hand fast. Quite exhausted, she was leaning her head on the pillow and her eyes were closed. Herr Feland stepped up to her mother and placed Rita in the middle of her bed.

"Good-morning, Mamma! Did you sleep well?" said Rita quite gayly, as she did every morning when she came to kiss her mother. Her mother opened her eyes and stared at her child. Then she suddenly seized her in her arms, pressed her with all her might to her breast, and tears of unspeakable joy streamed from her eyes. She couldn't speak a word, could only thank the dear Lord again and again in her heart.

Ella held her little sister's hand fast and kept saying over and over:

"Are you back again, Rita? Where were you all night long alone?"

Little by little her father told how and where he had found Rita and how Martin risked his life to save the child. The mother shuddered at the description. She pressed the child again close to her when she realized the danger she had been in the whole night long.

"Oh, weren't you frightened almost to death?" asked Ella, who from sympathy was still struggling with her tears.

"Oh no, I was not frightened," asserted Rita gayly. "I will tell you now how it happened. At first I was going in to ask Papa if I might go with Seppli for the red flowers, but he was away. So I thought he would

surely allow me, because I had wanted so much to go the day before, and then did not dare, so I went for Seppli, but he was away too. Then I thought I would find the red flowers alone, for Seppli had told me the way to go there.

"Then I went up into the woods and hunted a long, long time without finding them. But suddenly I saw something red shining behind the trees and I ran towards it. At first there were only a few flowers and not very bright red ones, but Seppli had said you had to go farther and farther into the woods. So I went still farther, and there were more and more flowers, and at last I came to a big, big bush with so many beautiful red flowers. They shone so wonderfully and I wanted them all, every one, and then suddenly I fell down and rested on a stone, but it was a small stone and so I pushed back against the rock and thought I would just lie still and Papa would soon come and get me. But then I was tired—and it was already getting rather dark—and I thought I must really go to sleep, and in the morning Papa would come and get me. Then I thought I must say my prayer, so that the dear Lord would send His little angels to take care of me while I slept, and I prayed:

"Oh, gentle Jesus, hear me!
On bright wings hover near me,
And keep me from all harm!
Thru danger, pain and sorrow
I'll sleep until the morrow,
Protected by Thine arm.

" Then I slept very well, until a man came, and I knew right away that Papa had sent him."

Her mother trembled as she followed the story. Her father could not conceal his delight at it.

" Now my little Grasshopper doesn't go another step alone," he said in as severe a tone as in his delight he could find it in his heart to use.

The mother had not yet heard who had finally taken the searching party to the right spot, and she wanted to know all about it. Then the father remembered about Seppli and that the boy was really the first one to trace Rita.

" We must especially reward the brave boy," he said, and Rita, who grasped this idea with enthusiasm, immediately scrambled down from the bed, in order to carry out the plan at once.

But what should the reward for Seppli be? What could she take to him right away?

" He shall for once have his greatest wish," said her father. " We will see what will most delight his heart."

" Can I go to him right away? " asked Rita eagerly.

Her papa wished to go with her, to speak with Father Martin at once, and also to recompense the other men. Rita jumped all around the room for joy. She was full of great gratitude to Seppli.

" But, Papa, supposing he should wish for a menagerie, with the biggest animals there are? " she asked.

" Then he shall have it," was the decided answer.

" But, Papa," she asked again, " if he should wish for a Turkish costume and a curved saber besides, such as Cousin Karl has? "

" He shall have that too! " was the answer.

" But, Papa," she went on, " if he should want a whole big fortress and twelve boxes full of soldiers, as Karl has? "

" He shall have them! " replied her father again.

Then Rita rushed out to Seppli, who was standing in front of the door.

" Come, Seppli," she cried, " now you can have the very best wish you can think of! "

Seppli looked at Rita with wrinkled brow. It seemed as if her words had awakened something that lay heavy on his heart. Finally he said, quite cast down:

" It's no use."

" Yes, really, it is, too," replied Rita, " because you found me you can ask for anything you would like, and you will have it. Papa said so. Now think right away about it and then tell what it is."

Gradually Seppli seemed to understand the matter. He looked at Rita once more to prove whether she was really in earnest or not, then he took a deep breath and said:

" A whip with a yellow lash."

" No, Seppli, that is nothing at all," replied Rita quite vexed. " You mustn't wish for anything like that. Think once more what is the most beautiful thing of all and wish for that."

Seppli thought obediently, took another deep breath, and said:

" A whip with a yellow lash."

Herr Feland then came with the men out of the house. The men went away with many expressions of gratitude, but Martin remained standing in the doorway.

" I have not yet given you any reward, Martin," said Herr Feland. " To you above all the rest I must prove my gratitude in a way to give you a real joy. Tell me, have you some special desire? "

Martin turned his cap around for a while in his hands, then said hesitatingly:

" I have had a great desire for a long time, but I dare not tell you what it is; no, no, it should not have come into my mind."

" Speak it out fully," said Herr Feland encouragingly, " perhaps I can help you."

" I have always thought," continued Martin, hesitatingly, " if I could only get on as well as my neighbor over there, I would venture to think of buying a cow. I have quite a good deal of hay and then could take care of my family without any anxiety."

" That is good, Martin," said Herr Feland, " we shall see each other again." Then he took Rita by the hand and started with her on the way back.

" And what did your friend Seppli wish for? " he asked.

" Oh, he is stupid," exclaimed Rita. " He only wants

a whip with a yellow lash! Why that is just nothing at all."

" Surely that is something," asserted her papa. " You see, every child has his own pleasures: to Seppli such a whip would give exactly as much pleasure as the most beautiful doll-house would to you."

At this explanation Rita seemed contented and could hardly wait for the wishes to come true.

On the following day Herr Feland had to make a journey down into the valley. Rita knew very well why, and hopped with delight all the morning long. Her papa did not go, without impressing it upon his little " grasshopper " that she must not take a step alone away from the house, and Fräulein Hohlweg received strict instructions. But she had endured such anguish that terrible night that the warnings were unnecessary. On the contrary she had determined from now on not to take her eyes away from Rita, no matter how hard it might be.

Two days later, when Martin had just sat down with his family at the table to their meal of steaming potatoes, they heard a loud mooing in front of the house—then again, and then a third time!

" Kaspar's cow must have run away," said Martin, getting up to go and catch her. Seppli had to go too! He ran hurriedly after his father. Martheli, Friedli and Bertheli followed, and behind them their mother, in order to fetch them all back again.

Outside Father Martin was standing in motionless

astonishment, and all the others beside him opened their eyes wide. The mother, who had just come along, clapped her hands and couldn't speak a word from amazement. Fastened near the house stood a glossy brown cow, so big and splendid, such as was only seen occasionally among the rich peasants. To one of her horns was fastened a big whip, which had a strong, white, leather mesh with a thick, silk lash which shimmered in the sun like gold!

A paper was bound around the whip-handle and on this was written in large letters: " For Seppli."

Martin took down the whip and gave it to the boy.

" It is yours," he said.

Seppli held the whip in his hand. The most beautiful and the most wonderful thing he could think of was his very own! And, besides, there was the cow, which could be driven up on the mountain, with the whip to crack, like Georgie's and Chappi's!

Seppli, with beaming eyes, seized his whip, hugged it and held it fast, as if to say:

" No power on earth can take it from me! "

Martin and his wife couldn't look enough at the splendid animal. That it was to belong to them appeared to them like a miracle.

Finally Martin said:

" She moos because she wants to give her milk. Seppli, bring the pail; to-day we will enjoy ourselves."

Two large pails were filled with foaming, fresh milk and placed with the potatoes on the table; then all ac-

companied the brown cow in a triumphant procession to the shed.

Over in front of the neighboring cottage Herr Feland was standing with his children. They wanted to see how the brown cow was received, and Rita had, above all, to know what impression the whip would make, which she herself had marked with the big letters: " For Seppli."

When Frau Feland had recovered from the great excitement the whole family went up to the wall of rock in order to give praise and thanks from their full hearts once more to the dear Lord, on the very spot where He had so evidently spread His protecting hand over their child.

Jo, the Little Machinist

I

GATHERING WOOD

"SNOW-BACK" is the name of a high mountain ridge, overlooking on one side a pleasant valley with green fields and richly-laden fruit-trees, on the other side into deep, rocky ravines through which rushes the foaming Storm brook. It comes down from the gray glacier, which can be seen towering to the sky, and this mountain water tears along so madly and forcefully that below in the ravine where pieces of rock lie in its way, it spurts high and leaps away with a frightful roar over the blocks of stone down there. The wild stream tosses and boils the loudest in one spot, where once the huge pieces of rock had loosened from the high mountain cliff and had been hurled down. These restricted the flow of the water so much that it was obliged to force its way foaming through them and leap high over them. This place is called the "Spouting Rock."

In this lonely mountain ravine, where a human voice can be hardly heard on account of the perpetual roaring and thundering of the raging waters, human beings had built their dwellings. Close by the high rock stood a little hut with tiny windows and a shingled roof, on

"Feieli," he called over to her, "are you afraid because the wind blows so in the trees?"

"No, no," the little girl called back, "but I can hardly breathe; the wind doesn't leave me and makes me so tired." The child had grown still paler and sat down under the tree.

"Let it all lie, Feieli, and don't do anything more. I will do it all myself," cried her brother in a protecting tone. "I will get enough together so Mother will be content. You will soon see."

And the boy gathered up his pieces of wood with so much zeal from under all the trees that in a short time he had piled up a whole heap. Then he stood beside Feieli who was sitting on the ground and out of whose thin, colorless little face two great dark eyes full of love looked up at him while he dried the perspiration.

"You always have to do double work, Jo, while I do so little," said the child sadly. "If I could only be stronger!"

"That is all right, and soon you will be stronger, you know, when you are big," said her brother consolingly; "but come, Feieli, I have enough wood now; let us sit for a little while over there where we can see the water coming." Whereupon Jo drew Feieli up from the ground and behind him to the edge of the cliff where they could see the foaming Storm brook rushing along for quite a distance. Here the children sat down under the ancient, weather-beaten fir-tree, whose long branches hung down over the wall of rock.

The children sat down under an ancient fir-tree.

Jo and Feieli were the log-driver's oldest children. One had come into the world soon after the other and both were named after the father, but both names shortened as they were now called.

Eleven-year-old Jo looked broad and strong and made a great contrast to the ten-year-old, slenderly built little sister, whom one would have thought to be good three years younger than the sturdy brother.

As often as his father's work allowed, and he already had often to share it, Jo went up to Snow-Back to school, and delighted in this, for he had great eagerness to learn. He longed to learn more and more and everything there was to know.

Delicate Feieli could accompany him little of the time, although she wanted to go to school, too, but the way was so long and in winter the snow was so deep that the strong boy often had difficulty to get through. But Feieli was not so entirely untaught, for it was the greatest joy to Jo to tell and explain everything he had learned to his sister, and above all to share all his thoughts with her. Feieli was his best, really his only friend, with whom he had to discuss and talk over everything. The little girl also loved Jo above all else, and when he began his instructive talks she looked at him steadily with her big, earnest eyes and never lost a word, and this attention and the expectation in her speaking eyes stirred Jo to ever new talks and confidences.

Now came the loveliest moment of his day. Full of

happiness he wiped the last drops of perspiration from his brow, seated himself on the stone and said:

"Just see the water, Feieli, how it comes shooting out there and spouts up and roars. Well, do you think it always does that? Not at all! Farther on below, but far, far, so far, farther than you have ever been, it runs into another water, and then they flow together and come to a still greater and that is then a lake. This is so broad and deep that a big boat can travel on it and all alone without any oar. Well, perhaps you can't understand that, Feieli? But it is true, and I know how it goes. Some one has invented a machine which drives the boat from inside, and now I should like to know what the machine is like. You know, Feieli, I can make boats out of wood, and they shoot away all alone on the Storm brook, but on still water they will not go. How to make them go there I should so much like to understand and be able to do!"

"Who can do that?" asked Feieli, who had followed Jo's words very attentively.

"I don't know what those who first invent and think them all out are called," replied Jo, "but later on the machinists make them, and they have large workshops where the machines are made."

"Couldn't you be a machinist, Jo?" asked Feieli quickly, and the joyous hope caused a deep red to spread over the pale face.

"That is exactly what I am thinking about day and night, Feieli," said her brother with great satisfaction,

for the fact that Feieli had grasped his thoughts gave him new confidence. "And you see," he continued eagerly, "I am working all the time, whenever I have a single moment, on a boat machine—see!" Whereupon Jo drew out of his pocket a wonderful piece of metal, to which two paddle-wheels were firmly fastened, one on each side.

"See, Feieli,"—and Jo made the wheels turn fast,—"this goes inside the wooden boat and the wheels on the side; so it has to run."

Feieli looked in wonder at the ingenious invention. Then she directed her large, shining eyes to her brother and said, full of longing:

"Oh, Jo, what can we do so that you can be a machinist very soon? But then you would surely have to go away, and I could hardly bear it if you were no more here."

Such an expression of sadness came over the thin little face that Jo could not endure it. Immediately he cried out:

"No, no, you must not think of that! I will tell you what I have in mind. When I am a machinist I can earn a great deal, and then you will always be with me and we will live together very happily and you will not have to do any more hard work nor gather any wood. When I have finished a boat we will travel together in it around on some big lake, you know, one that is broad and smooth and not like the Storm brook. Well, won't that be fine? Then you won't have to cough and be cold

and get out of breath on account of the little boys. Then I will see that you are always happy and I will work all alone —— But what is the matter with you? Are you cold, Feieli?"

The child had already shivered two or three times, but she had been so absorbed in Jo's description that she hadn't been aware of it. Now that Jo had come to an end she noticed her condition.

"Yes, it is cold, and late, too. See, it is dark already," she said anxiously.

Jo sprang up. He, too, had forgotten everything over his plans. He ran back to the place where his bundle of fagots lay, quickly swung it on his back, and was about to run off at once. But Feieli did not follow him. She gasped under her burden and coughed incessantly.

"Let it all lie, Feieli, I will bring it along too," called Jo sympathetically. "Come, you mustn't cough so."

Feieli followed. She carried her burden no farther, for she could hardly follow after Jo as he hurried along.

When they had reached the hut, Jo threw down his bundle and ran back again. Their mother was standing in the open door. She was cooking potatoes for supper in the little kitchen, which one entered directly from the narrow, rocky path.

"Come, come," she called urgently to the approaching child. "Come, Feieli, hurry a little! Where have you been so long? Why is he running back again? He always has something in his head! Go in quickly and

see that the boys don't upset anything. The potatoes are already done, and Father will be here soon. Run, run, Feieli, get the table ready and make the boys keep quiet. Do you hear what they are doing?"

Feieli still remained standing, because she wanted to explain to her mother why Jo had run back again, and that he had nothing wrong in his head. But she didn't succeed. It was always so with her mother. Good Martha had much to do, and much more because she thought that even from the very first moment until the very last of the day one should work with the hands, otherwise time was lost. Soon after Feieli had with great difficulty brought the two little boys to the table and put his round spoon into each one's hand, Jo came down from above with his second bundle and his father came up from below with his big pole over his shoulder. He had had a strenuous day, this could be easily seen. Now he leaned his pole against the hut and went inside. Immediately the whole family sat down in the little room around the four-cornered table, and with great appetite began to eat the steaming potatoes. Feieli alone seemed not to be hungry. She dipped her spoon a couple of times into the big bowl, out of which all took the sour milk, then laid it down and looked with astonishment to see how the two little boys ate and ate eagerly, until nothing more was left on the table, except the empty milk bowl and the scattered potato skins.

Then her mother said hurriedly:

"Take them away, Feieli, take them away, so we can get through."

Whereupon she pointed to the two boys, who were to be taken up the stairs back of the stove and put to bed. This was no easy task, and with all her efforts she could not get them farther than the stove, for even if she dragged the foremost boy until he reached the first step, she couldn't bring him up, and it was of no use.

Finally Jo came in from the goat-shed. He helped with such vigorous pushes that the boys rolled up-stairs without any difficulty.

Now Feieli could rest from work, and as she lay in her little room on her bed, she kept thinking and thinking if she couldn't do something so that Jo could be a machinist.

II

FEIELI BRINGS ABOUT A DECISION

Just as the lively water of the Storm brook, which flowed continually with a loud roaring, had always made a great impression on Jo, so that when a little boy he had formed tiny boats out of every bit of wood and had fastened the large leaves of the hazelnut bushes to them for sails, so the brook, with its strong current, also had its effect on the little brothers, only in another way.

Five-year-old Bartli and four-year-old Töffeli were

continually moved with all their might to go down to the raging water, which made it necessary to keep an unceasing watch over them, for if they once reached there they would be sure to fall in and would instantly be carried away and lost. So Mother Martha had made an invention in order that the boys could safely stay outdoors, and yet not have to be continually watched over. Near the hut stood a little pine-tree, firmly rooted in the rocky ground, so that it could stand much shaking and pulling without giving way. Here the mother took her little boys in the morning, tied a strong rope around one leg of each, and fastened the other end firmly to the pine-tree.

When the boys tried to get away from the place and go to the water, they could go a few steps, but then remained fixed. Then they raised a frightful screaming, which nobody could hear, for the Storm brook was even much louder and drowned them out. Then they struggled back and forth and kicked out with their free feet in their anger. But when all was in vain, and the pine-tree did not yield, they finally sat down on the ground and began to play with sand and stones until they suddenly thought of the water again, and that they wanted to go there, and the screaming began over again. In this way the days in fine weather were spent. But on rainy days, when they could not go out, Feieli had a hard task to take care of them in the house. Every moment one of them would slip out of the door and be half-way down the slope before Feieli could

catch him, and then usually the second one would have run after him, and she had to summon all her strength to hold them both and bring them back again. It often happened that they pulled slenderly built Feieli down to the ground. Whenever Jo saw anything of this kind at a distance, he rushed on the boys in such anger that they crouched down in great terror behind Feieli. But he brought them out and shook them and jerked them so long that kind Feieli begged to have him let them go and said they would now be good. Then they were quite subdued and kept quiet as long as Jo was near. As soon as he turned his back they both ran away again.

Her brother was a great comfort and support, for she felt she had a near-by protector in him, who would unexpectedly spring up when she could no longer help herself.

A bright Sunday morning followed after the cool evening when Jo and Feieli had gathered their wood. The mother had been able to bring Bartli and Töffeli very early out to their place and fastened them securely. Now she was cleaning the windows, and Feieli was helping her and rubbing the dirty panes with all her might and main. Just then old Sylvia stepped out of her hut and came down the narrow path. Her little Sunday cap fitted so neatly over her white hair, and her fresh apron looked so spotless over her dark holiday frock, that every one was delighted who saw Mother Sylvia coming along. At the log-driver's hut she stood still, looked at the workers for a moment, and then said:

" I wish you good-morning, Martha, if you have time to accept it. Do you know that this is the Lord's day? I think you ought to remember it for once, and stop working for a while."

" Surely I have time to take your greeting, and God bless you, Mother Sylvia," replied Martha. " But you needn't be so severe with me. You know how much we have to do all through the week from early till late that we can't keep a finger still, and then only the necessary things are done so that each has something to wear and does not go hungry. But if I want to have things clean I have to take Sunday for it. I should like to know how I can go two miles away to church."

" I will not say anything now about church. It is true that it is very hard for us to get there," stated Mother Sylvia, " but you could make Sunday different, and go to the dear Lord for strength for the coming week and thank Him for the benefits He has given you in the past. You are an excellent woman, Martha, but you lack something, and so you have no rest. It says, ' Pray and work,' but you do only the second, and know nothing about the first, and you really need it, for it brings a blessing to the work, and rest and peace when the work is done."

" I think the dear Lord will not be so displeased with me when I do what I can. He knows very well what a hard time I have," retorted Martha.

" Well, Martha, you must not take it as if praying were another burden added to those you already have,"

said Mother Sylvia earnestly. "It is a privilege that we can pray to our Lord and ask Him for comfort and strength for the hard life, and to know that where no human being can help us the Father in Heaven will hear us and aid us. The hour will come when you will realize what it is for us to be able to call upon a merciful God. Know, Martha, that the hardest thing in this life is not work, although it is still hard when we have sound limbs to use. There are very different hardships to bear —— But what is the matter with Feieli?" said the old woman, suddenly breaking off her train of thought as she looked aside and saw the child leaning against the window and pressing both hands to her breast and looking as white as snow.

"Aren't you well?" asked her mother, now also concerned. "I didn't notice before that anything was the matter with you. You can't really see everything when your hands are always full. Where do you feel badly? Go to the boys a while. You can do something with them and they will be happy. Look for some little stones and red leaves."

Feieli was about to go, but Mother Sylvia said:

"They are sitting still over there. Let the child have a little Sunday. Let her go a little way with me; the morning sun will do her good. I am going up to Snow-Back as far as where I can hear the bells from above ringing. I cannot go up as far as the church, but I want to hear the bells, for it brings Sunday into my heart."

Martha consented, and Feieli came quietly along. But Mother Sylvia shook her head:

" Not so, Feieli, not so! Go in and put on your little Sunday frock and your good shoes, or else no Sunday thoughts will come to you. In every-day clothes you drag around every-day thoughts with you. Go in and I will wait for you! "

A gleam of joy came into Feieli's face. She wanted so much to have Sunday for once and be properly dressed, but she stood still and looked questioningly towards her mother.

" Yes, go, if Mother Sylvia would like to have you," she said, and when the child had run happily away she added:

" It takes me by surprise that you should wait for anything, for the short distance you are going you would really not see many people."

" I am not doing it on account of the people," replied Mother Sylvia, " but Sunday is a festival and the dirt that has been collected during the week doesn't belong to a holiday. And the clean outer dress many times reflects inward. When I tie on my clean apron Sunday morning, I have to think at once: Are you as spotless within as without? And that compels me to look for a Sunday garment for my whole being, and this is a great blessing which the Sunday frock brings to me."

" Listen, Mother," interrupted Martha a little hastily. " I haven't enough time to think over all that. You

may be quite right in many things, but you must consider all that I have upon my shoulders."

"Well, God keep you, Martha! If I can help you in anything, call upon me. I have very little strength, but my will is good." Whereupon the old woman tripped gladly along the rocky path, followed by Feieli, who now looked as neat and clean in her Sunday frock as a freshly awakened spring flower, but one of the most delicate, the petals of which would be blown away by the first breath of wind.

For some time one walked behind the other in silence. Mother Sylvia wanted to follow her Sunday thoughts for a little, and Feieli, too, must have been thinking of something of importance, for she looked with her big eyes earnestly before her. When they came to the place where the rock path leads into the broader way they could walk side by side. Mother Sylvia looked at the child two or three times and then said:

"Feieli, what are you thinking in your heart while we walk together so silently?"

"I am always thinking about the same thing, all day and all night when I can't sleep," replied the child.

"Well, and what is it?" asked the old woman again.

"I am always thinking what I can do so that Jo can be a machinist," said Feieli.

Mother Sylvia was very much surprised at this. She had never heard anything about it, and asked Feieli how Jo came to have such a wish, and what her father and mother thought about it. Then the child explained

to her how Jo had always been making boats and had thought out everything, how they could sail by themselves and how he had already made a machine which really drove the boat forward. While telling this Feieli became more and more excited, her eyes shone brighter and brighter and finally she said, with an expression of burning desire:

"Do you think that he can become one, Mother Sylvia?"

She did not reply at once, but said she must first know what her father and mother thought about it. Then the child told her that until now they had neither of them had the courage to ask Father or Mother, for in the evening when their father came home he was tired and would hardly ever give advice, and their mother had no time for them to talk with her, and Jo had said if only he could go over once to Mother Sylvia and ask what she thought.

The old woman said she must first talk with their father and mother and hear whether they would agree to it. Then she could think further.

But Feieli was not satisfied with this undecided answer. She was silent for a while, then she looked with the same burning longing up to the old woman and asked again:

"But, Mother Sylvia, do you believe that Jo could be a machinist?"

When the old Mother saw the great longing in Feieli's eyes it went to her heart. She couldn't express the

opinion that she had little faith in the matter, and she said encouragingly:

"You see, Feieli, if this is a good thing for Jo, the dear Lord can open the way for him, and, before all, the boy must talk with his father and mother. Now we will be quiet and hear how beautifully the bells are ringing."

Down from Snow-Back the Sunday bells could now be heard ringing, and through the wide-spread stillness the wind brought the tones so clearly and distinctly,—as if they were quite near. Mother Sylvia folded her hands and remained standing until the last tone had ceased. This was her Sunday church-going until the deep snow prevented her from walking so far.

Then she unfolded her hands and said:

"Now we will go back again, Feieli."

As they were walking back together she said, after a while:

"Have you ever thought how beautiful it must be when we go to the long, peaceful Sunday in eternity, where there is no unrest and no more pain?"

Feieli answered that she had never thought about it, but if she felt badly, and there was no rest at home, she delighted in the thought how Jo had said many times if he could only be a machinist, then they two would live together and travel together on the still water.

"Now let us think about it a little, Feieli," said Mother Sylvia, after she had listened attentively to the child. "And because you are always thinking about Jo

and his boat, I will teach you a little verse about a boat that I often repeat to myself, and it makes me happy in my heart. It is this:

"Now my fragile bark at last
Must beneath the dark waves founder;
Yet yon sun-glad waters cast
Bright reflections all around her.
Now I know not far away
Shines the still Hereafter's day."

She made Feieli repeat the verse, and as they were coming by the Spouting Rock, Mother Sylvia wanted to hear it again, and Feieli said it without a mistake. Then she bade the child good-bye and went to her hut, but Feieli ran as fast as she could down the mountain-side, for she could hardly wait until she was with Jo again.

She had to tell him what Mother Sylvia had said, that the dear Lord could help him, only he must first talk with his father and mother. Jo was already standing behind the little pine-tree, watching for Feieli. He ran towards her and led her quickly into the bushes. Behind the big blackberry bushes he then sat down on the ground and drew his boat machine out of his pocket, for he had invented something new for it. Feieli sat down quite near him and looked at the device in the greatest astonishment. Jo explained to her that a wooden box would be fashioned in the boat, and in that would be placed the engine, and when finally the thing should be arranged where the steam comes in, then the boat could

go quite easily on the Storm brook against the spurting waves. But this was really not his highest aim, he had quite different journeys in mind, and now he pictured to Feieli with eagerness the self-working boat engine, and so fiery were his words and also his eyes that Feieli too became quite excited and quickly rose from the ground.

"Now come," she said, taking him by the hand, "let us go this very day to ask Father and Mother, for Mother Sylvia said the dear Lord could help us, but first we must do that."

Jo rose a little hesitatingly. Never had he ventured to say a single word to his father or mother about his secret plans, for he had a decided feeling that he would meet with opposition. But now since he saw Feieli so confident and heard from her that Mother Sylvia also did not think the matter impossible, courage came to him too. He seized Feieli's hand, and speechless with expectation, they went together down to the hut to lay the great question before their father and mother.

III

HOW FEIELI TRIES TO FIND A WAY

THE mother had just placed the milk on the table and laid the big loaf of black bread there—for on Sunday they always had a little bread besides and not potatoes

alone—when she saw from the open kitchen door the two children coming along.

" Come, Feieli; come, run a little faster," she called to her; " unfasten the boys and bring them to the table. Jo must bring Father."

Feieli came along quickly, and Jo sprang over the rocks down towards the water, but he looked around once and came leaping back again, in haste, for he had seen how the two boys were behaving. Each one was pulling Feieli and whacking and kicking with his one free foot, for each wanted to be untied first, and get in to the table. Feieli could neither untie one nor the other they pulled her so this way and that. With one bound Jo sprang and seized one in each hand by the nape of the neck, and shook them left and right vigorously.

" You rascals, you two," he cried angrily, " are always treating Feieli like this and kicking and tormenting her, but just wait, if you kick her another single time, I will take you both and pull down the highest branch of the tree, and fasten you to it, and then let it spring back again into the air, and you with it, and there you will hang and struggle and then you can see who will take you down again. Do you understand? "

Bartli and Töffeli answered the question very meekly, for the frightful prospect of snapping into the air and struggling up on the branch had made them very subdued. When Jo saw this he went away, and Feieli was able to finish her task without difficulty.

When they were all seated at the table in the house,

Jo and Feieli looked at each other from time to time, and they both understood quite well that one was asking the other: " Now? or Now? " But neither one dared to speak out.

The big bowl on the table was almost entirely empty, only the little boys were still scooping with all their might to get a few drops. Their father had laid aside his spoon. Then Feieli saw that the moment had come, for he was reaching for his cap and was going out—then it would be too late, perhaps for a long time.

" Father," she called suddenly, so anxiously that both parents looked alarmed, wondering what it might mean, " we have something we want to ask you."

Jo too spoke up, for now the way was opened, and said he would like to ask if he could become a machinist, such as would learn everything about making boats run alone.

His mother had heard enough.

" For Heaven's sake, what gave you such an idea? " she exclaimed in distress. " It is useless for you to get such stuff into your head. Where could we get the money to learn such a trade? How did you come to think of something no man far and wide ever heard about? But I always thought there was something wrong, when you were sticking knife and gimlet into every piece of wood and making holes in it, instead of doing something sensible, so let it end once and for all."

" We won't scold him for it," interrupted his father. " I once felt the same way and cut wheels out of every

little block of wood. I wanted to be a mill-worker, for I always saw the mill-wheels going when I went by the mill. But this passed away of itself and he too will soon get over it. In the spring he will be twelve years old and will leave school. Then he can help in earnest with the log-driving, and such thoughts will pass away."

"No, Father, they will never leave me," said Jo, and he had to struggle with an excitement which almost took his breath away, while Feieli swallowed down big tears. "But do you think, Father, that I can never learn, never, so long as I live?"

"Yes, yes, I think so, there is no other way," said his father decidedly, and got up. "Now drive it wholly out of your mind. You have to have money for such learning, more for one single year than I earn in two. Think no more about it. That is the best way. Don't talk any more about it."

Whereupon the father went out, and Jo ran after, for he had to give vent to his grief, now that he knew where he stood. Feieli sobbed softly, for she had to restrain herself, since during the conversation the two little boys had fallen asleep and now had to be taken up to their room. But when later she was alone in her little chamber, she wept for a long time and could find no comfort nor sleep all night long, for she kept thinking and trying to see if she couldn't find some way to help Jo.

The next morning when Feieli saw how sadly Jo crept

behind his father to his work, she ran quietly after, beckoned to her brother and said consolingly:

"Don't be so sad. I have thought out something in the night and perhaps I can help you. You mustn't think it is all over now, Jo, for it will come out all right."

These assuring words really gave Jo new courage. His face lighted up.

"Do you think so?" he asked, looking at Feieli with glad gratitude. She nodded quite encouragingly, and then Jo went with new hope in his heart to his work.

Feieli made an unusual effort to-day to help her mother as much as she possibly could, so that she would be pleased with her. Towards evening she asked timidly if she might go up to Mother Sylvia's, for she wanted to talk with her a little while. Her mother thought she really would not have much to talk about with the old neighbor, but she had worked hard and she could go.

Mother Sylvia was sitting at her spinning-wheel. She received Feieli with great friendliness. She had to sit down and tell her how her cough was and if she was too tired yesterday, for she was looking pale to-day, even more so than usual. Then Feieli told her she had not been able to sleep all night long, but kept thinking about something, and now she wanted to ask Mother Sylvia if she would do her a great favor.

"And what is it, Feieli?" she asked kindly.

"I should like so much to learn to spin," she replied, "and then, when I have spun big skeins, such as you make, then I could go over the mountain and sell them

and lay aside the money. And then little by little I should have enough so that Jo could go and learn to be a machinist, for Father and Mother say he can never do it, because it costs more money than they have."

Feieli had become so excited by this statement that her cheeks now glowed like dark red roses. Mother Sylvia had listened in silence and regarded the eager child attentively. Now that she had finished she looked with her shining eyes full of expectation up to the old Mother.

" Yes, that is quite right, Feieli, that you should wish so much to help Jo," said she quite thoughtfully, " but when you can spin, where is the flax coming from for you to spin, in order to be able to sell the skeins? "

Feieli had not thought about this. She suddenly grew white as snow. Yes, where should she get the flax? Timidly she now asked:

" Where do you get yours from, Mother Sylvia? "

She smiled a little. " I could tell you if it would help you any. But come, I will tell you, it may come to some good. You can see from it how the dear Lord helps us unexpectedly and opens a way, when we can see nothing before us and think we can go no further. Do you understand what I am saying, Feieli? "

" Yes, yes indeed," said the child quickly and looked up eagerly, to hear how the dear Lord could help when we can no longer see any way before us. Mother Sylvia stopped spinning and began:

" I have a son, Feieli, an only boy, and he was my

only joy. My husband died early, when Dietli was hardly two years old. I dwelt here in the little hut with him and we lived happily together. Even though there was often hard work and little bread, yet I had my little Dietli and I could not let him suffer want. He was tall, strong and good and was no hindrance to me and we shared everything together. One day he said to me: 'If it is all right for you, Mother, I would like to marry Lisa.' Lisa lived on the other side of Snow-Back far down in the valley. She had a beautiful little place and was mistress of everything, for her mother was dead and her father very old. I said: 'Do it with God's blessing!' Then he went and lived down with Lisa and she wanted him for herself. At first he came a few times on Sunday to see me, then no more, and I thought now they are happy, I am already forgotten. Then came some hard years for me, and finally I saw nothing before me but that my hut would be taken away from me and I should have to beg in my old days. Don't you think it was very hard for me then, Feieli? My courage failed me, but I said in my heart:

"Thou canst not leave me helpless,
Thy word is given me
And though the path through trouble lead,
It surely leads to Thee.

"Then suddenly my Dietli came running to me, and could hardly speak for weeping. He had also had a little Dietli, who must have been about five years old then. Finally he said:

"'Mother, our Dietli died yesterday evening of scarlet fever and all our happiness is taken away.' And when I had talked with him a little and spoken words of comfort to him, he said further:

"'I must tell you something more, Mother. Last night I said to Lisa: "Really it is not right for us to leave my mother so. I was as dear to her as Dietli was to us, and now she never sees me." Then Lisa was very penitent and said perhaps we had wronged you and we would make it right. So we decided we would give you the flax field below the house, where Dietli always wanted to see the blue flowers. Now when the flax is hackled and steeped I will bring it to you always.' This he has done and since then I have lived in real prosperity, and since Dietli found the way to me again, he comes more than once a year. Do you see, Feieli? Thus the dear Lord can suddenly help us in a place where we can see no way out."

Feieli followed Mother Sylvia's words with the greatest attention. Then she said with a sigh:

"The dear Lord cannot send me the flax in this way, but perhaps in some other, don't you think so, Mother Sylvia?"

"Yes, yes, Feieli, I think so too," she agreed. "The dear Lord helps each one in a different way. It is not sure that He will send you the flax, as He did me. He knows very well some other way for you and Jo. Only you must not forget to tell everything right to the dear Lord and ask Him with all your heart to assist

you and help you when you can see no way before you."

Feieli was glad to know that she could do something. She had never really known that one can tell everything to the dear Lord in Heaven, and such things as Jo's sad case which lay so heavily on her heart. She went back home quite comforted, for even if she could do nothing with the spinning, yet she could hope if she asked the dear Lord right about it, He would show her another way in which she could do something for Jo so that he could have his desire.

IV

A KIND WORD AND REFRESHMENT AT THE RIGHT TIME

The autumn days grew colder and colder. Jo and Feieli had to climb up still oftener to the woods and gather dry branches, but the work became more and more difficult for Feieli, and now Jo usually said as soon as they came to the thick wood:

"Just stay here in the sunshine and sit down there by the tree. I will gather enough wood."

And Feieli would look at him so gratefully with her speaking eyes that he was rewarded for all his trouble and would have willingly done even more, for he could easily see how weak she was although she did not complain.

Then the winter came. There was nothing said about Feieli's being able to make the long trip even once up to the school. She had now to take care of the boys from morning until night, to see that they didn't slip out of the house and rush down to the water. But she no longer had the strength to control them and could only keep them in by locking the door and hanging the key high up on a nail. Since she had to struggle with the boys continually all day long, in one way or another, she was so tired at night that she could hardly move. But then came the time, to which she looked forward with pleasure the whole day, and which let her forget her weariness. Then Jo came home and his presence had such a good effect on the little ones that they sat very quietly behind the table entwining their small fingers and trying to see which was the stronger.

Their mother was cooking the supper outside, and so in the twilight Jo and Feieli would sit in a corner and begin to talk over their plans for the future, and over both came such a happiness and joy that they forgot everything around them.

Oftentimes Jo would come home a little downhearted, and think it was of no use, there was no way in the whole world by which he could reach his desire. But then Feieli would be doubly eager and say so confidently that the dear Lord surely knew a way and they would only have to wait a little, for it had happened exactly so to Mother Sylvia. Then Jo would be happy and trustful again.

When Feieli had her bad coughing spells and was made quite miserable by them, then Jo knew how to picture wonderfully how it would be some time when Feieli would travel around with him in the warm sunshine on the big, still water, where she would surely be quite well and never cough any more, so that Feieli really thought she felt it already, and this reassurance helped her to forget how bad the coughing had just been for her.

The winter was long, but at last the cold days came to an end. The warm south wind raged again from behind the mountains and blew the big masses of snow into all the deep ravines and waters. The Storm brook swelled high and roared more wildly than ever and the waves spouted up so high over the huge blocks of stone by the Spouting Rock that all the window panes in the log-driver's house were wet.

Feieli now sat on the narrow bench by the hut in the spring sunshine, silently and thoughtfully watching the high billows of water roll past. Near by under the little pine-tree the small boys were kicking and screaming with delight at the splashing waves, which sprinkled them, and then with anger, because they couldn't run towards them and let themselves be more spattered by them. But their mother had now seen that Feieli was much too weak to look after the boys, and had therefore made a rule that from early morning until evening they should stay firmly fastened to the pine-tree, while Feieli should sit on the bench in the sun in order to get

back her strength. The refreshing foam of the mountain water was most welcome to Feieli also, when it wet her face and hands as it spurted out. She drank the cold drops eagerly, for she now suffered continually from a burning thirst. She could not keep drinking much water, for it made her sick and there was nothing else. Milk she couldn't take either, it did not quench her thirst. She thought if only the sour apples were ripe they would relieve her thirst the best. Jo had already run to all the farmers on Snow-Back, asking for tart apples, but there were no more to be had, not one. Then Jo comforted Feieli with the hope that the strawberries would surely be ripe soon, since the sun was shining so warm. He looked every day to see if they were blooming, and wanted to bring her the very first, still quite unripe, because they were so very sour. But this fine, cold spray refreshed the child for a moment in her feverish thirst.

Feieli was sitting in this way one sunny morning, on her bench, and gazing thoughtfully down at the roaring billows, which chased each other in wild leaps and rushed into the depths. She did not hear Mother Sylvia coming down from above and seating herself beside her on the bench.

" Feieli," she said, tapping her kindly on the shoulder, " what are you thinking about as you look down so attentively at the rolling water? "

The child drew back gently from the unexpected movement, but she looked up delightedly into Mother

Sylvia's eyes, for she was always glad to see her. She felt as if she were in a safe refuge when near her.

"I have been thinking of something you said to me," replied Feieli. "Do you know, Mother Sylvia, how you told me about the dark river which we must cross and on the other side we can see the bright sunny water?"

Mother Sylvia nodded in assent. "And what else did you think?"

"I thought if the waves do like these here in the Storm brook, and it is still dark, it would make us afraid. Shall we be very frightened, Mother Sylvia, when we have to cross over?" asked the child, directing her big, earnest eyes expectantly to the old woman.

"Feieli," she said slowly, "I am going to tell you something. You know that our Lord Jesus came on this earth to help us out of all suffering and that He died for us all. So He knows best how hard it is to come over the dark river, and He will help us. Do you know, far below, where the Storm brook is wider, there lies a little boat on the other side and it is fastened to a strong rope, and when it comes across it is thrown up and down by the wild waves, but you see, it can do it no harm, it cannot sink, the strong rope holds it above the deep, like a firm hand. When we have to cross over, we can call to the ferryman: 'Come take us across in your safe boat!' You see, Feieli, it is like this, when we shall go over the dark river into the silent eternity, we can call on our Lord Jesus and pray Him: 'Oh,

come and keep my little boat fast and take me over!' Then we shall be safe and have nothing to fear."

Feieli held her breath while she followed the Mother's words. Now she took a deep breath and said:

"Oh, that is good!"

Then they heard voices and steps coming down from the rocky path. Mother Sylvia rose. She said:

"People are coming, so we cannot talk together any more. I will come back again another time and see how you are getting along." Then she pressed Feieli's hand and went away.

It happened now and then on beautiful spring and summer days that people came over from the other side of Snow-Back, out of the big valley, to see the wild Storm brook at the Spouting Rock and to visit the Devil's Cavern farther below. This was a hole which led deep into a rock and was so dark that one had to go in with a lighted candle in his hand, if one didn't want to stumble over the sharp projecting rocks and be injured.

Such a company it was which was now coming down from above, several boys and girls and behind them a lady, who was talking with Jo, whom she had met on the way. The boys ran immediately to the water and climbed up on the high rocks in it. The little girl ran to the pine-tree and looked with astonishment and amusement at the two little boys tied fast, and who were now standing quite dumb with wide opened eyes, and staring at the unusual appearance. The lady had sent

Jo into the house and now approached Feieli. She sat down beside her, looked sympathetically at her pale little face, and asked what was the matter and if she felt any pain? Feieli answered that she had no pain but was only so weak, and was now sitting in the sun that she might get her strength back.

Jo now came out and said that his mother would allow him to show the party the way to the Devil's Cavern. But they could not go by the water for the Storm brook was now too high; they would have to climb up far into the woods and that was a very much longer way. The lady immediately called her children together. Jo had to carry a large basket on his back, for their dinner and supper were packed in it, and the party made merry again on their way.

The lady, however, looked once more full of sympathy at the pale child. She must have completely filled her thoughts, for just as they were entering the woods, she looked back again and remained standing for a little while. Then she called Jo to her side and began to talk with him about his sister.

She asked if she had been ill for a long time, what was the matter with her, and if she ever complained of pain. Then Jo told her everything in detail, everything he knew, that Feieli had gradually become like this, that she coughed terribly in the autumn, when they were gathering wood, but she did not complain of anything, except her great thirst. He also told her how he had gone to all the farmers on Snow-Back to look for

sour apples, and could find none, and now he could hardly wait for the strawberries to be large enough, so that he could bring home some to Feieli. They would quench her thirst a little, even the unripe ones.

While he was relating this the party reached the Devil's Cavern before they were aware of it, and Jo wanted to turn round and run back at once, but the lady detained him.

"Wait, my boy, wait," she said kindly; "you have earned a reward; here," and he received a fine silver piece which she pressed into his hand. "And then you shall take something besides to your little sick sister. You children can eat your bread and butter without the currants, don't you think so?" The children all agreed that Feieli should have the currants, and their mother took a stone jar out of the basket and gave it to the astonished Jo.

"Is it for her thirst?" he asked, looking longingly at the kind lady, and when she said yes, he became quite red with delight. Then he exclaimed eagerly: "Thank God a thousand times!" Then he ran away with the jar on his arm, and did not stop running until he reached the Spouting Rock again.

Feieli was still sitting on the bench. The boys were no longer there. It was midday. She really was not hungry any more, and the others must be sitting inside at dinner.

"For your thirst, Feieli, for your thirst!" Jo cried out to her from a distance and lifting the jar high in

the air. She looked in great wonder at him. Now he was there. But he first rushed into the house, for he must have a spoon. Finally he was able to open the jar and bring out what would do Feieli good. On the spoon there came out a dark red mass which shone quite transparent in the sun. Feieli had never seen anything like it, it looked like soft, red ice. She now put the spoon to her mouth with eagerness and sipped again and again. Then she took a larger taste and did not lay down the spoon until it was quite empty.

"Is it good, Feieli?" asked Jo highly delighted, for it was easy for him to see how her dry lips had been refreshed with the red juice.

"Oh, it is the best thing I have ever had in all my life. It tastes so cool and good! It has almost quenched my thirst."

Feieli had quite rosy cheeks at this moment, for the slightest exertion brought a fleeting red to her face.

"This will really make you well, Feieli!" shouted Jo for joy. "Take a little more, come," and he dipped the spoon again and brought it out quite full.

"Do you think so?" asked the child timidly. "Perhaps I ought not to take so much."

"It is really yours, the whole big jar full is yours, Feieli," said Jo triumphantly. "Come, take some more, and then even more!"

Now Feieli seized the spoon again and just looked at the shining, red, transparent mass with rapture. That she could refresh herself again with it, and could after-

wards have even more and more until the whole big jar was empty, this she could hardly realize. She was going to taste it again, but withheld the spoon.

"No, you try it once, Jo; you must have some of it too. Try how good it is!"

But Jo would not have taken so much as the smallest grain of sand for any price in the world.

"No! No!" he said turning away. "There is just enough to last until the strawberries come, and then come the plums and later the sour apples, so you won't have to suffer from thirst, Feieli, the whole year long."

He watched, with the greatest satisfaction, how eagerly Feieli sipped the second spoonful and then leaned back quite contentedly against the wall. Then she carefully covered the jar again with the paper and fastened it down.

"You must go in to your dinner now; everything will be cold, all on my account," said Feieli anxiously, "but promise me something, Jo. Be sure this evening to watch for the people on their way back, and then go to the lady and tell her I send her many, many, oh, so many thanks and that she gave me the very best thing she possibly could."

Jo promised and went into the house to eat his cold potatoes. But they never tasted so good to him before, for he still saw Feieli before him, how delightedly she had sipped the cooling juice. Besides his mother praised him and said unusually kind words to him. He had given the large silver piece to her, and she said he must

really have been very well-behaved and polite to the lady or he would not have received so much.

In spite of all his watching, Jo did not see the party that evening. They must have found a way up through the woods and not climbed down to the Spouting Rock. Feieli felt so bad about this that she couldn't get over it. Every day when she was refreshed with the cooling fruit juice, Jo had to promise again that he would thank the lady in her name a thousand times, if he happened to meet her on Snow-Back or in the valley where he often had to do an errand for his father. Jo always promised really and surely to thank the lady, but he never met her, so could not deliver Feieli's message, although he would have done it willingly.

V

FEIELI'S JOY

THE last days of April had come. One was always the exact opposite of the day which had preceded it. If the sun shone very bright and warm one day, on the following, dark, thick clouds would gather and pour whole streams down into the Storm brook already swollen so high. But to-day it was as if there were no more shadows and no more clouds to be found in the heavens or on the earth.

Feieli was sitting outside on the bench in the radiant

sunshine looking with brightly shining eyes, now up at the blue sky, now down at the sun-flecked, boiling water. A beaming joy lighted up her face, so that Jo, who had just come running along, exclaimed in wondering delight:

"What has happened to you, Feieli? Are you well again all of a sudden?"

"Oh, now I have found something, Jo, that I can do—oh, if I could only tell you, but I would rather not tell you anything about it, for perhaps you wouldn't be so delighted now, but then later—oh, then you will be so delighted!"

Jo opened his eyes wide enquiringly.

"Is it something about our affair? Do you know a way now?"

Feieli nodded in assent and looked so happy, and her eyes shone so wonderfully that Jo kept looking at her.

"Can I know soon?" he asked, full of glad expectation, for the expression in Feieli's eyes was so auspicious that he was quite sure she had found a way.

"Yes, perhaps soon," replied Feieli. "If I could only ask Mother Sylvia something now! But I cannot go up there; from the door to the bench here was almost too far for me."

"Just stay there and sit quite still. I will soon let her know," said Jo soothingly, and ran at once up to the old woman's hut. It was not long before she came tripping along, and as soon as she reached the bench she asked:

"What delights you so much to-day, Feieli? You look wonderful."

"Now I know how I can help Jo," she answered with shining eyes, "but I would very much like to ask you something."

The old woman had seated herself beside the child, and waited for her question.

"Mother Sylvia," she began again, "when we come into the silent hereafter, can we then look back and know what they who have not gone with us are doing at home?"

The old woman did not answer immediately. After a while she asked: "How do you come to ask me this question, Feieli? Has it something to do with your helping Jo?"

"Yes, it has," said Feieli nodding a decided assent, "and now I will tell you all about it. Every day I have less strength. I can hardly come any longer from the door here to the bench, and I know how it is going to be. At last I shall have no more—then I shall die. And when I am over there I shall go to the dear Lord, and then I can tell Him everything so well about Jo, and can pray to Him so long, until He will help him. Then He will surely do it, if I don't leave off. Don't you think so, if I can tell Him everything all right?"

Mother Sylvia nodded. She thought it must be so.

"But I shall want so much to see Jo's great delight," continued Feieli, "so I have asked you if you think that I shall be able to see it?"

Mother Sylvia took the child's hand between her own and said with emotion:

"Feieli, it is a great pleasure to me to see you so happy to go away and go to the dear Lord who is calling you. And if you cannot look back, one thing is sure, that I shall soon follow you and then I will bring you the news about the joy Jo will feel and about all of your dear ones."

This was quite a new thought for Feieli. She brightened completely at the happy prospect that Mother Sylvia too would soon follow and tell her about every one and would live with her in the still hereafter.

"So God keep you, Feieli, and good-bye!" said the old woman, as she rose and pressed the child's hand once more. Then she turned and went away, but still she looked back and waved again to Feieli.

During the following night such a storm broke loose as had not been known for a long time. Up in the woods, tall, vigorous trees snapped in the raging tempest and the log-driver's little hut received such blows that it seemed sure it must be hurled down into the Storm brook. Down below, the water swelled higher and higher and between the rocks the brook rumbled and roared as if it would burst.

When morning came they saw that the wild water already came up to the pine-tree, and when the wind blew the waves up they ran completely over all the window panes in the hut. Besides black clouds rolled together from time to time so that it was quite dark.

Then suddenly such a stream of rain and hail rushed down that the Storm brook reared and howled with rage. Thus it went on all through the day.

The log-driver with Jo went away early in the morning, for there was work to be done on all sides, and it was dangerous, this Martha knew well. She had a bad day and she really did not know at all what she should do or leave undone. Every moment she thought:

"It will take the house now." Then she cried: "What will become of your father and Jo!" and would run to the door to listen if they were not coming back, but she heard only the raging Storm brook. Then she would run inside where the little boys were screaming, for they did not want to be alone. Then she would hurry up to Feieli's little room, where the child lay on the bed, for this morning she had fallen back when she tried to get up, she had grown so weak. Then the mother had decided that she should stay in bed to-day and take a good rest. Then when the sun should shine again she could go out. Feieli was very willing to lie still she was so weak.

Many times her mother had come up and poured out her trouble loudly, then she would go away again. Now she came once more. Feieli was lying very still on her pillow. When the storm poured a stream of water against the little window and howled loudly, she would open her eyes and look that way. Then she would close them again and lie perfectly quiet.

"Oh, Feieli, what a storm this is!" complained her

mother. " I don't know how I can be everywhere. The boys won't stay alone, and I have to keep looking out, to see if I can discover anything of your father and Jo, and I can't leave you alone for you must be frightened."

" No, Mother," said the child softly, " leave me alone, I am not afraid. I can think of something beautiful when it is still—of the bright, sunny water over there, and I know who holds the boat fast, when the brook does so, and it grows so dark."

Feieli spoke the last words more and more faintly. She closed her eyes and drew long breaths.

" She is going to sleep a little," said her mother and went softly out of the door.

Towards evening the storm let up. The log-driver at last came home with Jo. They had had hard work, but it had been done without accident.

Martha had first to relieve her mind, while she told them both what anxiety she had endured. Then she set their supper before them.

" What is Feieli doing? " asked Jo, and his mother told him how quiet she had been during the storm, and how she had gone to sleep. Then she went to look after her again. She was lying exactly as she had left her. A look of happiness and deep rest lay on her still little face. Her mother bent over her a little, the child was so white. She was no longer breathing. Feieli was dead.

For one moment the mother stood there speechless. She had had no suspicion that her child could be taken

so. She had had no time to look after her right. She had never had time even to spend with the child. What good had she ever offered her child in this life? None at all. But still her Feieli had been so dear to her and now it was all over, she could never give her anything more. She was gone, gone forever. Then the mother broke down. She knelt beside the child's bed and cried from the depths of her soul:

" Oh, God in Heaven, take the child to yourself and make up to her what she has missed. Oh, punish me if Thou wilt if I have not been all that is acceptable to Thee, but take the child into Thy Heaven! Oh, take her to Thyself and let it be well with her! "

Jo had stepped into the room and heard his mother sobbing and praying. He looked at Feieli—she looked so peaceful, but so earnest. He took her by the hand—it was quite cold. Suddenly he screamed: " Is she dead? Is Feieli dead? " His mother groaned and bowed her head on the child's bed.

" Where is she now? Where is Feieli? " screamed Jo again. " Mother, can't we call her back? Did she have to go all alone? Oh, she was surely afraid! Where is she, Mother? Where is she? "

Then Mother Sylvia too stepped into the little room, for she wanted to see how Feieli was getting along. When she heard Jo cry out so she understood everything at once. She stepped up to the bed and took a look at the peaceful little face. Then she laid her hand on Jo's shoulder.

" Just see how still and peaceful she looks! Do you know where she is now? She is with the dear Lord and praying for you."

Mother Martha began to sob again. But Mother Sylvia said softly:

" You have learned to pray. The child won that blessing for you." Then she left the room silently.

She went down into the room below. The log-driver was sitting weary at the table with the two little boys.

" Neighbor," she said, " your Feieli is lying up-stairs like a little angel. Go and look at her. It is well with her. She is in Heaven."

" Has she already got through it all? She is to be envied. How could she go away so quietly? " asked the weary log-driver as if he would say: " That is how I should like to go too."

" There is a helper who can lead us over gently. Feieli called to Him, and let us do likewise, neighbor."

Mother Sylvia gave him her hand and was about to go. The log-driver held her fast.

" Look here, Mother; often when I have to spring from one high rock to another and under me I hear the high water roaring and know if I make a false step I am lost—so I often call to our Lord God: Help me over! And then I often think: That may be your last prayer."

" That is the way it is with me too, but let us do this many times before, neighbor, so that the dear Lord will not fail to hear us, if we only call Him one single time."

Then the old woman pressed her neighbor's hand and went away.

On the following morning Jo had to take a hard walk. He had the commission to go to the cabinet-maker's who lived on the other side of Snow-Back down in the valley. From him Jo was to order the little wooden bed, in which Feieli would be laid in the ground.

A bright sunshine lay over mountain and valley on this first day of May and from yesterday's rain sparkled and shimmered all around on the bright green leaves of the young beech-trees. Jo ran along and did not lift up his head a single time. He saw nothing of the brightness all about. He could not for one moment forget why he was on the road and what he had to do. From time to time he quickly wiped a tear from his eyes, for it was the road up which he had walked on many lovely summer days with Feieli to school. A fresh wind was blowing over Snow-Back, and when Jo reached the top, he began to run faster, for now the way went down on the other side. So he ran on until suddenly such strong waves of fragrance took his breath away that he had to stand still a moment. He looked around him. Here below May had come in, in all her fullness. Red and white blossoms shimmered on all the trees. On the hedge before him the white thorn blossoms which covered it lay like thick snow, and beyond a whole row of lilac-colored elders rocked their clusters of blossoms, smelling so spicily. Golden shimmering acacia boughs were hanging down there and up above them

the birds were flying, warbling and singing for joy, into the blue sky.

Jo stood a little while drinking in the fragrance and brightness and all the wonder of May. His heart burned like fire and he could no longer bear the shimmering and brilliancy. From where he stood he threw himself down on the ground and sobbed aloud:

"And Feieli must go into the dark earth!" and in heart-breaking grief he remained lying and weeping and groaning.

Then a lady came out of the arbor in the garden and leaned over the hedge.

"What is the matter, my boy, what ails you?" she asked in a friendly voice and going along by the hedge, in order to come out on the road.

Jo jumped up and was going to run away. Just then the lady stepped out on the road and stood before him. He looked at her—he recognized her. Then the tears burst from his eyes afresh—it all came to his mind. In a half-stifled voice he said:

"Feieli wanted to thank you a thousand times."

The lady looked with deep sympathy at Jo. His great grief went to her heart. She had now recognized him also, and could understand the cause of his bitter pain.

"Come in with me and tell me everything," she said with such heartfelt sympathy that Jo willingly followed her, she had been so very kind to Feieli. There was no one in the big room. The kind lady seated her-

self in the old easy chair, and had Jo sit down in front of her. As her kind eyes rested so sympathetically on him, his whole heart went out to her, and he told her everything about Feieli and her life and about their plans and hopes they had shared together, and how she had grown weak and the great, great refreshment the currants had brought her. He also told how every day Feieli had been grateful to her and how yesterday evening she had suddenly become quite still and where he had to go now, and with this recollection, the pain overcame Jo anew and he could not say another word.

The lady had listened in silence. Now she began to say comforting words to Jo. She told him that Feieli had been an unusually delicate child, which she had seen right away; and she had thought to herself: " What will happen to the poor child in this life? She could only know weariness and sickness and sorrowful days. Instead of this the dear Lord has taken her away from all suffering and brought her where there is only joy and a life full of bliss which we can only imagine when, surrounded by brightness and fragrance, we can look up into the blue sky, as we can this morning." So Jo must only think how well off the newly awakened Feieli is over there, much better than if she had ever come some time to travel with him in his self-working boat.

Jo's heart was comforted, the lady had spoken so confidently and besides so affectionately. He now rose to continue his way. But when he was outside he did not run along as before. Every moment he looked up

to the brilliant sky and once he cried out almost aloud:

"Oh, Feieli, if you could only look down one single time, so that I could know where you are!"

The lady had looked for a long time with sympathetic eyes after Jo as he went on his way. His great grief, delicate Feieli's short life, the two children's silently cherished hopes, had moved her heart. She now went back into the room, seated herself at her writing-desk and wrote to all her friends down in the town, to each a separate letter, but the same thing was in every one.

Ten days had passed since Feieli had been carried away out of the log-driver's little house. The father and Jo were just coming from their dinner out of the door, to return to their work again. Then Jo noticed the lady from the valley below, whom he knew so well, coming down from the rocky path to the hut. He ran at once to meet her. She said she came this time to find his father, as she wished to talk with him and his mother.

As soon as astonished Martha had sat down beside her in the living-room, and the father and Jo were standing in front of her, and leaning against the stove, the lady said:

"If it seems right to you, Log-driver, and to your wife, I want to bring your Jo to the town to an apprenticeship in a large establishment I know of, where he can become a machinist. You will not have to worry about any expense of board or teaching; kind friends of mine down in the town have interested themselves in Jo

and will help so that he may be well and thoroughly taught this trade, and become what will make you and him happy."

The log-driver and his wife were so overcome that they could not say a word. Jo's eyes grew larger and larger while the lady was speaking. It seemed as if he would devour her words. Then he suddenly cried out: "This comes from Feieli!" and big tears gushed from his eyes, for Mother Sylvia had told him many times what Feieli's last pleasure had been.

Accompanied by the thousandfold expressions of gratitude from his parents, the kind lady left the log-driver's hut. And the joy which now shone out of Jo's eyes again, when she held out her hand to him in taking leave, expressed more to her than any words could have done, how much happiness had arisen in his heart.

In the log-driver's hut, every evening Martha, his wife, remains sitting a little while at the table with her boys, and prays with them. She no longer feels that she has no time for this, but that it is the most blessed hour of her day, in which she can draw strength and happiness for all she has to do and bear. The log-driver has not forgotten Mother Sylvia's words, that a single call such as he had once made in case of necessity, might be neglected by the dear Lord. He is glad to sit by in the evening, when the mother prays with her boys, and when she comes to the end, he usually says:

"Martha, let us now also pray that the dear Lord will take us over kindly as He took the child."

Jo has been for three years down in the town and his master cannot say enough to the lady on Snow-Back about how extraordinarily industrious and skillful the boy is. He must have a very unusual intelligence for the work, for he had already called his, the master's, attention to things which were of great importance in his trade.

Often on Saturday night his comrades laugh at him and say:

" Come with us to-morrow, just for once. You don't need to go to church always and want to be better than we are." Then he never answers a word, for he will not talk about it. But the next morning he goes regularly to church and listens attentively to every word and always with longing in his heart that the pastor will begin to talk about the everlasting life and give him new assurance that those whom the dear Lord has taken are the best off, and the glad hope that some day we shall be united with them, for his dear Feieli is always foremost in Jo's thoughts. Whatever he is doing or thinking, all he silently carries on with Feieli, and he has noticed, too, how she always quietly influences him when his comrades want him to celebrate their noisy holiday festivities.

Mother Sylvia was glad when she felt the hour drawing near when she could keep her word to Feieli. Long ago she carried the news to her of her brother's joy and his fine prospects.

What Sami Sings With the Birds

I

OLD MARY ANN

FOR three days the Spring sun had been shining out of a clear sky and casting a gleaming, golden coverlet over the blue waters of Lake Geneva. Storm and rain had ceased. The breeze murmured softly and pleasantly up in the ash-trees, and all around in the green fields the yellow buttercups and snow-white daisies glistened in the bright sunshine. Under the ash-trees, the clear brook was running with the cool mountain water and feeding the gayly nodding primroses and pink anemones on the hillside, as they grew and bloomed down close to the water.

On the low wall by the brook, in the shadow of the ash-trees, an old woman was sitting. She was called " Old Mary Ann " throughout the whole neighborhood. Her big basket, the weight of which had become a little heavy, she had put down beside her. She was on her way back from La Tour, the little old town, with the vine-covered church tower and the ruined castle, the high turrets of which rose far across the blue lake. Old Mary Ann had taken her work there. This consisted

of all kinds of mending which did not need to be done particularly well, for the woman was no longer able to do fine work, and never could do it.

Old Mary Ann had had a very changeable life. The place where she now found herself was not her home. The language of the country was not her own. From the shady seat on the low wall, she now looked contentedly at the sunny fields, then across the murmuring brook to the hillside where the big yellow primroses nodded, while the birds piped and sang in the green ash-trees above her, as if they had the greatest festival to celebrate.

" Every Spring, people think it never was so beautiful before, when they have already seen so many," she now said half aloud to herself, and as she gazed at the fields so rich in flowers, many of the past years rose up and passed before her, with all that she had experienced in them.

As a child she had lived far beyond the mountains. She knew so well how it must look over there now at her father's house, which stood in a field among white-blooming pear-trees. Over yonder the large village with its many houses could be seen. It was called Zweisimmen. Everybody called their house the sergeant's house, although her father quite peacefully tilled his fields. But that came from her grandfather. When quite a young fellow, he had gone over the mountains to Lake Geneva and then still farther to Savoy. Under a Duke of Savoy he had taken part in all sorts of military ex-

peditions and had not returned home until he was an old man. He always wore an old uniform and allowed himself to be called sergeant. Then he married and Mary Ann's father was his only child. The old man lived to be a hundred years old, and every child in all the region round knew the old sergeant.

Mary Ann had three brothers, but as soon as each of them grew up he disappeared, she knew not where. Only this much she understood, that her mother mourned over them, but her father said quite resignedly every time: "We can't help it, they will go over the mountains; they take it from their grandfather." She had never heard anything more about her brothers.

When Mary Ann grew up and married, her young husband also came into the house among the pear-trees, for her father was old and could no longer do his work alone. But after a few years Mary Ann buried her young husband; a burning fever had taken him off. Then came hard times for the widow. She had her child, little Sami, to care for, besides her old, infirm parents to look after, and moreover there was all the work to be done in the house and in the fields which until now her husband had attended to. She did what she could, but it was of no use, the land had to be given up to a cousin. The house was mortgaged, and Mary Ann hardly knew how to keep her old parents from want. Gradually young Sami grew up and was able to help the cousin in the fields. Then the old parents died about the same time, and Mary Ann hoped now by

hard work and her son's help little by little to pay up her debts and once more take possession of her fields and house. But as soon as her father and mother were buried, her son Sami, who was now eighteen years old, came to her and said he could no longer bear to stay at home, he must go over the mountains and so begin a new life. This was a great shock to the mother, but when she saw that persuasion, remonstrance and entreaty were all in vain her father's words came to her mind and she said resignedly, "It can't be helped; he takes it from his great-grandfather."

But she would not let the young man go away alone, and he was glad to have his mother go with him. So she wandered with him over the mountains. In the little village of Chailly, which lies high up on the mountain slope and looks down on the meadows rich in flowers and the blue Lake Geneva, they found work with the jolly wine-grower Malon. This man, with curly hair already turning gray and a kindly round face, lived alone with his son in the only house left standing, near a crooked maple-tree.

Mary Ann received a room for herself and was to keep house for Herr Malon, and keep everything in order for him and his son. Sami was to work for good pay in Malon's beautiful vineyard. The widow Mary Ann passed several years here in a more peaceful way than she had ever known before.

When the fourth Summer came to an end, Sami said to her one day:

"Mother, I must really marry young Marietta of St. Legier, for I am very lonely away from her."

His mother knew Marietta well and besides she liked the pretty, clever girl, for she was not only always happy but there were few girls so good and industrious. So she rejoiced with her son, although he would have to go away from her to live with Marietta and her aged father in St. Legier, for she was indispensable to him. Herr Malon's son also brought a young wife home, and so Mary Ann had no more duties there, and had to look out for herself. She kept her room for a small rent, and was able to earn enough to support herself. She now knew many people in the neighborhood, and obtained enough work.

Mary Ann pondered over all these things, and when her thoughts returned from the distant past to the present moment, and she still heard the birds above her singing and rejoicing untiringly, she said to herself:

"They always sing the same song and we should be able to sing with them. Only trust in the dear Lord! He always helps us, although we may often think there is no possible way."

Then Mary Ann left the low wall, took her basket up again on her arm and went through the fragrant meadows of Burier up towards Chailly. From time to time she cast an anxious look in the direction of St. Legier. She knew that young Marietta was lying sick up there and that her son Sami would now have hard work and care, for a much smaller Sami had just come

into the world. To-morrow Mary Ann would go over and see how things were going with her son and if she ought to stay with him and help.

Mary Ann had scarcely stepped into her little room and put on her house dress, to prepare her supper, when she heard some one coming along with hurried footsteps. The door was quickly thrown open and in stepped her son Sami with a very distressed face. Under his arm he carried a bundle wrapped up in one of Marietta's aprons. This he laid on the table, threw himself down and sobbed aloud, with his head in his arms:

" It is all over, Mother, all over; Marietta is dead! "

" Oh, for Heaven's sake, what are you saying? " cried his mother in the greatest horror. " Oh, Sami, is it possible? "

Then she lifted Sami gently and continued in a trembling voice:

" Come, sit down beside me and tell me all about it. Is she really dead? Oh, when did it happen? How did it come so quickly? "

Sami willingly dropped down on a chair beside his mother. But then he buried his face in his hands and went on sobbing again.

" Oh, I can't bear it, I must go away, Mother, I can't bear it here any longer, it is all over! "

" Oh, Sami, where would you go? " said his mother, weeping. " We have already come over the mountains, where would you go from here? "

" I must go across the water, as far as I possibly can,

I can't stay here any longer. I cannot, Mother," declared Sami. "I must go across the great water as far as possible!"

"Oh, not that!" cried Mary Ann. "Don't be so rash! Wait a little, until you can think more calmly; it will seem different to you."

"No, Mother, no, I must go away. I am forced to it; I can't do any different," cried Sami, almost wild.

His mother looked at him in terror, but she said nothing more. She seemed to hear her father saying: "It can't be helped. He takes it from his grandfather." And with a sigh she said:

"It will have to be so."

Then there sounded from the bundle a strange peeping, exactly as if a chicken were smothering inside. "What have you put in the bundle, Sami?" asked the mother, going towards it, to loosen the firmly tied apron.

"That's so, I had almost forgotten it, Mother," replied Sami, wiping his eyes. "I have brought the little boy to you. I don't know what to do with it."

"Oh, how could you pack him up so! Yes, yes, you poor little thing," said the grandmother soothingly, taking the diminutive Sami out of one wrapping and then a second and a third.

The father Sami had wrapped the little baby first in its clothes, then in a shawl, and then in the apron as tight as possible, so that it couldn't slip out on the way, and fall on the ground. When little Sami was freed from the smothering wrappings and could move his

arms and legs he fought with all his limbs in the air and screamed so pitifully that his grandmother thought it seemed exactly as if he already knew what a great misfortune had come to him.

But father Sami said perhaps he was hungry, for since the evening before no one had paid any attention to the little baby. This seemed to the sympathetic Mary Ann quite too cruel, and she realized that if she didn't care for the poor little mite it would die. She wrapped him up again carefully in his blanket, but not around his head, and carried him upright on her arm, not under it, as one carries a bundle. Then she ran all around her room to collect milk, a dish and fire together, so that the starving little creature might have some nourishment. As she sat on her stool, and the little one eagerly sipped the milk, while his tiny little hand tightly clasped his grandmother's forefinger like a life-preserver, she said, greatly touched:

" Yes, indeed, you little Sami, you poor little orphan, I will do what I can for you and the dear Lord will not forsake us."

And to the big Sami she said:

" I will keep him, but don't take any rash steps! In the first great sorrow many a one does what he later regrets. See, you can't run away from sorrow, it runs with you. Stay and bear what the dear Lord sends. He is not angry with you. Hold to Him still in time of sorrow, then the sun will shine to-morrow! It will be the same with you as it has been with so many others."

Sami had listened in silence, but like one who does not understand what he hears.

"Good-night, Mother! May God reward you for what you do for the boy," he said then, after wiping his eyes again. Then he pressed his mother's hand, and went out of the door.

II

AT THE GRANDMOTHER'S

Old Mary Ann had now to begin over again, where she had left off twenty-one years before, to bring up a little Sami. But then she was fresh and strong, she had her husband by her side, and lived at home among friends and acquaintances. Now she was in a strange land and was a worn-out woman, and felt that her strength would not last much longer. But little Sami did not realize all this. He was tended and cared for as if his grandmother wanted to make up to him every moment for what he had lost, and she was always saying to him, pityingly:

"You poor little thing, you have nobody in the world now but an old grandmother."

Moreover it was so. Father Sami could not be consoled. As soon as his young wife was buried he went away, and must have landed a long time ago in the far-away country.

Little Sami grew finely, and as his grandmother talked with him a great deal, he began very early to imitate her. His words became more and more distinct, and when the end of his second year came, he talked very plainly and in whole sentences. His grandmother didn't know what to do for joy, when she realized that her little Sami spoke not a word of French, but pure Swiss-German, as she had heard it only in her native land. He spoke exactly like his grandmother, who was indeed the only one he had to talk with.

Now every day her baby gave her a new surprise. First he began to say after her the little prayer she repeated for him morning and evening; then he said it all alone. She had to weep for joy when the little one began to sing after her the little Summer song she had learned in her own childhood and had always sung to him, and one day suddenly knew the whole song from beginning to end and sang one verse after another without hesitation.

In spite of all the grandmother's trouble and work, the years passed so quickly to her, that one day when she began to reckon she discovered that Sami must be fully seven years old. Then she thought it was really time that he learned something. But suddenly to send the boy to a French school when he didn't understand a word of French seemed dreadful to her, for he would be as helpless as a chicken in water. She would rather try, as well as she possibly could, to teach him herself to read. She thought it would be very hard but it went

quite easily. In a short time, the youngster knew all his letters, and could even put words together quite well. That something could be made out of this which he could understand and which he did not know before was very amusing to him, and he sat over his reading-book with great eagerness. But to go out with his grandmother to deliver her mending and to get new work was a still greater pleasure to him, for nothing pleased him better than roaming through the green meadows, then stopping at the brook to listen to the birds singing up in the ash-trees.

The changeable April days had just come to an end and the beaming May sun shone so warm and alluring that all the flowers looked up to it with wide-open petals. Mary Ann with Sami by the hand, her big basket on her arm, was coming along up from La Tour. The boy opened both his eyes as wide as he could, for the red and blue flowers in the green grass and the golden sunshine above them delighted him very much.

"Grandmother," he said taking a deep breath, "today we will sit on the low wall for twelve long hours, won't we, really?"

"Yes, indeed," assented his grandmother, "we will stay there long enough to get well rested and enjoy ourselves; but when the sun goes down and it grows dark, then we will go. Then all the little birds are silent in the trees and the old night-owl begins to hoot."

This seemed right to Sami, for he didn't want to hear the old owl hoot. Now they had reached the wall. A

cool shadow was lying on it; below the fresh brook murmured, and up in the ash-trees the birds piped and sang merrily together and one kept singing very distinctly:

Sing too! Sing too!

Sami listened. Suddenly he lifted up his voice and sang as loud and lustily as the birds above, the whole song that his grandmother had taught him:

1

Last night Summer breezes blew:—
All the flowers awake anew,
Open wide their eyes to see,
Nodding, bowing in their glee.

2

All the merry birds we hear
Greet the sunshine bright and clear;
See them flitting thru the sky,
Singing low and singing high!

3

Flowers in Summer warmth delight:—
What of Winter and its blight?
Snowy fields and forests cold?
Flowers are by their faith consoled.

4

Songsters, all so blithe and gay,
Know ye what your carols say?
How will your sweet carols fare
When your nests the snow-storms tear?

5

All the birdlings everywhere
Now their loveliest songs prepare;
All the birdlings gayly sing:—
"Trust the Lord in everything!"

Then Sami listened very attentively, as if he wanted to hear whether the birds really sang so.

"Listen, listen, Grandmother!" he said after a while. "Up there in the tree is one that doesn't sing like the others. At first he keeps singing 'Trust! Trust! Trust! Trust!' and then the rest comes after."

"Yes, yes, that is the finch, Sami," she replied. "See, he wants to impress it upon you, so that you will think about what will always keep you safe and happy. Just listen, now, he is calling again: Trust! trust! trust! trust! trust! Only trust the dear Lord."

Sami listened again. It was really wonderful, how the finch always sounded above the other birds with his emphatic "Trust! trust! trust!" "You must never forget what the finch calls," continued the grandmother. "See, Sami, perhaps I cannot stay with you much longer, and then you will have no one else, and will have to make your way alone. Then the little bird's song can oftentimes be a comfort to you. So don't forget it, and promise me too that you will say your little prayer every day, so that you will be God-fearing; then no matter what happens, it will be well with you."

Sami promised that he would never forget to pray.

"Listen, Grandmother! Up there in the tree!"

Then he became thoughtful and asked somewhat timidly:

"Must I always be afraid, Grandmother?"

"No, no! Did you think so because I said God-fearing? It doesn't mean that: I will explain it to you as well as I can. You see to be God-fearing is when one has the dear Lord before his eyes in everything he does, and fears and hesitates to do what is not pleasing to Him, everything that is wicked and wrong. Whoever lives so before Him has no reason to fear what may happen to him, for such a man has the dear Lord's help everywhere, and if he has to meet hardship oftentimes, he knows that the dear Lord allows it so, in order that some good may come out of it for him, and then he can sing as happily as the little birds: 'Only trust the dear Lord!' Will you remember that well, Sami?"

"Yes, that I will," said Sami, decidedly, for this pleased him much better than if he had to be always afraid.

Now the setting sun cast its last long rays across the meadows, and disappeared. The grandmother left the wall, took Sami by the hand and then the two wandered in the rosy twilight along the meadow path, then up the green vine-clad hill to the little village of Chailly up on the mountain.

III

ANOTHER LIFE

One morning, a few days later, Mary Ann was so tired she couldn't get up. Sami sat beside her waiting for her to be fully awake in order to go into the kitchen and make the coffee. His grandmother opened her eyes once and fell asleep again. She had never done anything like this before. Now she was really awake. She tried to raise herself up a little, then took Sami by the hand and said in a low voice:

" Sami, listen to me, I must tell you something. See, when I am no longer with you, you have no one else here, and are an entire stranger. But there over the mountains you have relatives, and you must return to them. Malon will tell you how to get there. You must go to Zweisimmen. There ask for the sergeant, your cousin, who lives in the house with the big pear-trees near it. Tell him your grandmother was the sergeant's Mary Ann and your father was Sami. Work hard and willingly, you will have to earn your living. There in the chest is some money in the little bag; take it, it is yours; don't spend it foolishly. Sami, think of what you promised me. Don't neglect to pray, it will bring you comfort and happiness which you will need. Try to associate with God-fearing people and live with them, then you will learn only good. Go, now, Sami, and call Herr Malon. I must talk with him."

Sami went and came back with the man of the house. He stepped up to Mary Ann's bed, and tried to encourage her, as that was his way. But he was alarmed at her appearance and wanted to go for the doctor, as he told her. But she held him fast and tried with great difficulty to express herself in his language, for she had only a scanty knowledge of it. Malon nodded his head understandingly and then hurried away. When he returned to the room a couple of hours later with the doctor, Sami was still sitting in the same place by the bed, waiting very quietly for his grandmother to wake up again. The doctor drew near the bed. Then he spoke with Malon a while, and finally came to Sami. He told him his grandmother would never wake again, that she was dead.

Malon was a good man; he said he himself would go with Sami part of the way until he found some one who could talk with him and take him further; but he must put all his belongings together in a bundle. Then the two men went away.

After a while the young woman of the house came, for the forsaken boy had deeply aroused her sympathy. She found Sami still sitting in the same place by the bed. He was looking steadfastly at his grandmother and weeping piteously. The woman spoke to him, but he did not understand her. Then she took everything out of the cupboard and drawers, packed them into a bundle and showed Sami that he was to eat the bread and milk on the table. Sami swallowed the milk

obediently, but the woman put the bread in his pocket. Then she led the boy once more to the bed, that he might take his grandmother's hand in farewell.

Sami obeyed still sobbing, and let himself be led away by the woman. Herr Malon was already waiting beside his little cart in which lay Sami's bundle. The boy understood that he was to draw the cart, but he knew not where. He wept softly to himself for it seemed to him as if he were going out into the wilderness where he would be wholly alone. Malon went on ahead of him.

It was the same way Sami had often gone with his grandmother down to La Tour. When he came to the wall by the brook, he sobbed aloud. How lovely it had been there with his grandmother! He could not see the way because of his falling tears, but he heard Herr Malon's heavy step in front of him, and he followed after. At the little station house above the vine-covered church Malon stopped. Soon after the train came puffing along. Malon got in and pulled Sami after him, and they started away. Sami crouched in a corner and did not stir. They travelled thus for an hour. Sami did not understand a word that was spoken around him, although several times one and another tried to talk with him a little, for the softly weeping boy had indeed awakened their sympathy.

The train stopped again. Malon got out and Sami followed him. They went a short distance together and then Malon stepped to the left into a large garden and then into the house. Here he talked a while with the

man of the house, who from time to time looked pityingly at Sami. Then Malon took Sami's hand, shook it and left him behind alone for a while in the big room.

After some time the man of the house came back and a sturdy fellow behind him. The latter began to talk in Sami's own language. He wanted to console the boy and said he would soon go on in a carriage. Then Sami asked if he was his cousin, and if this was the village of Zweisimmen? But the fellow laughed loudly and said he was no cousin, but a servant here in the inn, and the place was called Aigle. Sami would have to travel an hour longer and would not reach Zweisimmen before twelve o'clock at night. But there was a coachman here from Interlaken, who had to go back and would take him along.

The man of the house had bread and eggs brought for Sami and when he said he wasn't hungry, he put everything kindly into the boy's pocket. Then he led the boy out. Outside stood a large coach with two horses and high up on the top sat the driver. No one was inside. Sami was lifted up, the driver placed him next himself and drove away. At any other time this would have pleased Sami very much, but now he was too sad. He kept thinking of his grandmother, who could no longer talk with him and would never wake again. After some time the driver began to talk to him. Sami had to tell him where he came from and to whom he was going. He told him everything, how he

had lived with his grandmother, how she had fallen asleep early that day, and did not wake up again; and that he was going to find a cousin in Zweisimmen and would have to live with him. Sami's childish description touched the driver so deeply that he finally said:

"It will be too late when we reach there; you must stay with me to-night."

Then when he saw Sami's eyes close with the approaching twilight and only open again when they went over a stone, and the two of them up on the box were jounced almost dangerously against each other, he grasped the boy firmly, lifted him up and slipped him backwards into the coach. Here he fell at once fast asleep and when he finally opened his eyes again, the sun was shining brightly in his face. He was lying in his clothes on a huge, big bed in a room with white walls. In all his life he had never seen such walls. He looked around in consternation. Then the coachman of the day before came in the door.

"Have you had your sleep out?" he said laughing. "Come and have some coffee with me. Then I will take you to your cousin. Some one else must carry your bundle. It is too heavy for you."

Sami followed him into the coffee-room. Here the good man kept pouring out coffee for the boy, but Sami could neither eat nor drink.

When the coachman had finished his breakfast, he rose and started with Sami on the way to the sergeant's house. It was not far. At the house in the meadow

among the pear-trees he laid Sami's bundle down, shook him by the hand and said:

"Well, good luck to you. I have nothing to do in there and have farther to go."

Sami thanked him for all his kindness, and gazed after his benefactor, until he disappeared behind the trees. Then he knocked on the door. A woman came out, looked in amazement first at the boy, then at his big bundle, and said rudely: "Where have you come from with all your household goods?"

Sami informed her where he had come from and that his grandmother was Mary Ann, and his father, Sami. Meanwhile three boys had come running up to them, placed themselves directly in front of him, and were looking at him from top to toe with wide-open eyes. This embarrassed Sami exceedingly.

"Bring your father out," said the mother to one of her boys. Their father was sitting inside at the table, eating his breakfast.

"What's the matter now?" he growled.

"There is some one here, who claims to be a relative of yours. He doesn't know where he is going," exclaimed his wife.

"He can come in to me, perhaps I can tell him, if I know," replied the man, without moving.

"Well, go in," directed the woman, giving Sami an assisting push. The boy went in and replied very timidly, where he had come from and to whom he had belonged. The peasant scratched his head.

"Make quick work of it," said the woman impatiently, who had followed with her three boys.

"I think we have enough with the three of them, and there are people who might need such a boy."

"This is quickly decided," said the peasant, thoughtfully cutting his piece of bread in two; "send all four boys out."

After this command had been carried out, he continued slowly: "There is no help for it. It was stipulated at the time the house was sold, that room must be made in the house if either Mary Ann, Sami or the child should come back. Besides, it is not so bad as it seems. Where three sleep together there is room for a fourth, and he can do some work for his food. The parish can do something for his clothes."

His wife had no desire to have a fourth added to her three boys, for her own made enough noise and trouble for her. She protested, saying she knew how it was with such stray children and they could expect to have a fine time!

But it was of no use; it was decided that Sami should have a place in the house. The farmer brought in the bundle and carried it up to the oldest boy's room, where until now the broad-shouldered Stöffi had slept in a bed alone. He could take Sami in with him, for he was smaller than the other two; Michael and Uli could stay together as before.

Then the woman opened the bundle. She was not a little surprised, when she found inside not only Sami's

clothes, all in the best of order, but also two good dresses, aprons and neckerchiefs. She called Sami up to her, and showed him the corner in the chest where she had put his things. Then she said she would take the woman's clothes for herself, since he could surely make no use of them. The clothes which his grandmother had always worn were so dear to Sami, that he looked on with sad eyes as they were carried away, but he thought it had to be so.

He had already made the acquaintance of the three boys. They had shown him below in front of the house how one of them could best throw down the others, and had demonstrated all sorts of useful tricks. But as each tried to outdo the others in showing off his knowledge, a struggle ensued and the tricks were immediately applied; one threw another over the third. Sami was knocked and thrown around by all three.

When he now came down from his room a voice from the barn called out: " Come here and help pull."

Sami ran along. There stood the two younger boys, Michael and Uli, with great hoes on their shoulders, and Stöffi beside a cart which had to be taken along. They waited for their father, and then all went out to the field. Here Stöffi and Sami had to rake together the grass, which the father cut, and load it on the cart, and bring home to the cows. Michael and Uli had to hoe the weeds in the next field near by. Now it appeared that Sami did not know at all how to use the rake, for he had never done such work.

"He shall weed with Uli, and Michael can do this work," said the farmer.

But when Sami tried to do this, the hoe was too heavy for him, and he could do nothing.

"Then kneel on the ground and pull them up with your hands," said the farmer.

Sami squatted down and pulled at the weeds with all his might. The ground was hard and the work very tiresome. But Sami did not forget how his grandmother had impressed it upon him to do all his work well and willingly.

At noon the two weeders took their hoes on their shoulders and Sami had to pull the cart, which was now much heavier than on the way there. The boy had to use all his strength, for Stöffi showed him plainly that he would not take upon himself the larger part of the work.

Then when they passed by the field the father indicated to each one the piece he would have to weed that afternoon; for he himself would be obliged to go to the cattle market. They would find a smaller hoe at home for Sami to take with him in the afternoon, for pulling up the weeds was too slow work.

After the boys had worked several hours in the afternoon, they sat down in the shade of an old apple-tree to eat their luncheon, and the piece of black bread with pear juice tasted very good after the hot work.

"Have you ever seen a bear?" asked Stöffi of Sami.

He said he had not.

"Then you would be fearfully frightened if you should suddenly see one," continued Stöffi; "only those who know them are not afraid of them. This evening there is to be one in the village, and, as I am almost through with my piece in the field, you can finish it, so I can go early to see the bear."

Sami agreed. When all four had begun to hoe again, Stöffi soon exclaimed:

"Well, you won't have much more to do now, Sami, but keep your promise, or ——"

Stöffi doubled up his fist, and Sami understood what that meant.

He had hardly gone when Michael said:

"See, Sami, there isn't much left of mine, you can do that too; I am going to see the bear."

Whereupon Michael ran off.

"Me, too," cried Uli, throwing down his hoe. "You can finish that also, Sami."

When the twilight came on and the family put the sour milk and the steaming potatoes on the table, Sami was missing.

"I suppose he will keep us waiting," remarked the farmer's wife sharply. When all had finished and the milk mugs were empty, the woman cleared them away and placed the few potatoes left over on the kitchen table and growled:

"He can eat here, if he wants anything."

It was quite dark, and Sami still had not come. Just as the other three were being sent to bed, he came in, so

tired he could hardly stand. The woman asked him harshly if he couldn't come home with the others. The farmer assumed that the piece he had told Sami to weed had been too much for him to do, and he said consolingly:

"It is right that you wanted to finish your work, but you must work faster."

Sami understood the signs which Stöffi made behind his father's back, that he was to keep silent about the bear, and he was too much afraid of the three boys' fists to say anything about it.

He preferred to go straight to bed, for he was too tired to eat. But he couldn't go to sleep. He had received so many new impressions, he had borne so much anguish, and had to do so much work besides, he could think of nothing else. But now his grandmother came before his eyes again as she had prayed with him at evening and had been so kind to him, and everything she had told him. He wanted so much to pray, it seemed to him as if his grandmother was near and told him the dear Lord would always comfort him if he prayed, and that comfort he was so anxious to have.

He was so troubled, when he wondered if he could do his work the next day, so that the farmer would not be cross, and how his wife would be, for he was very much afraid of her, and how it would be with the boys, who forced him to make everything appear contrary to the truth.

Then Sami began to pray and prayed for a long time, for he already began to feel comforted, because he could

take refuge with the dear Lord and ask Him to help him, now that he had no one left in the world to whom he could speak and who could assist him. When at last his eyes closed from great weariness he dreamed he was sitting with his grandmother on the wall and above them all the birds were singing so loud and so joyfully that he had to sing with them:

"Only trust the dear Lord!"

IV

HARD TIMES

The following morning Sami was awakened by loud tones, but it was no longer the birds singing; it was the farmer's wife ordering the boys harshly to get up right away. She had already called them three times, and if this time they didn't obey, their father would come. Then they all sprang out of bed and in a few minutes were down-stairs, where their father was already sitting at the table and would not have waited much longer.

The day did not pass very differently from the one before, and thus passed a long series of days. There was already a change in the work.

Sami, little by little, learned to do everything very well, for he took pains and followed his grandmother's advice carefully. He always had something to do for the other boys still, so that he never finished his work a moment before supper-time. But he was no longer late.

A change had also come about in this. Stöffi had learned that there was one thing Sami could not or would not do, which he himself could do very well: he could not tell a lie.

He had been late again a couple of times, but had never told the reason. Finally, however, the farmer had spoken harshly:

" Now speak out, and tell why you can't get through your work faster; you are quick enough when any one is watching you."

Then Sami had accordingly told all the truth, and the father had threatened to beat the boys if they didn't do their work themselves. Afterwards Stöffi had thrashed Sami to punish him, and had warned him that he would do it every time Sami complained of him.

Sami had replied that he had never complained and didn't want to do so, but when his father questioned him he could only tell him the truth. Stöffi tried to explain to him that it didn't matter whether he told the truth or not, but here he found Sami more obstinate than he had expected, and no matter what fearful threats he hurled at him, he always said the same thing in the end:

" But I shall do it."

This firmness was the result of Sami's sure conviction that the dear Lord heard and knew everything and that lying was something wicked, which did not please Him.

So Stöffi had to find some other way to get off from

his work early and make Sami finish what he left. He found that all three could never dare abandon their work and leave it for Sami, but one of them might do so each evening, and he threatened to punish his brothers severely if they would not agree to this. Then there would always be three or four evenings in succession when Stöffi wanted to go away early; then the brothers had to stay and work, and this led to many a quarrel, with heavy blows which regularly fell upon Sami.

So he never had any happy days. Bnt every evening he could be alone with his thoughts of his grandmother, of all the beautiful bygone days and all the good words she had spoken to him. Nobody troubled him, or called to him, or pulled him then, as usually happened all day long.

Thus the Summer and Autumn passed away, and a cold Winter had come. There was no more work to be done in the fields and meadows, but there were all sorts of things to be done to help the farmer in the barn and his wife in the house and the kitchen. This Sami had to do. Meanwhile their own three boys could go to school, which had now begun again, for they had to get some education. Sami could get that by and by. In the Summer he had acquired a good deal of quickness and now did his work so skillfully that the farmer said a couple of times:

"I would not have believed it, for in the Summer he was always the last."

Sami now thought that everything would go easier than in the Summer, but something came which was much harder to bear than the extra burden of work, which was too much for the others.

Every day the boys fought in the field outside, and Sami, as the smallest, always came off with the most blows. But that was the end of it, and when the boys came home at night no one thought any more about it. In the evening the three boys were assigned to the little room with the feeble light of a low oil lamp, to do their arithmetic for school, while Sami had to cut apples and pears for drying. From the first the three were angry because Sami had no arithmetic to do, and then one would accuse the other of taking the light away from him, and all three would scream that Sami didn't need any at all for his work. Then one would pull the lamp one way, and another the other way, until it was upset and the oil would run over the table into Sami's apples. Then there would be a really murderous tumult in the darkness; all hands would grope in the oil and one would always outcry the others. Then the mother would come in very cross and want to know who was always starting such mischief. Then one would blame the other, and finally the blame would fall on Sami, because he made the least noise. Usually the farmer too came in then, and his angry wife would always reply that she had indeed said the boy would be an apple of discord in the house, and a Winter like this they had never experienced. Often Sami had to endure many hard words and unde-

served punishment. On such evenings he remained sleepless for a long time sitting on his bed.

Then he would rack his brains as to how it could happen so, since his grandmother had told him that if he was God-fearing everything would happen for the best. That he should be so scolded and badly treated was not the best for him. He really wanted to be God-fearing and not forget that the dear Lord saw and heard everything. But Sami was still very young and could not know, what he later knew, that it is good for every one if he learns early in life to bear hardship. Then when the evil days, which none escape, come again later on, he can cope with them bravely, because he knows them already and his strength has become hardened; and when the good days come he can enjoy them as no one else can who has never tasted the bad ones.

At this time Sami knew nothing about this and almost never went to sleep without tears; indeed, he often wondered whether the birds were still calling up in the ash-trees: "Only trust in the dear Lord!" and if it were still true that everything would come out right. The only comfort for him was that his grandmother had told him so positively, and he held fast to that.

It was a long, hard Winter. The snow lay so deep and immovable on the meadows and trees, that Sami often asked with anxiety in his heart, if it could ever entirely disappear, so that the meadows would be green again, and the flowers become alive. It was already April, and the cold white covering of snow still lay

all around. Then a warm wind from the South blew all one night into the valley, and when on the next day a very warm rain fell, the obstinate snow melted into great brooks. Then came the sun and dried up all the brooks, and everywhere the new young grass sprang up over the meadows.

The four boys came across the big street of the village and turned into the meadow. They were pulling along the cart, on which lay the cooking utensils which the farmer's wife had just purchased at the annual fair in the village. The boys had followed their mother's command to go slowly and carefully, so that nothing would be broken, for they knew very well that their mother set great store by these things, and it was worth while to follow her instructions.

Now that they had come safely over the rough street and had turned into the meadow road, two pulling, two pushing, they wanted to rest a little while. They stopped under the first large pear-tree, stretched themselves out on the ground and looked up into the blue sky. In the pear-tree above, the birds were singing merrily together, and suddenly one piped up in the midst of the others, always the same note, exactly as if he had a special call to give.

"There he is," cried Sami, springing up from the ground with delight. Then he listened again, and again sounded the staccato call, clear and sharp above the singing of all the other birds.

"Do you hear it? Do you hear it?" cried Sami in

his delight. "Now he is calling again: 'Trust! Trust! Trust! Trust!' And then they all sing together: 'Only trust the dear Lord!'"

"You are just talking nonsense!" exclaimed Stöffi to the happy Sami. "The bird is more knowing than you are. That is the rain bird; I know him well. He notices the rain-wind and is calling: 'Shower! Shower! Shower!' Then we know it is going to rain."

But Sami would not give up what was so dear to him and kept saying to himself:

"But he is singing: 'Trust! Trust! Trust! Trust!'"

"Keep quiet!" continued Stöffi sharply to him. "You are nothing but a little tramp, who can't do anything and doesn't know anything and twists everything he hears."

Then the blood rose to Sami's cheeks and the tears came into his eyes and, more courageously than usual towards Stöffi, he cried:

"I don't do that, but you have done it many times!"

Then Stöffi sprang up and seized hold of Sami to throw him down; but in his anger Sami turned quite differently from usual, so that Stöffi had to call the others to help him.

A great struggle ensued; the blows became more and more violent, first on one side and then on the other. Suddenly the cart was upset. A fearful cracking and crashing sounded, and a great heap of red, brown and white crockery lay on the ground. Dumb with fright, the boys stood and looked at the destruction.

Stöffi was the first to recover himself.

"We will say that a wheel came off the cart, and it suddenly fell down." He immediately picked up a big stone in order to pound out the nail and take the wheel off from the axle.

"I shall say just how it all happened, that we quarreled, and upset the wagon," said Sami calmly.

Then Stöffi's wrath rose to its height.

"You traitor, you spy and mischief-maker!" he screamed. "You are nothing but a ragamuffin. We will force you."

"You cannot," said Sami, "and you are no good either! If you were God-fearing, you would not want to lie so."

"Well, well," they all screamed together, and shaking their fists in the most threatening way. "You needn't say that. We are just exactly as God-fearing as you, and even much more so!"

Suddenly a new thought came to Stöffi. He ran off with all his might, and Michael and Uli rushed after him. Sami saw that they were hurrying to the house; he followed slowly after. The farmer's wife had come back to the house by a shorter way, and the farmer was just returning home too from the field, when the three boys came rushing along. The whole family was standing in great excitement at the door and all were talking loudly together and making threatening gestures, when Sami came along.

He was met by the farmer, shaking his fist, and his

wife threw such harsh words at him that he stood quite dumfounded.

" That was the last straw," she said, " that after all the kindness he had received he should tell them they were not God-fearing people."

Then the farmer joined in. Such talk was insolent from Sami, and it had been known for a long time how upright they were in his house, before such a scamp had come there and tried to show them the way. Then his wife began again and said Sami would have nothing more to do in her house; for he had brought nothing but trouble since he stepped into it; he could go to his room, and she would come right along.

Sami was so surprised and confused by all the attacks and charges, that he had stood quite dumb until now. Now he wanted to explain how the cart had been upset, but the father said they knew everything already, and all he had to do was to go to his room. He obeyed.

Soon the farmer's wife came up-stairs, packed Sami's things together and tied them up again into a bundle, which was now much smaller than when he had brought it there, for some pieces of his old things had been worn out and were not replaced, and his grandmother's clothes were no longer there.

While she was packing the woman kept on talking very angrily about Sami's wickedness and insolence, so that he now for the first time understood it all. The boys had stated that he had reproached them for not being God-fearing people; they had punished him for

it, and through his resistance he had overturned the cart. Sami now tried to explain to the woman that it had not happened so, but she said she knew enough, threw his tied-up bundle beside his bed, and went out.

Now for the first time Sami was able to think over what had happened to him and what was going to come. Then he was angry because he had to bear such injustice and not once have a chance to speak. And now he was driven out, or perhaps he would be sent to people where it would be even worse for him. Then he was so overcome with anger and fear and anguish, that he began to cry aloud and called out:

"Yes, yes, Grandmother, you said if I was God-fearing everything would happen to me for the best; and I have been, and now it has happened this way!"

But with the thought of his grandmother, there rose in his heart all the memories of his life with her, how they had wandered so peacefully through the meadows, and how beautiful it had been under those trees, how the birds had sung and the brook murmured, and suddenly Sami was mightily overcome, and he exclaimed:

"Away! away! Over there! over there!"

From that moment on a bright light rose in his heart. It was hope in a new life as beautiful as the first had been. Then Sami said his evening prayer gladly and fell asleep.

V

THE BIRDS ARE STILL SINGING

THE next morning when Sami sat at the table with the family, no one said a word to him. The farmer's wife pushed a piece of bread towards his coffee-cup and made up an unfriendly face. The farmer was no different. The three boys looked sourly down at their coffee-cups, for they had no good consciences, and all three feared that their lies of the day before might yet be found out, if Sami should happen to speak.

When they rose from the table, the farmer said shortly:

"Get your bundle! I shall have to lose more time with you, until I have found a place for you, for surely no one will want you."

Since the night before a change had taken place in Sami. He no longer hung his head, as he had done almost always before from fear; he lifted it up and said:

"I know already where I must go."

The farmer and his wife looked at each other in astonishment.

"I want to go over the mountains," he added.

"Yes, that is best, that he should go back there, where he came from," said the farmer's wife quickly; "there will no doubt be some one going over there from the inn. Go quickly with him up there."

This seemed right to the farmer also. The leave-taking was as short as possible, and Sami was light-hearted when he started with his little bundle on his back away from his cousins' house.

At the inn, sure enough, they found a driver who was going with a big wood-wagon to Château d'Œux. He was ready to take the boy with him and thought he would be able to find some one to take him farther, if the boy knew his way down there on the French side. The farmer said Sami had been brought up there and wanted to go back, he knew where.

Now the driver was ready. Sami's bundle was thrown into the wagon and the boy seated on it.

"Good luck!" said the farmer, gave Sami his hand and went away.

Then the driver swung himself up on his seat and the two strong horses started off. Although the wood-wagon was far less handsome and easy than the coach in which Sami had come, still he sat much happier in his hard seat than when he had left his grandmother lying so alone and had to go away, without knowing where. Now he was going home, where he knew everything and where everything was dear to him, every tree and every wall by the way; and although he wouldn't see his grandmother any longer, he would find all the places where he had been with her and where it was more beautiful than anywhere else.

With these thoughts a multitude of questions arose in Sami's mind: Would everything be still the same as

before? Would the ash-trees still be standing there by the wall? and the red and yellow flowers be growing on the hillside? And Sami had so much to think about that he didn't notice how the time was passing. So he was very much astonished when the wagon stopped, for they had come to a large village, and the driver took firm hold of him, lifted him up and set him down on the street. Sami looked around him. They had stopped in front of an inn, above which a big brown bear stood for a sign and which was surrounded by all kinds of vehicles. But he couldn't look around any longer, for the driver had already seized him again and lifted him together with his bundle into another team and then went away. Soon he came back with a large piece of bread and said:

" There, eat; you still have far to go."

" Are we yet in Château d'Œux? " asked Sami.

" Yes, to be sure, but you are going farther," was the reply; then the driver disappeared.

Sami was now sitting in a small country wagon to which an enormous horse was harnessed. No one was as yet up in the high seat, but Sami was seated with his bundle back in the empty space on the floor. Then two big, stout men climbed up on the high seat, and they started away. After a short time Sami's eyes closed involuntarily, he slipped off on the floor of the wagon, his head fell over on his bundle, and he sank into a deep sleep. When he woke again, he was still in the wagon on the floor, but everything was quiet around him; he

did not hear the horse trotting; the wagon was no longer moving forward. It looked very strange all around him. He looked, and looked again, until he realized what had happened. The wagon was standing without horse or driver in a shed; they had forgotten Sami and left him lying there.

"Where can I be?" Sami asked himself. The door of the shed stood open, and outside there was bright sunshine. Sami climbed down from his sleeping-place, stepped outside and went a little way farther around the house, which stood directly in front of the shed. Then he knew everything about it—there stood the house with the garden, where he had taken the beautiful coach; right before him was the railway station—he was in Aigle again. Only a little way farther in the train and he would be at home!

Then it came to Sami that here he could no longer talk with the people, for now he was among the French. But he knew what to do. He still had the little bag with his grandmother's money. He ran to the place where the people were getting their tickets, laid a piece of money in front of the little window, and said: "La Tour!"

Immediately he had his ticket; he sprang into the train, which was already standing outside, and crouched down quickly in his corner, the very same corner where he had sat before with Herr Malon. He knew all the names which were called out at the stations; nearer and nearer he came—now—"La Tour!" He jumped down

and ran to the right across the fields, then to the left up the hill. He knew every tree along the way. Now —there stood the wall, there stood the ash-trees and their tops were waving to and fro. Underneath, the clear brook was murmuring, and above, on the hillside, the bright sun was shining on the big golden primroses and the red anemones. It was all exactly as it had been before! Moreover, above—oh, that was the most beautiful of all!—up in the ash-trees the birds were piping and singing as loudly and as merrily as ever and, to be sure, there was the chief singer, the finch. " Trust! Trust! Trust! Trust!" sounded his clear song, and all the birds joined in with their warbling and rejoiced loudly:

" Only trust the dear Lord!"

Sami was so overcome because everything was still exactly the same as he had known it before, that he stood speechless for a long time and listened, looking around him and listening again. It seemed so good to him and he had never felt such happiness in his heart since that evening when he had sat there with his grandmother. Now his grandmother rose so vividly before him, that he suddenly threw himself down on the wall and wept. She was no longer there, and would come back to him no more. But all the good words she had spoken to him here that evening rose vividly in his heart, and it seemed as if he distinctly heard her talking again, and as if she must really be quite near and see him.

Sami straightened himself up again, sat a while longer listening, and then began to think what he should do. At first he wanted to go to Malon and ask him if he could work for him, perhaps get out the weeds in his vineyard. But he could not explain to him why he was there again; they would not understand each other and Malon might think he had done something wrong and had been sent away for it by his cousin. But perhaps the woman who always gave mending to his grandmother would set him to work in her garden. She lived down below, near the Lake. He jumped down from the wall. Once more he looked at the hillside, and up into the tree, but he could come here again; he was here and could stay here.

On the way he thought how he could explain to the woman what he wanted to do for her. He would bend down and show her how he could pull up the weeds; then he would show her by a gesture that he knew how to hoe.

There stood already the old castle of La Tour before him, with its two high, weather-beaten towers, which he had looked at so many times. All around and high up thick ivy covered the old walls, and above them multitudes of merry birds were chirping. Sami had to stop and listen to their happy singing for a while, then he went along by the high old wall around the courtyard, for he wanted to see if it was still the same as before down below in the lonely place where the water kept falling on the old stones and singing a gentle song.

He had once stood there a long time with his grandmother. There lay the place before him, but it was not lonely. A big wagon was standing there, with a gray cover stretched over it. No horse stood in front of it, but a thin nag was nibbling the hedge, and this evidently belonged to the wagon. Near the old castle tower a fire was blazing merrily; a man was sitting by it, hammering with all his might. Close by him four little children were crawling around on the ground. Sami stood still at this unexpected sight, then came slowly a little nearer. Then he heard the man warning the children not to come so near the fire. This he was doing in Sami's own language, exactly as all the people in Zweisimmen had spoken. This gave courage to Sami; he came along quite near, and watched the man mend a hole in an old pan.

"Does it please you?" asked the man, after Sami had looked on attentively for some time. The boy answered by nodding his head.

"Are you French, that you can't talk?" asked the man again.

Sami then said he could talk, but not at all in French, but he was glad that the tinker spoke German, because otherwise he would not be able to understand any one there.

"Whom do you belong to?" asked the man again.

"Nobody," answered Sami.

Then the man wanted to know where he had come from and why he had come among the French. Sami

told him his history, and how he had only come there again that morning.

"And now don't you know at all what you are going to do, and where you are going?" asked the man.

Sami said he did not.

"If I knew that you would do something, and not just stand around and look in the air, I would give you work," continued the man, "but such stray waifs as you are not willing to do anything."

Meanwhile a woman had come from the wagon. She had heard her husband's last words.

"Take him," she said. "What work is there for him? He might run errands; all boys can do that. I never get through with the running about and the four bawlers, and the cooking besides; take him!"

"Well, stay here," said the man; "you can carry the pan back; it is very good that you know the way."

Sami had suddenly found a place; he did not himself know how, but he was very glad about it. Quite content, he started out with his pan and did exactly as the tinker had told him. He wandered through the long street of La Tour, went into every house and showed his mended pan. He made significant gestures, to make the people understand that he would like to get more articles to mend. This he did so eagerly and earnestly that most of the people burst out laughing, and this put them in such good humor that they always found a pan or a kettle with a hole in it which they handed him to be repaired.

Thus in a short time Sami had collected as much old stuff as he was able to carry, and could now take his pan to the house pointed out to him, where it belonged. Then he turned back.

The tinker was very much pleased with Sami's harvest and his wife said very kindly, if he kept on doing like that, he would get along all right, but he must sit down at once and have some supper. The four little children were no longer there. Sami guessed that they were lying out in the wagon asleep. On the fire a pot was now standing. It was bubbling merrily inside and from under the cover came forth a very inviting odor. Sami had never been so hungry in his life before, for he had had nothing the whole day but the rest of the piece of bread which the driver had given him the day before in Château d'Œux.

The woman took the cover off the pot and filled three dishes with the good-smelling soup. Each of the three now placed his dish before him on the ground, and the meal began.

Nothing had ever tasted so good to Sami in all his life as this soup. It was not a thin soup, it was as thick as pulp, of cooked peas and potatoes, and with this quite large lumps of meat came into his spoon.

When he had finished, the woman said:

" You can go to sleep whenever you want to. In the back of the wagon there is room, and your bundle will make a good pillow."

This seemed a little strange to Sami, and he said:

"Must I sleep in my clothes?"

The woman thought he would find that he would not be too warm in the night. He would be ready all the sooner in the morning. Then he could wash his face quickly down in the lake and be all in order again for the next day.

Sami was tired. He went immediately to the wagon and climbed up from the back, and was able to slip in under the big cover. There was a little room where he could lie down, and next him came the four little children, one after another. Sami sat down and said his evening prayer. Then he thought of his grandmother for a while, and what she would say if she could see him thus in the wagon, and know that he would have to sleep all the time in his clothes, and if only she could see how it looked in the wagon, so dirty and in disorder. She had been so neat and orderly about everything and had kept him so clean from a baby up. But she had never spoken to him about this, as about other things which he must avoid, and perhaps the people were quite God-fearing; then he ought to stay with them. That would be as his grandmother wished. Then he placed his bundle under his head, and went peacefully to sleep.

VI

SAMI SINGS TOO

Sami had now been working five days for the tinker, and had passed his nights in the wagon. He was well treated, for the man and his wife were pleased with him. Every day Sami dragged along such a pile of old pans, pots and kettles, that they both wondered where he found them. His grandmother had not charged him in vain to do everything he had to do as well as he possibly could, because the dear Lord always saw what he was doing.

He never loitered on the way, and if a woman was going to send him away quickly and would not listen to him, then he looked at her so beseechingly that she would find an old pan somewhere and bring it out. From morning till night he ran with the greatest zeal, in order to get as much work as possible for his master, and the praise he won every evening he enjoyed as much as the savory soup which followed.

Nevertheless Sami was not very well contented. Every evening as he sat in the wagon, he had to think what his grandmother would say to all the dirt around him, and things pleased him less and less. The woman did not do for the little children as his grandmother had done for him. All four crawled around in the dirt and

looked so that Sami didn't care to have anything to do with them. If they cried they were knocked this way and that, and at night the woman took up one after another from the ground, put it in the wagon, pulled the dirty gray blanket over them and went away again.

The largest boy could talk quite well. He could have learned a little prayer long before this, but the woman never taught him any.

Such a homesickness for his grandmother now arose in Sami's heart every evening that he had to bury his head deep in his bundle, so that no one would hear him sob.

Often on his expeditions he would come near the wall, under the ash-trees, but he never went over to it, for he had to work and did not dare sit idle and listen to the birds. But every time he had looked longingly there and sent a whistle from a distance as greeting to the birds.

From the old house on the hillside, from which one could look down at the ash-trees and the wall, he had brought a little kettle to the tinker, and was delighted at the thought of taking it back again, for then he could look down there for a moment and perhaps hear the birds.

Two days had passed, and Sami hoped that on the following day the little kettle would be ready. When he returned that evening to the fire with his last collection, the tinker was sitting thoughtfully there, turning the little kettle round and round in his hands. His wife

was looking over his shoulder and both were scrutinizing the old kettle as if it were something that was quite unusual.

"It is as like the other as if it were its brother," said the wife. "You know how the man said you must not spoil the pictures scratched on it, and on that account he gave you so much more for it. Here are exactly the same figures on this, and the nose in front has just the same curve as the other, which he would not have mended for fear it would be spoiled."

"I see it all, surely," said the man, "but I don't know what can be done about it. With the other one I could say, it couldn't be mended any more, for it looked much worse than this, and the people didn't know that the old stuff was worth anything, and I wouldn't have believed it was myself."

"They won't know either. The boy brought the kettle from the old house up there. They only know the ground they hoe, but not such a thing as this. Just say it can't be mended any more, it is not good for anything, and give them something for the copper. They will be satisfied enough. If we go back to Bern we will take it to the man, who will give eighty francs for it."

"That is true. We can do that," said the man, delighted; "perhaps they won't want anything for the kettle when they know they can't use it any more. Come, Sami," he called to the boy, who stood staring at them on the other side of the fire, and had heard and

understood everything—" come here, I want to tell you something."

Sami obeyed.

" Run quickly up to the old house, where you brought the little kettle from, and say it isn't good for anything, that it can't be mended any more."

Sami, filled with horror, stared at the man.

" Now hurry up and go along," said his wife, who was still standing there; " you understand well enough what you have to do."

Sami continued looking at the man without moving, as if he really had not understood his words.

" What is the matter with you? Why don't you hurry along? " snarled the man to him.

" I can't do that. You are not God-fearing if you do such a thing as that," said Sami.

" What is it to you, what I do? Be quick and go along! " commanded the tinker, and his wife screamed angrily:

" Do you think a little beggar like you is going to tell us what is God-fearing? We ought to know much better than you! Will you do at once what you are told, or not? "

Sami did not stir.

" Will you go and do what I told you, or ——"

The man raised his hand high up. Sami was pale with fright. Suddenly he turned around, ran to the wagon, took his bundle out, and ran with all his might up the road, turned to the right between the high walls

and rushed on into the open field. Not a moment did he stop running, until he had reached the ash-trees. The spot was like a place of refuge to him. Breathless, he sat down on the wall. The twilight was already coming on and it was perfectly still all around. No one had run after him as he feared. He was quite alone.

Now he began to think. It was all done so quickly that he had only now come to his senses. Yes, it was right that he had run away, for what he had to do was something wrong, and he had to come away because they were not God-fearing. It surely would seem right to his grandmother that he had done this. But where should he go now? The people had all gone home from the fields, perhaps were already asleep. Up in the ash-trees not one little bird made a single sound. They were surely all in their nests and fast asleep. If the dear Lord kept them up there in the trees safe from all harm, so that they could sleep so well, He would surely protect him too under the trees. In this spot he always had the feeling that his grandmother was nearer to him than anywhere else, and this gave him confidence. So he laid himself down under the trees quite trustfully and immediately after he had ended his evening prayer, his eyes closed, for the brook was murmuring such a beautiful slumber song under the ash-trees there.

Golden sunshine was streaming in Sami's eyes when he awoke. Above him all the birds were warbling their morning song up into the blue sky. It sounded like pure thanksgiving and delight. It awakened in Sami's

heart the same tones, and he had to sing praise and thanksgiving, for the dear Lord had protected him too so well through the night and let His golden sun shine on him again. With a clear voice Sami joined in the glad chorus and sang a hymn of praise and thanksgiving, the only one he knew:

Last night Summer breezes blew:—
All the flowers awake anew.

And when he had come to the end, he sang like the merry finch with all his might:

Trust! Trust! Trust! Trust!
Only trust the dear Lord!

The song had awakened in Sami new assurance that he would find a piece of bread and some worthy work. This he wanted to look for now, for his grandmother had not impressed it upon him in vain from his earliest days, that in the morning after praying one should immediately go to work. So Sami started off.

He did not go down to the Lake this day, lest he should come near the tinker. With his bundle under his arm he wandered up the gradually rising field road. Where this crossed the narrow street, leading over to Clarens, Sami met a child's carriage which a girl was pushing in front of her. She wore a spotless white cap and a white apron. Over the carriage, too, was spread a snow-white cover, and out from under it peeped a

little head with bright golden hair and a little white hat on it.

This unusual neatness and the smart appearance of the carriage attracted Sami very much and he followed along the same way. On the white carriage robe was worked a wreath of blue silk, but not of flowers. It was of strange figures. The shining blue silk on the white cloth looked so beautiful that Sami could not keep his eyes away from it. Suddenly it became plain to him that the strange figures were letters, but he had never seen any like them in his life. Their appearance captivated him more and more. Then he began to try to see if he couldn't spell them out and perhaps read the words. He tried as hard as he could, but it was difficult. Sami kept beginning over again from the first. Finally he made out all the words. It was a proverb which read thus:

> So let the little angels sing:
> This child is safe beneath our wing.

This proverb reminded him so much of his grandmother; he didn't know why, but it seemed to him as if she had prayed exactly like this over his bed. The tears came to his eyes, and yet it seemed so good, just as if he had found his home again. The girl now turned suddenly to the left from the road, and went through the high iron gate which stood open, and led into a wide courtyard. Great, ancient plane-trees stood inside and cast their broad shade over the sunny courtyard. A

large flower garden surrounded the high stone house, which looked forth from behind the trees.

Sami followed the carriage into the courtyard. It stopped under the trees.

"What do you want here? That is the way out," said the girl impatiently to Sami, pointing so plainly to the gate that Sami would have understood the meaning of her words even if her language had been foreign. But it was surely German, and he had understood it all very well, although he could not speak like that himself. His grandmother had told him that there were people who spoke just like the reading in the books.

Sami did not reply, and the girl did not wait for him. She snatched the child quickly out of the carriage, took the beautiful robe over her arm, and went into the house.

Meanwhile a little girl had come out of the house and was standing at some distance gazing at Sami with two big eyes. Now she came quickly forward, jumped nimbly into the empty carriage, and said:

"Come, give me a ride!"

"Where?" asked Sami.

"Out there along the road, and far, far away!"

Sami obeyed immediately. For a long while he trotted along without stopping. The little girl seemed to enjoy the ride. She looked so eagerly around with her bright eyes on every side, as if she couldn't see enough. Then they came to a meadow thick with flowers.

"Hold still! Hold still!" cried the little one suddenly, and sprang with a big jump out of the low carriage.

"Now we must have all the flowers, every single one! Come!"

And the little girl was already in the midst of the grass, stamping bravely forward. But Sami said quite prudently:

"You mustn't go so into the grass. It is forbidden. But see, if we go around outside and take all the flowers you can reach, there will be a big bunch."

The little one came out, for she knew that she ought not to do what was forbidden. Then the flowers were gathered according to Sami's advice, but the little companion soon had enough of such exertion, seated herself on the ground and said:

"Come, sit down by me. But you must not speak French to me. I have to learn that with Madame Laurent, but I would rather speak German, and you must do so too."

"I don't speak French, I don't know how," replied Sami; "but I can't speak like you either."

"Where do you come from then, if you don't speak German and don't speak French?" the little one wanted to know.

Sami thought for a moment, then he said:

"First I came from Chailly and then from Zweisimmen."

"No, no," interrupted the little one warmly. "Peo-

ple are never from two places, only from one. I am from Berlin, in Germany, you see. Then Papa bought an estate and now we are living on Lake Geneva. What is your name?"

Sami told her.

"And my name is Betti. Why did you come into the courtyard when Tina wanted to send you out?"

Sami had to think for a while, then he said:

"Because those words were on the robe, I knew they were God-fearing people where it belonged, and my grandmother told me I must stay with such people and never go away, for I should learn nothing but good from them."

"Must you stay with us now, and never go away again?" asked little Betti eagerly.

"Yes, I think so," answered Sami. "Perhaps I can weed the garden."

"That is right," said Betti, delighted. "You see, Tina will not take me in the carriage; she says I am too big. Will you take me every day in the carriage to the meadow for ever so many hours?"

"Yes, indeed, I will do that gladly," promised Sami, "and you shall have all the flowers. Then I will take you besides to the trees where all the birds sing 'Only trust the dear Lord!' and where the finch cries so loud above them all: 'Trust! Trust! Trust! Trust!' Have you heard him too?"

At this description little Betti's eyes grew bigger and brighter with expectation.

" Come now, let's go right away to the birds," she exclaimed, jumped up and ran in haste to the carriage.

Sami followed.

At this moment Tina, with a very red face, came running up from below. Her looks did not portend anything good.

" So I have found you at last," she cried angrily from a distance. " Everybody is running around looking for you—your three brothers, the servants, the coachman—everybody! I have run myself half dead for you. Sit down in the carriage, you naughty little thing. The little tramp can go where he likes. No, he must come back again; his bundle is lying in the courtyard. So he can pull the carriage if he has to come with us."

Little Betti did not seem very much frightened by this lively speech. She climbed quickly into the carriage and said gayly: " Go ahead, Sami! "

He obeyed quite crushed, for now he could only return for his bundle; then he would have to go away again, and he had so firmly believed this was the place where he was to stay according to his grandmother's advice, and it had pleased him so much. He had started out in the morning full of trust from the song of the birds, and now he was returning very downhearted the same way.

When the three on their way home came to the courtyard, a tall man was standing there, looking out up and down the road; a lady was coming out of the house and going in again very restlessly, and three young boys

were running first one way and then another, screaming at the top of their voices:

"She is nowhere to be seen! She is nowhere to be seen!"

But there she was, drawn by Sami, just coming into the courtyard. Before any question, reproach or accusation could be heard in regard to the unlawful expedition, Betti had run straight to her papa, and in his delight that she was safely there again, he had taken her in his arms, and with the greatest eagerness she said:

"He will take me every day in the carriage, Papa, the whole day long, if I like, and bring all the flowers to me, because I must not go in the high grass. And he must always stay with us, because his grandmother knew about it, and, Papa, think, he knows birds that sing a whole song, and the finch sings above them all: 'Trust! Trust!' We were going right to see them when Tina came and we had to come home. But now we can go, can't we, Papa, right away? Sami will take me there again; he isn't tired yet. Only say yes, Papa."

"Your story is wonderful," said her papa, laughing. "Where is the little coachman whom you have engaged and who, according to his grandmother's advice, must stay with us?"

Meanwhile the three brothers had come running along and, together with their mother, stood near their father under the gateway, so that Sami, who with his bundle on his arm was trying to go out, could not pass through, and had betaken himself very quietly to a corner of the

courtyard. The master of the house now placed his daughter on the ground and looked towards the boy. But he was already surrounded, for during their little sister's story the three brothers had made their examination and calculation and then had turned to the boy. Nine-year-old Edward had decided with satisfaction that Sami was the one he had for a long time needed, for since the donkey, which had been given to him at Christmas, had overturned him and his little cart three times running, his father had forbidden him to drive out again without the coachman, Johann. But when Edward wanted to go out driving Johann was always occupied some other way, and when Johann announced that he could go it didn't suit Edward at all. Now Sami was found, an attendant whom he could call whenever he wanted him.

Eleven-year-old Karl was an enthusiastic archer, but to have to be always running after his arrows after they were shot and to hunt for them was very irksome to him. Suddenly some one was found whom he could make use of to hunt for his arrows.

Fourteen-year-old Arthur had permission to sail in his boat on the lake, but he needed some one to steer for him. Now here was a satisfactory boy, on the spot, whom he could teach, and have to steer for him. So it happened that there was a great uproar when their papa drew near the group in the corner of the courtyard.

"Keep him, Papa, I have enough work for him to

do!" cried Arthur, while Karl's voice was heard above his screaming:

"Let him stay here, Papa, please, I need him so much!"

But Edward's piercing voice was heard above the other two:

"Papa, he can drive the donkey, he must stay with us, then Johann won't need to come with me any longer!"

And in the midst of all sounded Betti's high little voice, untiringly:

"Can we go to see the birds now, Papa? Can we go now to the birds?"

Then Papa turned away from the noisy group and said, laughing:

"My dear wife, what do you say to this whole story?"

The lady addressed had until now listened silently and watched Sami, whose eyes grew brighter and brighter the louder the children begged for him to stay. She looked at him kindly and said first of all she would like to know from him where he came from, and what the story which Betti told about his grandmother meant; he ought to tell where he had been living hitherto, who his parents were and who his grandmother was.

The kind lady had inspired Sami with great confidence and he now told from the beginning all that he knew about his life up to the present moment, and also how he had come into the courtyard, on account of the

proverb, which led him to believe that here lived the people with whom he should stay.

When Sami came to an end, the lady turned to her husband and said:

" It is the dear Lord who has led him here. We cannot send him away! "

The children all shouted together for joy.

" Can we go to the birds now, Papa? Right away? " repeated Betti with irrepressible eagerness.

" By and by, by and by," said her father, soothingly. " Sami is going with me first up to Chailly, to show me where Herr Malon lives. I want to talk with him. When we come back, we will see what to do first."

The mother understood that her husband wanted to have Herr Malon's assurance that everything Sami had told was true, and held back the children, who all four were anxious to explain immediately to Sami what they desired of him.

" But bring him back again, Papa! " cried Betti following after them as they started away.

Herr Malon was very much surprised to see Sami again, and moreover in such company, for he recognized the master of the plane-tree estate at once. After the first greeting Sami was sent outdoors for a little, and this delighted him very much, for now he could look at the garden again and the crooked maple-tree, under which he had so often sat with his grandmother.

Herr Malon assured his guest that all Sami's words were correct and besides gave a description of Old Mary

Ann, her fidelity and conscientiousness, so that the gentleman was very glad to have such good news to carry to his wife.

A loud shout of delight welcomed them on their return, and still louder was the applause, when their father announced that Sami was henceforth to remain in the house and be the children's playmate.

Sami did not know what to make of it. Since his grandmother's death, no one had shown the slightest pleasure in his presence; on the contrary everywhere he had felt as if he were tolerated only out of pity, and now he was received with loud rejoicing by the children of a house to which he had been more attracted than anywhere else before, and where his grandmother would be glad to see him; of that he was sure.

His heart was so overflowing with joy that he wanted to sing aloud and give praise and thanksgiving evermore like the finch:

Trust! Trust! Only trust the dear Lord!

* * * * *

It is now ten years since Sami entered the plane-tree estate. Whoever passes by there on a beautiful Spring day will surely stand still at the high iron gateway and listen for a little, for there is seldom heard such a merry song as sounds from the thick branches of the plane-trees. Up in the tree sits the young gardener pruning the branches. At the same time he sings continually,

like the merriest finch, and carols loudest the end of his song, accompanied by all the birds:

Only trust the dear Lord!

The young gardener is Sami. At first he received a good knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic with the children of the house; later, according to his great wish, he was trained as a gardener of the estate. But he is now not only gardener, he has much more to oversee about the estate than any one would imagine. Arthur, who has just finished his studies, is still an ardent sailor. Without Sami, no trip is possible, and Arthur is apt to say:

" Without God's help and Sami's assistance I should have been drowned twenty times."

When Karl comes from the university in his vacation, his first question is, " Where is Sami? " and this he asks numberless times every day, for without him he can never get ready. He alone knows where to find everything Karl needs in vacation-time for his amusements, from his old bow and quiver up to his riding whip and gun.

Edward has now given up his donkey cart and instead is interested in strange animals, which have their dwelling-place in the back of the courtyard and often make a great spectacle there. He owns two marmots, two parrots and a monkey. No one could manage these and keep them in order but Sami, and he does it so well and so successfully that Edward often exclaims:

"Without Sami everything we have would go to ruin, animals and people, the animals for want of proper care and the people from anger over it."

But Betti still remains Sami's greatest friend. She can call him at any hour of the day she pleases, Sami is immediately on the spot, and Betti knows he is more devoted than any one else and besides can keep secrets like a stone. No one knows how many little notes he has to carry every week to the neighboring estates. Sami will not tell, for her brothers would laugh at their sister Betti's endless correspondence which she has with numerous girl friends around on all the estates. Sami is her most devoted friend, for he would run through fire and water for her without hesitation. He never forgets what persuasive words in his behalf Betti used with her father, when, broken-hearted, he was going to fetch his bundle and go away again.

The youngest, Ella, with golden curls, who has taken over the donkey and cart from her brother Edward, is entrusted to Sami's especial care when she desires to go for a drive. Whenever she brings out her white robe to spread over her knees, Sami's eyes sparkle with delight and thankfulness as he remembers how the proverb led him to his good fortune, and still more at the memory of his grandmother, who brought about all this good, and whom he never forgets.

When, recently, a lady, owning one of the neighboring estates, proposed to Herr von K. to transfer his merry gardener to her, merely because the servants in

her own house always wore such sullen faces, he replied:

" You can have him, just as much as you can have one of my own children, if you should try to entice one away. Sami is the most faithful, trustworthy, conscientious person who has ever come in my way. I can leave my whole house and go wherever I will, I know that everything will be taken care of, as if I stood by. This is so because Sami has another Master besides me, before whose eyes he performs all his work. The dear Lord Himself sent my glad-hearted Sami to me, and I esteem him. He belongs to my house, and it shall remain his home! "

Moni, The Goat-Boy

I

ALL IS WELL WITH MONI

IT is a long, steep climb up to the Bath House at Fideris, after leaving the road leading up through the long valley of Prättigau. The horses pant so hard on their way up the mountain that you prefer to dismount and clamber up on foot to the green summit.

After a long ascent, you come first to the village of Fideris, which lies on the pleasant green height, and from there you go on farther into the mountains, until the lonely buildings connected with the Baths appear, surrounded on all sides by rocky mountains. The only trees that grow up there are firs, covering the peaks and rocks, and it would all look very gloomy if the delicate mountain flowers with their brilliant coloring were not peeping forth everywhere through the low pasture grass.

One clear summer evening two ladies stepped out of the Bath House and went along the narrow footpath, which begins to mount not far from the house and soon becomes very steep as it ascends to the high, towering crags. At the first projection they stood still and looked around, for this was the very first time they had come to the Baths.

"It is not very lively up here, Aunt," said the younger, as she let her eyes wander around. "Nothing but rocks and fir woods, and then another mountain and more fir-trees on it. If we are to stay here six weeks, I should like occasionally to see something more amusing."

"It would not be very amusing, at all events, if you should lose your diamond cross up here, Paula," replied the aunt, as she tied together the red velvet ribbon from which hung the sparkling cross. "This is the third time I have fastened the ribbon since we arrived; I don't know whether it is your fault or the ribbon's, but I do know that you would be very sorry if it were lost."

"No, no," exclaimed Paula, decidedly, "the cross must not be lost, on any account. It came from my grandmother and is my greatest treasure."

Paula herself seized the ribbon, and tied two or three knots one after the other, to make it hold fast. Suddenly she pricked up her ears: "Listen, listen, Aunt, now something really lively is coming."

A merry song sounded from far above them; then came a long, shrill yodel; then there was singing again.

The ladies looked upwards, but could see no living thing. The footpath was very crooked, often passing between tall bushes and then between projecting slopes, so that from below one could see up only a very short distance. But now there suddenly appeared something alive on the slopes above, in every place where the narrow path could be seen, and louder and nearer sounded the singing.

"See, see, Aunt, there! Here! See there! See there!" exclaimed Paula with great delight, and before the aunt was aware of it, three, four goats came bounding down, and more and more of them, each wearing around the neck a little bell so that the sound came from every direction. In the midst of the flock came the goat-boy leaping along, and singing his song to the very end:

> And in winter I am happy,
> For weeping is in vain,
> And, besides, the glad springtime
> Will soon come again.

Then he sounded a frightful yodel and immediately with his flock stood right before the ladies, for with his bare feet he leaped as nimbly and lightly as his little goats.

"I wish you good-evening!" he said as he looked gayly at the two ladies, and would have continued on his way. But the goat-boy with the merry eyes pleased the ladies.

"Wait a minute," said Paula. "Are you the goat-boy of Fideris? Do the goats belong to the village below?"

"Yes, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Do you go up there with them every day?"

"Yes, surely."

"Is that so? and what is your name?"

"Moni is my name ——"

"Will you sing me the song once more, that you have just sung? We heard only one verse."

"It is too long," explained Moni; "it would be too late for the goats, they must go home." He straightened his weather-beaten cap, swung his rod in the air, and called to the goats which had already begun to nibble all around: "Home! Home!"

"You will sing to me some other time, Moni, won't you?" called Paula after him.

"Surely I will, and good-night!" he called back, then trotted along with the goats, and in a short time the whole flock stood still below, a few steps from the Bath House by the rear building, for here Moni had to leave the goats belonging to the house, the beautiful white one and the black one with the pretty little kid. Moni treated the last with great care, for it was a delicate little creature and he loved it more than all the others. It was so attached to him that it ran after him continually all day long. He now led it very tenderly along and placed it in its shed; then he said:

"There, Mäggerli, now sleep well; are you tired? It is really a long way up there, and you are still so little. Now lie right down, so, in the nice straw!"

After he had put Mäggerli to bed in this way, he hurried along with his flock, first up to the hill in front of the Baths, and then down the road to the village.

Here he took out his little horn and blew so vigorously into it, that it resounded far down into the valley. From all the scattered houses the children now came running out; each rushed upon his goat, which he knew a long way off; and from the houses near by, one woman and

then another seized her little goat by the cord or the horn, and in a short time the entire flock was separated and each creature came to its own place. Finally Moni stood alone with the brown one, his own goat, and with her he now went to the little house on the side of the mountain, where his grandmother was waiting for him, in the doorway.

" Has all gone well, Moni? " she asked pleasantly, and then led the brown goat to her shed, and immediately began to milk her. The grandmother was still a robust woman and cared for everything herself in the house and in the shed and everywhere kept order. Moni stood in the doorway of the shed and watched his grandmother. When the milking was ended, she went into the little house and said: " Come, Moni, you must be hungry."

She had everything already prepared. Moni had only to sit down at the table; she seated herself next him, and although nothing stood on the table but the bowl of corn-meal mush cooked with the brown goat's milk, Moni hugely enjoyed his supper. Then he told his grandmother what he had done through the day, and as soon as the meal was ended he went to bed, for in the early dawn he would have to start forth again with the flock.

In this way Moni had already spent two summers. He had been goat-boy so long and become so accustomed to this life and grown up together with his little charges that he could think of nothing else. Moni had lived with

his grandmother ever since he could remember. His mother had died when he was still very little; his father soon after went with others to military service in Naples, in order to earn something, as he said, for he thought he could get more pay there.

His wife's mother was also poor, but she took her daughter's deserted baby boy, little Solomon, home at once and shared what she had with him. He brought a blessing to her cottage and she had never suffered want.

Good old Elizabeth was very popular with every one in the whole village, and when, two years before, another goat-boy had to be appointed, Moni was chosen with one accord, since every one was glad for the hard-working Elizabeth that now Moni would be able to earn something. The pious grandmother had never let Moni start away a single morning without reminding him:

"Moni, never forget how near you are up there to the dear Lord, and that He sees and hears everything, and you can hide nothing from His eyes. But never forget, either, that He is near to help you. So you have nothing to fear, and if you can call upon no human being up there, you have only to call to the dear Lord in your need, and He will hear you immediately and come to your aid."

So from the very first Moni went full of trust up to the lonely mountains and the highest crags, and never had the slightest fear or dread, for he always thought:

"The higher up, the nearer I am to the dear Lord, and so all the safer whatever may happen."

So Moni had neither care nor trouble and could enjoy everything he did from morning till night. It was no wonder that he whistled and sang and yodeled continually, for he had to give vent to his great happiness.

II

MONI'S LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE following morning Paula awoke earlier than ever before; a loud singing had awakened her out of sleep.

"That is surely the goat-boy so soon," she said, springing out of bed and running to the window.

Quite right. With fresh, red cheeks there stood Moni below, and he had just brought the old goat and the little kid out of the goat shed. Now he swung his rod in the air, the goats leaped and sprang around him, and then he went along with the whole flock. Suddenly Moni raised his voice again and sang until the mountains echoed:

Up yonder in the fir-trees
Sing the birds in a choir,
And after the rain comes,
Comes the sun like a fire.

"To-day he must sing his whole song for me once," said Paula, for Moni had now disappeared and she could no longer understand the words of his distant song.

In the sky the rosy morning clouds were disappearing and a cool mountain breeze rustled around Moni's ears, as he climbed up. This he thought just right. He yodeled with satisfaction from the first ledge so lustily down into the valley that many of the sleepers in the Bath House below opened their eyes in amazement, then closed them again at once, for they recognized the sound and knew that they could have an hour longer to sleep, since the goat-boy always came so early. Meanwhile Moni climbed with his goats for an hour longer, farther and farther up to the high cliffs above.

The higher up he mounted, the broader and more beautiful became the view. From time to time he looked around him, then gazed up into the bright sky, which was becoming bluer and bluer, then began to sing with all his might, louder and louder and more merrily the higher he came:

Up yonder in the fir-trees,
Sing the birds in a choir,
And after the rain comes,
Comes the sun like a fire.

And the sun and the stars
And the moon in the night,
The dear Lord has made them
To give us delight.

In the spring there are flowers—
They are yellow and gold,
And so blue is the sky then
My joy can't be told.

And in summer there are berries,
There are plenty if it's fine,
And the red ones and black ones,
I eat all from the vine.

If there are nuts in the bushes
I know what to do.
Where the goats like to nibble,
There I can hunt too.

And in winter I'm happy,
For weeping's in vain,
And, besides, the glad springtime
Will soon come again.

Now the height was reached where he usually stayed, and where he was going to remain for a while to-day. It was a little green table-land, with so broad a projection that one could see from the top all round about and far, far down into the valley. This projection was called the Pulpit-rock, and here Moni could often stay for hours at a time, gazing about him and whistling away, while his little goats quite contentedly sought their feed around him.

As soon as Moni arrived, he took his provision bag from his back, laid it in a little hole in the ground, which he had dug out for this purpose, then went to the Pulpit-rock and threw himself on the grass in order to enjoy himself fully.

The sky had now become a deep blue; above were the high mountains with peaks towering to the sky and great ice-fields appearing, and far away down below the

The higher he mounted the more beautiful became the view.

green valley shone in the morning light. Moni lay there, looking about, singing and whistling. The mountain wind cooled his warm face, and as soon as he stopped whistling, the birds piped all the more lustily and flew up into the blue sky. Moni was indescribably happy. From time to time Mäggerli came to Moni and rubbed her head around on his shoulder, as she always did out of sheer affection. Then she bleated quite fondly, went to Moni's other side and rubbed her head on the other shoulder. The other goats also, first one and then another, came to look at their keeper and each had her own way of paying the visit.

The brown one, his own goat, came very cautiously and looked at him to see if he was all right, then she would stand and gaze at him until he said: " Yes, yes, Braunli, it's all right, go and look for your fodder."

The young white one and Swallow, so called because she was so small and nimble and darted everywhere, like swallows into their holes, always rushed together upon Moni, so that they would have thrown him down, if he had not already been stretched out on the ground, and then they immediately darted off again.

The shiny Blackie, the goat belonging to the landlord of the Bath House, Mäggerli's mother, was a little proud; she came only to within a few steps of Moni, looked at him with her head lifted, as if she wouldn't appear too familiar, and then went her way again. The big Sultan, the billy-goat, never showed himself but once, then he pushed away all he found near Moni, and

bleated several times as significantly as if he had information to give about the condition of the flock, whose leader he felt himself to be.

Little Mäggerli alone never allowed herself to be crowded away from her protector; if the billy-goat came and tried to push her aside, she crept so far under Moni's arm or head that the big Sultan no longer came near her, and so under Moni's protection the little kid was not the least bit afraid of him. Otherwise she would have trembled if he came near her.

Thus the sunny morning had passed; Moni had already taken his midday meal and now stood thinking as he leaned on his stick, which he often needed there, for it was very useful in climbing up and down. He was thinking whether he would go up to a new side of the rocks, for he wanted to go higher this afternoon with the goats, but the question was, to which side? He decided to take the left, for in that direction were the three Dragon-stones, around which grew such tender shrubs that it was a real feast for the goats.

The way was steep, and there were dangerous places in the rugged wall of rock; but he knew a good path, and the goats were so sensible and did not easily go astray. He began to climb and all his goats gayly clambered after him, some in front, some behind him, little Mäggerli always quite close to him; occasionally he held her fast and pulled her along with him, when he came to a very steep place.

All went quite well and now they were at the top,

and with high bounds the goats ran immediately to the green bushes, for they knew well the fine feed which they had often nibbled up here before.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" commanded Moni, "don't push each other to the steep places, for in a moment one of you might go down and have your legs broken. Swallow! Swallow! what are you thinking of?" he called full of excitement, up to the goat, for the nimble Swallow had climbed up to the high Dragon-stones and was now standing on the outermost edge of one of them and looking quite impertinently down on him. He climbed up quickly, for only a single step more and Swallow would be lying below at the foot of the precipice. Moni was very agile; in a few minutes he had climbed up on the crag, quickly seized Swallow by the leg, and pulled her down.

"Now come with me, you foolish little beast, you," scolded Moni, as he dragged Swallow along with him to the others, and held her fast for a while, until she had taken a good bite of a shrub and thought no more of running away.

"Where is Mäggerli?" screamed Moni suddenly, as he noticed Blackie standing alone in a steep place, and not eating, but quietly looking around her. The little young kid was always near Moni, or running after its mother.

"What have you done with your little kid, Blackie?" he called in alarm and sprang towards the goat. She seemed quite strange, was not eating, but stood still in

the same spot and pricked up her ears inquiringly. Moni placed himself beside her and looked up and down. Now he heard a faint, pitiful bleating; it was Mäggerli's voice, and it came from below so plaintive and beseeching. Moni lay down on the ground and leaned over. There below something was moving; now he saw quite plainly, far down Mäggerli was hanging to the bough of a tree which grew out of the rock, and was moaning pitifully; she must have fallen over.

Fortunately the bough had caught her, otherwise she would have fallen into the ravine and met a sorry death. Even now if she could no longer hold to the bough, she would fall into the depths and be dashed to pieces.

In the greatest anguish he called down: "Hold fast, Mäggerli, hold fast to the bough! See, I am coming to get you!" But how could he reach there? The wall of rock was so steep here, Moni saw very well that it would be impossible to go down that way. But the little goat must be down there somewhere near the Rain-rock, the overhanging stone under which good protection was to be found in rainy weather; the goat-boys had always spent rainy days there, therefore the stone had been called from old times the Rain-rock. From there, Moni thought he could climb across over the rocks and so bring back the little kid.

He quickly whistled the flock together and went with them down to the place from which he could reach the Rain-rock. There he left them to graze and went to the rock. Here he immediately saw, just a little bit

above him, the bough of the tree, and the kid hanging to it. He saw very well that it would not be an easy task to climb up there and then down again with Mäggerli on his back, but there was no other way to rescue her. He also thought the dear Lord would surely stand by him, and then he could not possibly fail. He folded his hands, looked up to heaven and prayed: "Oh, dear Lord, help me, so that I can save Mäggerli!"

Then he was full of trust that all would go well, and bravely clambered up the rock until he reached the bough above. Here he clung fast with both feet, lifted the trembling, moaning little creature to his shoulders, and then climbed with great caution back down again. When he had the firm earth under his feet once more and had saved the terror-stricken kid, he was so glad he had to offer thanks aloud and cried up to heaven:

"Oh, dear Lord, I thank Thee a thousand times for having helped us so well! Oh, we are both so glad for it!" Then he sat down on the ground a little while, and stroked the kid, for she was still trembling in all her delicate limbs, and comforted her for enduring so much suffering.

As it was soon time for departure, Moni placed the little goat on his shoulders again, and said anxiously:

"Come, you poor Mäggerli, you are still trembling; you cannot walk home to-day, I must carry you ——" and so he carried the little creature, clinging close to him, all the way down.

Paula was standing on the last rise in front of the

Bath House, waiting for the goat-boy. Her aunt had accompanied her. When Moni came down with his burden on his back, Paula wanted to know if the kid was sick, and showed great interest. When Moni saw this, he at once sat down on the ground in front of Paula and told her his day's experience with Mäggerli.

The young lady showed very keen interest in the affair and stroked the little rescued creature, which now lay quietly in Moni's lap and looked very pretty, with its white feet, and the beautiful black pelt on its back. It was very willing to be stroked by her.

"Now sing your song again for me, while you are sitting here," said Paula. Moni was in such a gay frame of mind that he willingly and heartily began and sang his whole song to the end.

This pleased Paula exceptionally well and she said he must sing it to her often again. Then the whole company went together down to the Bath House. Here the kid was laid in its bed, Moni said farewell, and Paula went back to her room to talk with her aunt longer about the goat-boy, whose merry morning song she had enjoyed again.

III

A VISIT

Thus many days passed by, one as sunny and clear as the other, for it was an unusually beautiful summer,

and the sky remained blue and cloudless from morning till evening.

Every morning, early, without exception the goat-boy, singing lustily, went by the Bath House. Every evening he came back again singing lustily. All the guests were so accustomed to the merry sound that not one would have willingly missed it.

More than all the others, Paula delighted in Moni's joyfulness and went out almost every evening to meet him and talk with him.

One sunny morning Moni had once more reached the Pulpit-rock, and was about to throw himself down, when he changed his mind. "No, go on! The last time you had to leave all the nice little plants because we had to go after Mäggerli; now we will go up there again, so that you can finish nibbling them!"

The goats all leaped with delight after him, for they knew they were going up to the lovely bushes on the Dragon-stones. To-day Moni held his little Mäggerli the whole time fast in his arms, pulled the sweet plants himself from the rocks and let her eat out of his hand. This pleased the little goat best of all. She rubbed her head quite contentedly from time to time against Moni's shoulder and bleated happily. So the whole morning passed, before Moni noticed, from his own hunger, that it had grown late before he was aware of it. But he had left his luncheon below near the Pulpit-rock, in the little hole, for he had intended to return again at noon.

"Well, you have had your fill of good things, and I have had nothing," he said to his goats. "Now I must have something too, and you will find enough more down below. Come along!" Whereupon he gave a loud whistle, and the whole flock started away, the liveliest always ahead, and first of all light-footed Swallow, who was to meet something unexpected to-day. She sprang down from stone to stone and across many a cleft in the rocks, but all at once she could go no farther—directly in front of her suddenly stood a chamois and gazed with curiosity into her face. This had never happened to Swallow before! She stood still, looked questioningly at the stranger and waited for the chamois to get out of her way and let her leap to the boulder, as she intended. But the chamois did not stir and gazed boldly into Swallow's eyes. So they stood facing each other, more and more obstinate, and might have stood there until now, if the big Sultan had not come along in the meantime. As soon as he saw the state of things, he stepped quite considerately past Swallow and suddenly pushed the chamois aside so far and with such violence, that she had to make a daring leap, not to fall down over the rocks. Swallow went triumphantly on her way, and the Sultan marched proudly and contentedly behind her, for he felt himself to be the sure protector of the goats in his flock.

Meanwhile Moni coming down from above, and another goat-boy coming up from below, met at the same spot and looked at each other in astonishment. But

they were well acquainted, and after the first surprise greeted each other cordially. It was Jörgli from Küblis. Half the morning he had been looking in vain for Moni and now he met him up here, where he had not expected to find him.

"I didn't suppose you came up so high with the goats," said Jörgli.

"To be sure I do," replied Moni, "but not always; usually I stay by the Pulpit-rock and around there. Why have you come up here?"

"To make you a visit," was the reply. "I have something to tell you. Besides, I have two goats here, that I am bringing to the landlord at the Baths. He is going to buy one, and so I thought I would come up to see you."

"Are they your own goats?" asked Moni.

"Surely, they are ours. I don't tend strange ones any longer. I am not a goat-boy now."

Moni was very much surprised at this, for Jörgli had become the goat-boy of Küblis at the same time he had been made goat-boy of Fideris, and Moni did not understand how Jörgli could give it up without a single murmur.

Meanwhile the goat-boys and their flocks had reached the Pulpit-rock. Moni brought out bread and a small piece of dried meat and invited Jörgli to share his midday meal. They both sat down on the Pulpit-rock and ate heartily, for it had grown very late and they had excellent appetites. When everything was eaten and

they had drunk a little goat's milk, Jörgli comfortably stretched himself at full length on the ground, and rested his head on both arms, but Moni remained sitting, for he always liked to look down into the deep valley below.

"But what are you now, Jörgli, if you are no longer goat-boy?" began Moni. "You must be something, you know."

"Surely I am something, and something very good," replied Jörgli, "I am egg-boy. Every day I carry eggs to all the hotels, as far as I can go; I come up here to the Bath House, too. Yesterday I was there."

Moni shook his head. "That's nothing. I wouldn't be an egg-boy; I would a thousand times rather be goat-boy, it is much finer."

"But why?"

"Eggs are not alive, you can't speak a word to them, and they don't run after you like the goats which are glad to see you when you come, and are fond of you, and understand every word you say to them; you can't have any pleasure with eggs as you can with the goats up here."

"Yes, and you," interrupted Jörgli, "what great pleasure do you have up here? Just now you have had to get up six times while we were eating, just on account of that silly kid, to prevent it from falling down below—is that a pleasure?"

"Yes, I like to do that! Isn't it so, Mäggerli? Come! Come here!" Moni jumped up and ran after the kid,

for it was making dangerous leaps for sheer joy. When he sat down again, Jörgli said:

"There is another way to keep the young goats from falling over the rocks, without having to be always jumping after them, as you do."

"What is it?" asked Moni.

"Drive a stick firmly into the ground and fasten the goat by the leg to it; she will kick furiously, but she can't get away."

"You needn't think I would do any such thing to the little kid!" said Moni quite angrily and drew Mäggerli to him and held her fast, as if to protect her from any such treatment.

"You really won't have to take care of that one much longer," began Jörgli again. "It won't come up here many times more."

"What? What? What did you say, Jörgli?" demanded Moni.

"Bah, don't you know about it? The landlord will not raise her, she is too weak; there never was a more feeble goat. He wanted to sell her to my father, but he wouldn't have her either; now the landlord is going to have her killed next week, and then he will buy our spotted one."

Moni had become quite pale from terror. At first he couldn't speak a word; but now he broke out and complained aloud over the little kid:

"No, no, that shall not be done, Mäggerli, it shall not be done. They shall not slay you, I can't bear

that. Oh, I would rather die with you; no, that cannot be!"

"Don't do so," said Jörgli, angrily, and pulled Moni up, for in his grief he had thrown himself face down on the ground. "Stand up, you know the kid really belongs to the landlord and he can do what he likes with her. Think no more about it! Come, I know something. See! See!" Whereupon Jörgli held out one hand to Moni, and with the other almost covered the object, which Moni was to admire; it sparkled wonderfully in his hand, for the sun shone straight into it.

"What is it?" asked Moni, when it sparkled again, lighted up by a sunbeam.

"Guess!"

"A ring?"

"No, but something like that."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Gave it to me? Nobody. I found it myself."

"Then it does not belong to you, Jörgli."

"Why not? I didn't take it from anybody. I almost stepped on it with my foot, then it would have been broken; so I can just as well keep it."

"Where did you find it?"

"Down by the Bath House, yesterday evening."

"Then some one from the house below lost it. You must tell the landlord, and if you don't, I will do it this evening."

"No, no, Moni, don't do that," said Jörgli, beseechingly. "See, I will show you what it is, and I will

sell it to a maid in one of the hotels, but she will surely have to give me four francs; then I will give you one or two, and nobody will know anything about it."

"I will not take it! I will not take it!" interrupted Moni, hotly, "and the dear Lord has heard everything you have said."

Jörgli looked up to the sky: "Oh, so far away," he said skeptically; but he immediately began to speak more softly.

"He hears you still," said Moni, confidently.

It was no longer Jörgli's secret. If he didn't know how to bring Moni to his side, all would be lost. He thought and thought.

"Moni," he said suddenly, "I will promise you something that will delight you, if you will not say anything to a human being about what I have found; you really don't need to take anything for it, then you will have nothing to do with it. If you will do as I say, I will make my father buy Mäggerli, so she will not be killed. Will you?"

A hard struggle arose in Moni. It was wrong to help keep the discovery secret. Jörgli had opened his hand. In it lay a cross set with a large number of stones, which sparkled in many colors. Moni realized that it was not a worthless thing which no one would inquire about; he felt exactly as if he himself should be keeping what did not belong to him if he remained silent. But on the other hand was the little, affectionate Mäggerli, that was going to be killed in a horrible way with

a knife, and he could prevent it if he kept silent. Even now the little kid was lying so trustfully beside him, as if she knew that he would always keep it; no, he could not let this happen, he must try to save it.

"Yes, I will, Jörgli," he said, but without any enthusiasm.

"Then it is a bargain!" and Jörgli offered his hand to Moni, that he might seal the argument, as that was the only way to make a promise binding.

Jörgli was very glad that now his secret was safe; but as Moni had become so quiet, and he had much farther to go to reach home than Moni, he considered it well to start along with his two goats. He said good-night to Moni and whistled for his two companions, which meanwhile had joined Moni's grazing goats, but not without much pushing and other doubtful behavior between the two parties, for the goats from Fideris had never heard that they ought to be polite to visitors and the goats from Küblis did not know that they ought not to seek out the best plants or push the others away from them, when they were visiting. When Jörgli had gone some distance down the mountain, Moni also started along with his flock, but he was very still and neither sang a note nor whistled, all the way home.

IV

MONI CAN NO LONGER SING

On the following morning Moni came up the path to the Bath House, just as silent and cast down as the evening before. He brought out the landlord's goats quietly and went on upwards, but he sang not a note, nor did he give a yodel up into the air; he let his head hang and looked as if he were afraid of something; now and then he looked around timidly, as if some one were coming after him to question him.

Moni could no longer be merry; he didn't know himself exactly why. He wanted to be glad that he had saved Mäggerli, and sing, but he couldn't express it. To-day the sky was covered with clouds, and Moni thought when the sun came out it would be different and he could be happy again.

When he reached the top, it began to rain quite hard. He took refuge under the Rain-rock, for it soon poured in streams from the sky.

The goats came, too, and placed themselves here and there under the rock. The aristocratic Blackie immediately wanted to protect her beautiful shiny coat and crept in under the rock before Moni did. She was now standing behind Moni and looking out from her comfortable corner into the pouring rain. Mäggerli was standing in front of its protector under the projecting

rock and gently rubbed its little head against his knee; then it looked up at him in surprise, because Moni did not say a word, and it was not accustomed to that. Moni sat thoughtfully, leaning on his staff, for in such weather he always kept it in his hand, to keep himself from slipping on the steep places, for on such days he wore shoes. Now, as he sat for hours under the Rain-rock, he had plenty of time for reflection.

Moni thought over what he had promised Jörgli, and it seemed to him that if Jörgli had taken something, he was practically doing the same thing himself, because Jörgli had promised to give him something or do something for him. He had surely done what was wrong, and the dear Lord was now against him. This he felt in his heart, and it was right that it was dark and rainy and that he was hidden under the rock, for he would not even have dared look up into the blue sky, as usual.

But there were still other things that Moni had to think about. If Mäggerli should fall down over a steep precipice again, and he wanted to get it, the dear Lord would no longer protect him, and he no longer dared to pray to Him about it and call upon Him, and so had no more safety; and if then he should slip and fall down with Mäggerli deep over the jagged rocks, and both of them should lie all torn and maimed! Oh, no, he said with anguish in his heart, that must not happen anyway; he must manage to be able to pray again and come to the dear Lord with everything that weighed on his heart; then he could be happy again, that he felt sure

of. Moni would throw off the weight that oppressed him, he would go and tell the landlord everything—But then? Then Jörgli would not persuade his father, and the landlord would slaughter Mäggerli. Oh, no! Oh, no! he couldn't bear that, and he said: "No, I will not do it! I will say nothing!" But he did not feel satisfied, and the weight on his heart grew heavier and heavier. Thus Moni's whole day passed.

He started home at evening as silent as he had come in the morning. When he found Paula standing near the Bath House, and she sprang quickly across to the goat-shed and asked sympathetically: "Moni, what is the matter? Why don't you sing any more?" he turned shyly away and said:

"I can't," and as quickly as possible made off with his goats.

Paula said to her aunt above: "If I only knew what was the matter with the goat-boy! He is quite changed. You wouldn't know him. If he would only sing again!"

"It must be the frightful rain which has silenced the boy so!" remarked the aunt.

"Everything all comes together; let us go home, Aunt," begged Paula, "there is no more pleasure here. First I lost my beautiful cross, and it can't be found; then comes this endless rain, and now we can't ever hear the merry goat-boy any more. Let us go away!"

"The cure must be finished, or it will do no good," explained the aunt.

It was also dark and gray on the following day, and

the rain poured down without ceasing. Moni spent the day exactly like the one before. He sat under the rock and his thoughts went restlessly round in a circle, for when he decided: "Now, I will go and confess the wrong, so that I shall dare to look up to the dear Lord again," then he saw the little kid under the knife before him and it all began over again in his mind from the beginning; so that with thinking and brooding, and the weight he carried, he was very tired by night, and crept home in the streaming rain as if he didn't notice it at all.

By the Bath House below the landlord was standing in the back doorway and called to Moni: "Come in with them. They are wet enough! Why, you are crawling down the mountain like a snail! I wonder what is the matter with you!"

The landlord had never been so unfriendly before. On the contrary he had always made the most friendly remarks to the merry goat-boy. But Moni's changed appearance did not please him, and besides he was in a worse humor than usual because Fräulein Paula had just complained to him about her loss and assured him that the valuable cross could only have been lost in the house or directly in front of the house-door. She had only stepped out on that day towards evening, to hear the goat-boy sing on his way home. To have it said that it was possible for such a costly thing to be lost in his house, beyond recovery, made him very cross. The day before he had called together the whole staff of servants, examined and threatened them, and finally

offered a reward to the finder. The whole house was in an uproar over the lost ornament.

When Moni with his goats passed by the front of the house, Paula was standing there. She had been waiting for him, for she wondered very much whether he would ever sing any more or be merry. As he now crept by, she called:

"Moni! Moni! Are you really the same goat-boy who used to sing from morning till night:

> "And so blue is the sky there
> My joy can't be told?"

Moni heard the words very well; he gave no answer, but they made a great impression on him.

Oh, how different it really was from the time when he could sing all day long and he felt exactly as he sang. Oh, if it could only be like that again!

Again Moni climbed up the mountain, silent and sad and without singing. The rain had now ceased, but thick fog hung around on the mountains, and the sky was still full of dark clouds. Moni again sat under the rock and battled with his thoughts. About noon the sky began to clear; it grew brighter and brighter. Moni came out of his cave and looked around. The goats once more sprang gayly here and there, and the little kid was quite frolicsome from delight at the returning sun and made the merriest leaps.

Moni stood on the Pulpit-rock and saw how it was growing brighter and more beautiful below in the

valley and above over the mountains beyond. Now the clouds scattered and the lovely light-blue sky looked down so cheerfully that it seemed to Moni as if the dear Lord were looking out of the bright-blue at him, and suddenly it became quite clear in his heart what he ought to do. He could not carry the wrong around with him any more; he must throw it off. Then Moni seized the little kid, that was jumping about him, took it in his arms and said tenderly: "Oh, Mäggerli, you poor Mäggerli! I have certainly done what I could, but it is wrong, and that must not be done. Oh, if only you didn't have to die! I can't bear it!"

And Moni began to cry so hard, that he could no longer speak, and the kid bleated pitifully and crept far under his arm, as if it wanted to cling to him and be protected. Then Moni lifted the little goat on his shoulders, saying:

"Come, Mäggerli, I will carry you home once more to-day. Perhaps I can't carry you like this much longer."

When the flock came down to the Bath House, Paula was again standing on the watch. Moni put the young goat with the black one in the shed, and instead of going on farther, he came towards the young lady and was going past her into the house. She stopped him.

"Still no singing, Moni? Where are you going with such a troubled face?"

"I have to tell about something," replied Moni, without lifting his eyes.

"Tell about something? What is it? Can't I know?"

"I must tell the landlord. Something has been found."

"Found? What is it? I have lost something, a beautiful cross."

"Yes, that is just what it is."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Paula, in the greatest surprise. "Is it a cross with sparkling stones?"

"Yes, exactly that."

"What have you done with it, Moni? Give it to me. Did you find it?"

"No, Jörgli from Küblis found it."

Then Paula wanted to know who he was and where he lived, and to send some one to Küblis at once to get the cross.

"I will go as fast as I can, and if he still has it I will bring it to you," said Moni.

"If he still has it?" said Paula. "Why shouldn't he still have it? And how do you know all about it, Moni? When did he find it, and how did you hear about it?"

Moni looked on the ground. He didn't dare say how it had all come about, and how he had helped to conceal the discovery until he could no longer bear it.

But Paula was very kind to Moni. She took him aside, sat down on the trunk of a tree beside him, and said with the greatest friendliness:

"Come, tell me all about how it happened, Moni, for I want so much to know everything from you."

Then Moni gained confidence and began to relate the whole story, and told her every word of his struggle about Mäggerli and how he had lost all happiness and dared no longer look up to the dear Lord, and how to-day he couldn't bear it any longer.

Then Paula talked with him very kindly and said he should have come immediately and told everything, and it was right that he had told her all now so frankly, and that he would not regret it. Then she said he could promise Jörgli ten francs, as soon as she had the cross in her hands again.

"Ten francs!" repeated Moni, full of astonishment, for he knew how Jörgli would have sold it for much less. Then Moni rose and said he would go right away that very day to Küblis, and if he got the cross he would bring it with him early the next morning. He ran along and was once more able to leap and jump, for he had a much lighter heart and the heavy burden no longer weighed him down to the ground.

When he reached home, he only put his goats in, told his grandmother he had an errand to do, and ran at once down to Küblis.

He found Jörgli at home and told him without delay what he had done. At first the boy was very angry, but when he considered that all was known, he took out the cross and asked:

"Will she give me anything for it?"

"Yes, and now you can see, Jörgli," said Moni, indignantly, "how by being honorable you will receive

ten francs, and by being deceitful only four: the ten francs you are going to have now."

Jörgli was very much amazed. He regretted that he had not gone immediately with the cross to the Bath House, after he had picked it up in front of the door, for now he had not a clear conscience and it might have been so different! But now it was too late. He gave the cross to Moni, who hastened home with it, for it had already grown quite dark.

V

MONI SINGS AGAIN

Paula had given orders to be wakened early the next morning, for she wanted to be on the spot when the goat-boy came. She was anxious to deal with him herself. That evening she had held a long conversation with the landlord, and had then come out of his room quite happy; so she must have planned something delightful with him.

When the goat-boy came along with his flock in the morning, Paula was already standing in front of the house, and she called out:

"Moni, can't you sing even now?"

He shook his head. "No, I can't. I am always wondering how much longer Mäggerli will go with me. I never can sing any more as long as I live, and here is the cross." Whereupon he handed her a little package,

for the grandmother had wrapped it carefully for him in three or four papers.

Paula took out the cross from the wrappings and examined it closely. It really was her beautiful cross with the sparkling stones, and quite unharmed.

"Well, Moni," she said now very kindly, "you have given me a great pleasure, for if it had not been for you, I might never have seen my cross again. Now, I am going to give you a pleasure. Go take Mäggerli there out of the shed; she belongs to you now!"

Moni stared at the young lady in astonishment, as if it were impossible to understand her words. At last he stammered: "But how—how can Mäggerli be mine?"

"How?" replied Paula, smiling. "See, last evening I bought her from the landlord and this morning I give her to you. Now can't you sing once more?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Moni and ran like mad to the shed, led the little goat out, and took it in his arms. Then he leaped back and held out his hand to Paula and said over and over again:

"I thank you a thousand, thousand times! May God reward you! If I could do something nice for you!"

"Well, then try once more and let us see if you can sing again!" said Paula.

Then Moni sang his song and went on up the mountain with the goats, and his jubilant tones rang down into the valley, so that there was no one in the whole Bath House who did not hear it and many an one turned

over in his bed and said: "The goat-boy has good weather once more."

All were glad to hear him sing again, for all had depended on the merry alarm, some in order to get up, others to sleep a while longer.

When Moni, from the first summit, saw Paula still standing below in front of the house, he stepped as far out as possible and sang at the top of his voice:

> And so blue is the sky there
> My joy can't be told.

The whole day long Moni shouted for joy, and all the goats caught his spirit and jumped and sprang around as if it were a great festival. The sun shone cheerfully down out of the blue sky, and after the great rain, all the little plants were so fresh, and the yellow and red flowers so bright, it seemed to Moni as if he had never seen the mountains and the valley and the whole world so beautiful before. He didn't let the little kid leave him the whole day; he pulled up the best plants for it and fed it, and said over and over again:

"Mäggerli, you dear Mäggerli, you do not have to die. You are now mine and will come up to the pasture with me as long as we live." And with resounding singing and yodeling Moni came down again at evening and after he had led the black goat to her shed, he took the little kid in his arms, for it was now coming home with him. Mäggerli did not look as if it would rather stay there, but pressed close to Moni and felt that it was

under the best protection, for Moni had for a long time treated it better and more kindly than its own mother.

But when Moni came near his grandmother's with Mäggerli on his shoulders, she didn't know at all what to make of it, and although Moni called from a distance:

"She belongs to me, Grandmother, she belongs to me!" she didn't understand for some time what he meant. But Moni couldn't explain to her yet; he ran to the shed, and there right next to Brownie, so that it wouldn't be afraid, he made Mäggerli a fine, soft bed of fresh straw, and laid it down, saying:

"There, Mäggerli, now sleep well in your new home! You must always have this; every day I will make you a new bed!"

Then Moni came back directly to his wondering grandmother, and while they sat together at their supper, he told her the whole story from the very beginning about his three days so full of trouble, and the happy ending to-day.

The grandmother listened very quietly and attentively and when he came to the end, she said earnestly:

"Moni, you must remember what has happened to you now, as long as you live! While you were having so great trouble with wrong-doing in order to help the little creature, the dear Lord had already found a way to help it and make you happy as soon as you would do what was right in His sight. If you had done right at once, and trusted in God, all would have gone well at first. Now the dear Lord has helped you beyond all

you deserved, so that you will not forget it your whole life long."

" No, I will surely never forget it," said Moni, eagerly assenting, " and will always truly think, the first thing: I must only do what is right before the dear Lord. He will take care of all the rest."

But before Moni could lie down to sleep, he had to look into the shed once more, to see if it were really possible that the little kid was lying out there.

Jörgli received the ten francs according to the agreement, but he was not allowed to escape from the affair so easily as that. When he returned to the Bath House, he was brought to the landlord who took the boy by the collar, gave him a good shaking, and said threateningly:

" Jörgli! Jörgli! Don't you try a second time to bring my whole house into bad repute! If anything like this happens a single time again, you will come out of my house in a way that will not please you! See, up there hangs a very sharp willow rod for such cases. Now go and think this over."

Moreover, the event had other consequences for the boy. From this time on, if anything was lost anywhere in the Bath House, all the servants immediately exclaimed: " Jörgli from Küblis has it! " and if he came afterwards into the house they all pounced on him together and cried: " Give it here, Jörgli! Out with it! " And if he assured them he had nothing and knew nothing about it, they would all exclaim: " We know you already! " and " You can't fool us! "

So Jörgli had to endure the most menacing attacks continually, and had hardly a moment's peace any more, for if he saw any one approaching him, he at once thought he was coming to ask if he had found this or that. So Jörgli was not at all happy, and a hundred times he thought: " If only I had given back that cross immediately! I will never in my whole life keep anything else that doesn't belong to me."

But Moni never ceased singing and yodeling, the whole summer long, for there was hardly another human being in the world as happy as he was up there with his goats. Often, however, when he lay stretched out in his contentment on the Pulpit-rock, and gazed down into the sunny valley below, he had to think how he had sat that time with the heavy burden on his heart, under the Rain-rock, and all happiness was gone; and he would say again and again in his heart: " I know now what I will do, so that it will never happen again: I will do nothing that will prevent me from looking up gladly to heaven, because this is right to the dear Lord."

But if it chanced that Moni became too long absorbed in his meditation, one or another of the goats would come along, gaze wonderingly at him and try to attract his attention by bleating, which oftentimes he did not hear for quite a while. Only when Mäggerli came and called after him longingly, then he heard at once and came leaping to it immediately, for his affectionate little kid always remained Moni's dearest possession.

Trini, the Little Strawberry Girl

I

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN'S TROUBLE

OLD Katie, the washerwoman, was sitting in her little room in the lonely mountain hut and looking thoughtfully at her knotted hands, which she had spread out before her on her knees. Until the last gleam of evening light had died out behind the distant forest-clad mountains, she had worked away industriously at her spinning-wheel. Now she had pushed it a little to one side, for her hands might well be tired, they looked so bent and worn by work. The old woman sighed and said to herself:

"Oh, if I could only work as I used to!"

She naturally thought of working, for she had done that bravely all her life long, and accomplished a great deal. Now she was old and the once robust and untiring washerwoman could do nothing more, except some spinning, and that brought in so little. Still, for the last few years she had managed in this way and also supported her grandchild, who was living with her and couldn't earn much as yet. She, too, made a little money, for she was a bright, clever child.

To-day the grandmother felt unusually troubled, for

her heart had been heavy ever since early morning. Her grandchild, merry Trini, whom she had brought up from a baby, was now in her twelfth year. She would leave school in the spring and then go out to service. Early that morning a distant cousin had come up from Reusstal and had proposed to the old grandmother to give the child over to him. To be sure he had not much himself, and couldn't pay anything, but down below there was good work to be found in the new factory which had been built on the Reuss River with its abundant water-supply. There Trini could earn a good sum of money during the week, and besides, could do the necessary work in his house, for which he would give her lodging. Since his wife was sickly, and they couldn't keep a maid, they desired to have the child, for they knew she was big and strong and very handy.

The grandmother had listened in silence, but his words had stirred up a great struggle in her heart. The cousin also desired to have the child come down in the Autumn as the half school year could be shortened, for she knew enough already, and could then be earning something directly, and his wife needed her especially in the winter.

Still the grandmother said nothing. Then when the cousin urged her, and wanted her consent at once, she said he must give her a little time and must not press her to give her decision before the Autumn. She saw the advantage to the child, but she must first think it over, and then talk with Trini about it.

The cousin was not much pleased, for he wanted to have it all decided and the day named when Trini would come down. He thought it was unnecessary to talk with the child, who had no judgment and did not know what would be for her advantage. But the grandmother remained firm. Towards Autumn he might come again, and then he should receive his answer. If she decided to let the child go, he could then take her away with him at once, but for the moment she could say nothing further. She remained firm in this. The cousin saw that there was nothing else to be done. Still he warned the old woman not to disregard the child's interests, for it would be to her own advantage if the child was earning something and could later on support her. Then he went away.

The whole day long while the grandmother was at work, the cousin's words pursued her, but she did not have time to think them over carefully. Now in the twilight she considered the matter step by step and several times sighed deeply. The cousin was right. It would be a great advantage to the child to be able to go into his house and go from there to find assured work in the factory. She herself knew of no better way for the child; she really knew of no other at all. Round about there were only small farms which the people themselves cultivated, and besides, they had enough help in their own children. Wherever maids were kept, as they were in the parsonage or the bailiff's house, or in the new hotel, they had to be older girls, strong, capable persons

who knew how to manage the kitchen and garden. The farmer's wife, too, at the Golden Apple, the big fruit farm, always had a maid, but a big, strong one who could help her about everything and even such an one could not stay long with her. If a grown person could not do the work right for her, of what use would a child like Trini be? But the grandmother realized very well that the child, in the Spring, when she was through school, would have to find work.

Since she could no longer go all about working as a washerwoman as she did formerly, but had to spin her cheap yarn laboriously with her knotted fingers, she could hardly keep herself and the child, and it was becoming harder with each day. And yet to be separated from the child, this seemed to the grandmother the very hardest thing that could happen to her. And would not the new work be too strenuous for the young child? The old woman knew very well how it was with her cousin. He had a rough, unfriendly manner and was usually cross because his wife was always half sick and therefore not good-natured. She usually sat sad and almost stupid in her chimney corner without saying a word. Now she had grown so much worse that her husband had been obliged to consider bringing help into the house. So the child would have to attend to the tasks in the house all alone, and then go to work in the factory if she was to earn anything. Was not the child still too young for all this work? And would it not be too hard for her to go far away from her grandmother,

who was so fond of her, to an entirely strange house and never hear a word of love or sympathy while being overworked? Her beloved Trineli was not accustomed to this.

Then came before the grandmother's eyes the day when she had been brought into her house, a little helpless thing, whom nobody wanted and nobody would care for. At that time she had strong hands and robust health and if she had to work early and late, she did it willingly.

Katie, the washerwoman, had had three children, two sons and a daughter. Her husband had died of a raging fever when all three children were still quite small. Then Katie had had to work with all her might to keep the little ones always clothed and free from want. She worked day and night, and every one round about called on her to help with the big washings, for they knew very well that no one did such good work as Katie, who from this occupation was known as Washer Katie.

When her sons were grown they longed to go away and went together to America. The daughter married and went down into the valley. But not much more than a year later she died suddenly while still very young. This distressed her husband so much that he could no longer remain at home. He brought little Trineli up to her grandmother and said:

"There, Mother, take the child. I don't know what to do with her. I must go away. I can't bear it here any longer."

Then he went to his brothers-in-law in America.

From that day forth Katie, the washerwoman, had a new care, but also a new and great delight after much trouble and sorrow. Little Trineli grew very fast and repaid her kind grandmother for her trouble and work with unusual love and attachment, and also furnished her with much amusement, for the child was constantly active and lively, like a sprightly little fish in the water. Each year she grew dearer and more indispensable to the grandmother.

All these days of the past now rose in the twilight before the old washerwoman, and the thought of letting the child go so far away from her, and perhaps for all time, made her heart heavier and heavier. But she knew a comforter who had already helped her through many a trouble and had changed many a dreaded misfortune to a blessing for her. This she could not forget. So, instead of turning these hard thoughts over and over in her mind, she decided to leave the whole matter to the dear Lord. If it had to be, and this sorrow of separation had to come to her, the dear Lord's hand would be in it. Everything would be ordered for the child's best good. When the grandmother had reached this decision, she folded her hands quietly and said reverently to herself:

And now, my soul, be trustful still;
Have faith and never lose it;
E'en though thy path be at God's will
And not as thou would choose it;

And when thy troubled course is run
And thou thy joyful goal hast won,
Pour out thy praise and gladness.

II

AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES

While old Katie was sitting so still first at her spinning-wheel and then in the twilight, there was considerable noise up on the Sonnenrain. Here every year grew an abundance of the finest, juiciest strawberries. When they were thoroughly ripe, it often looked as if a big, dark red carpet hung down from the mountain glowing in the sun. The place was well known to the children of Hochtannen—as the little mountain hamlet consisting of scattered houses was called. They knew very well that if they let the berries get perfectly ripe there was greater profit to be gained, for these unusually large, juicy berries sold readily everywhere. So the children watched one another to see that no one took the berries too early, before they had reached the right stage of ripeness.

When on a beautiful June day the school children cried: "They are ripe on the Sonnenrain! They are ripe!" then that same evening the whole crowd would rush out, each with basket in hand, one trying to out-

run the other, for each wanted to be first on the spot and find the finest and ripest berries. The baskets they brought with them, called *kratten,* all had the same shape, but were of different sizes. They were shaped like cylinder hats, with the difference that the hats are open at the bottom where the head goes in, but the baskets at the top where the berries are thrown in.

When the evening passed with the eager work of picking, part into the baskets and part into the mouths, and twilight came on, when the dark red berries could no longer be distinguished from the half-ripe ones, all were called to stop working. Then they covered the baskets with large leaves and fastened two little wooden sticks crosswise over them, so that the wind would not blow them away. Now the strawberry song was heard and the whole crowd, full of gaiety, started homewards, all singing at the top of their voices:

Strawberry time, strawberry time,
Up the mountain-side we climb.
Fill the baskets with the berries,
On their stems as large as cherries.
On the top the leaves are pressed,
Mine are best, mine are best!

The quickest and most agile of all was old Washer Katie's grandchild, merry Trini. She always knew where the finest berries grew and where the fewest had been gathered. She would fly there and pick with a skill that no other near her could equal and the slow ones

Trini always knew where the finest berries grew.

beside her got none at all. Trini did not hesitate to give the others a little push if her eyes fell on a particularly fine spot where there was another crop to be gathered. She never put any into her mouth until her basket was so full that she could just fasten the little sticks over the leaves without crushing the tender fruit. Then for the first time a few of the fragrant berries would go into her mouth and taste fine after her hot work. Trini never ate them beforehand, for it seemed to her that they all belonged to her grandmother until not a single berry more would go into her basket.

Trini had a great desire to do something for her dear grandmother. She felt deeply how sacrificing and kind she was to her and how hard she always worked still to keep them both from suffering want. In all her life long, she had never heard any but loving words from her, and how many times she had learned that she had much rather deny herself something than the child. Therefore she was attached to her grandmother with her whole heart, and was extraordinarily delighted to see the berry time come again, when she could bring home a basketful every day, or take it where it had been ordered, so that she could earn a beautiful franc-piece.

It was for the grandmother a rich harvest, which really lasted only a short time. It was only the very largest baskets that brought in so much, and these Trini and little pale Maneli had. Maneli could never more than half fill her basket. Maneli, whose real name was Marianne, was the same age as Trini. Both sat on the

same bench in school, but they looked very different. Trini was big and strong, had firm, round arms and red cheeks, and was not afraid of the biggest boys in the school, because she knew how to defend herself. But Maneli was small and pale and therefore afraid of every one. She was very poorly dressed, and looked as if she didn't have enough to eat, which might well be, for she had five younger brothers and sisters and her mother was sick much of the time. Her father, who worked by the day, did not always bring home enough for them all.

Just now as the twilight was coming on, Trini had pushed frail Maneli quite hard to one side, for she was standing in a place covered with very large berries, and Trini wanted to hurry and finish filling her basket. She succeeded and she was the first to call out to the others triumphantly:

"Full! Finished! Home! Home!" Then the others cried, too:

"Home! Home!" and Trini had already joined them with her full, beautifully packed basket, in order to lead the procession, and began to sing in a clear voice:

Strawberry time, strawberry time,
Up the mountain-side we climb.

When the crowd, singing and shouting with joy, had reached the first houses, the children suddenly dispersed, some upwards, others down the mountain. Trini ran with all her might up the mountain, for she still had a quite long way to go. Her grandmother's little hut

stood far up and was the highest in all Hochtannen. Trini now came to the farm of the Golden Apple. The farmer's wife was just looking over the hedge which surrounded the farm and when she saw the child running by she called to her:

"Come here a minute and show me your berries!"

In her haste Trini was already a good piece beyond the place where the farmer's wife was standing, but she came quickly back, for the prospect of disposing of her berries at once was quite delightful.

"Have you good ones? Let me see!" continued the farmer's wife, as Trini stood by the hedge and held out her basket to her.

"I don't usually buy any such things, they grow better on my farm, but they say when they are preserved they are good for all sorts of troubles. So let me have them. What do they give you for this quantity down at the hotel?"

"A franc," replied Trini.

"Well, that is enough for such berries. But you must have it, for your grandmother's sake. She is a good woman and works hard. Do you take the money home to her and not spend it foolishly?"

"No, I don't do that," replied Trini, looking at the farmer's wife with eyes not unlike those of a little wildcat, for her anger was roused by this suggestion. The farmer's wife laughed.

"Don't be so angry. I never saw anything like it. But come, let us be good friends again! There is the

franc for your grandmother, and if I give you a sou for yourself, you won't be sorry. So, run along!"

Trini thanked her with great delight and went on and did not stop running up the mountain until she reached the hut. Then she rushed into the little room, where it had grown almost dark, and only a last ray of light from the evening sky was still gleaming through the window where her grandmother sat.

Trini rushed up to her and was so eager to tell her about everything, with which her mind was so full, that the second word tried to come out before the first, and it was a quite long time before her grandmother understood that the strawberries had already been sold, that she had received a whole franc for them, and had been paid a sou besides. The grandmother then had to learn that Trini would not keep any of the money, but it should all belong to her and that to-day Trini was made very much delighted because she had received a sou beyond the usual amount.

"Yes, Grandmother, and you see," continued Trini still half out of breath, "I was ready first before all the others, and no one had a basket so full. Mancli didn't have hers half full. She was frightfully slow, and when she came to a good place and I came there too, I had everything picked before she could gather a handful."

The grandmother had shown great delight over the good news and also over the child's rich reward, but now she said seriously:

"But surely, Trineli, you didn't push Maneli away,

when she had found a good place, so that you could get the berries? That wouldn't be right."

"Yes, really, I did, for they always do so, Grandmother," said Trini with assurance. "Each one has to try to pick the most and the finest berries, and it always happens naturally so."

"No, no, you must not do so again, with little, frail Maneli," said the grandmother reprovingly. "You see she can't come up to you, for she isn't strong and cannot defend herself, and her mother needs the berries. Many times she doesn't know where to get bread for all the little children. Don't do that again, Trineli, another time, let the poor child have her share. But now sit down beside me," continued the grandmother, in a different tone. "I have something to talk with you about; you have enough sense to understand it."

The child sat down full of curiosity, for it had never happened that her grandmother had expressly called her to talk with her.

"Trineli," she began thoughtfully, "we must think what you can do for work, when you leave school in the Spring. Our cousin from Reusstal was here this morning. In the Autumn you could go down to him and earn something there in the factory. Perhaps it would be a fortunate thing for you. You could advance from one year to another and so make your way. What do you think about it?"

"I would rather die!" exclaimed Trini instantly.

"You mustn't speak so thoughtlessly, Trini," ad-

monished her grandmother kindly. "See, our cousin wants to do something for you. He means well, so we mustn't make him angry. Let us think the matter over together."

"And if the cousin should come and would kill me right away a thousand times, I would not go!" exclaimed Trini, and one could see how her anger was getting hotter and hotter.

"We won't say any more about it now. If it is for your good it will have to be so, Trineli, and then we will accept it and think: 'The dear Lord sent it, so it must be good.'" With this the grandmother really wanted to end the matter, but now all that had been boiling in the child's heart broke out straightway. The tears rushed from her eyes like brooks, and in the midst of heavy sobs she burst forth:

"Grandmother, who would bring your wood and water when it was cold? What will you do, if you can't stand the cold winter and there is nobody with you to make the fire and make you a little coffee and bring it to you? And you are all alone, and can't do anything and when you call, nobody comes! Oh! Oh! I will not go, Grandmother, I cannot go! I cannot!"

"Come, Trineli, come," said the old woman soothingly, for she had not expected such an outbreak. "Come, we must eat our supper, and then we will say our prayers and go to bed. The dear Lord often changes many things in the night, from what they were the evening before."

But Trini, with her ardent nature, was not so quickly restored to equilibrium. She could not swallow a mouthful, and until late in the night, her grandmother heard her still sobbing and crying although she had buried her head in her pillow. This was a new grief for old Washer Katie. She had not thought that the child would show so much aversion to her cousin's proposal.

III

TRINI UNDERSTANDS SOMETHING NEW

Several sunny days had passed since the painful evening. The grandmother said nothing more about the threatened separation. She never forgot it and had many hard moments when it seemed plain to her what had to come. But she would not talk with the child any more about it. She had given her troubles over to the dear Lord and on that account she could silently cling to the trust that if this hardship had to come He would turn it to the child's good. Since her grandmother said nothing more and everything was again as before, since the sun shone and the birds sang merrily as usual, Trini thought the danger was past, and that the dear Lord, as her grandmother said, had really changed things over night, and the old gladness came back into Trini's heart. Every evening when the chil-

dren came across the pastures Trini's clear voice was heard above all the others:

> Strawberry time, strawberry time,
> Up the mountain-side we climb.

The Sonnenrain was now completely picked over and places farther away had to be sought after. There were still fruitful places up in the woods and behind the mill, and best of all was the wheat-field. Great treasures of strawberries were to be found there; this all the children knew, but there were few who dared go up there. They had to climb up to the big wheat-field around by the hedge, as far as the narrow strip of grass, which lay between the wheat and the great Moss Cliff. There, where the sun blazed hot all day long, the strawberries were almost red when they shot out of the ground and were as large as cherries. But the farmer who owned the big field could not bear to have the children hunt for the berries because he declared they trampled down the wheat, and now and then that might happen. Whenever he caught the children hunting for berries he immediately drove them away with great threats, and often carried out his threats, for he always had the means with him, which was his strong, bony hand. So only the very boldest dared take part in this raid, and to these undoubtedly Trini belonged.

To-day the enterprise was to come off, for since early morning the sun had lain like fiery gold up on the Moss Cliff and had shone and flamed down into the valley.

Trini was the first to be on the spot from which they were to start. She had her large basket fastened by a long cord around her neck, so that later on she could pick with both hands at the same time and throw the berries in, and this would be twice as fast as when she had to hold the basket firmly with her left hand.

Now the boys came running to go with her,—no girls came, for they were all afraid—and they started. But to-day they did not dare to talk and laugh as usual, for they did not want the farmer to notice them. Carefully one stepped behind the other along by the hedge, for fear had taught them to be careful of the wheat. Now they were all up there; and what a wonderful crop lay spread out before them! Dark red the huge berries shone out between the stalks above all the leaves. It would be a bountiful wealth if they could only go into the midst of them. With sparkling eyes Trini ventured in, and before the others had really proved how good the berries tasted, she had half filled her basket. With both hands she seized them on both sides as busily as possible, for still finer and bigger ones kept peeping forth. But suddenly—the children shrank back as if the lightning had struck beside them—" You field-rats, are you here again? " a thunderous voice sounded from out the wheat. There stood the broad-shouldered farmer with his bony hands before them and he raised his fist in the air.

" Hurry up and get out of this place, and let me see no more of you, or—or ——" and he swung his fist

terrifyingly around in the air. The boys all disappeared like the wind. But Trini persistently went on picking one, two, three berries more—then just those three big ones—only those two—she could not tear herself away, she was so sorry to leave the berries.

"Now I know who tramples down my wheat and is as bold as a field-mouse. Get out of the place, and don't come into my wheat again!" threatened the farmer angrily.

"Truly, I have never trampled down your wheat, not a stalk," asserted Trini, going on with her picking. "I only wanted to get the berries."

"I know you well," roared the farmer. "Get out, or I will take you by the ears and shake you until you think you have four of them on your head!"

The farmer came forward. Then Trini darted out and away. Driven by the deepest indignation, because she had had to leave all the beautiful berries and yet had never trampled down the wheat, she almost flew until she reached home, and loaded like a little cannon, she burst forth on her grandmother and cried:

"No, I never trampled down the wheat and never pulled a stalk, but only took the berries, and now only the snails will eat them, and I wish that the dear Lord would let four ears grow on the farmer's head to punish him."

"There, there, Trineli, what has come into your mind?" said the grandmother reprovingly. "Come, sit down beside me; it is time to rest. We will not make a

light to-night, for the moon shines bright enough for our supper. Come, tell me about everything that has happened to you."

Trini was somewhat appeased because her grandmother was so ready to hear what she had to tell and to complain about.

" Really, Grandmother, if he should grow four ears for a punishment it would serve him right."

" Trineli," said her grandmother then, " we will leave the farmer his two ears, but we will profit by him. You see we can make use of everything and profit by it, and even if it is an unjust word, it depends upon the one from whom we take the word. If some one comes and without reason does or says something wrong, as the farmer did to-day, and it hurts us very much, we must think a little further and ask:

" ' Have we not deserved as much? ' Then suddenly it comes to our mind that we once gave some one else pain, who had to bear it and could not defend herself. And now we know how it hurts and we are sorry. We will not do so again, and will be as kind as possible to her. That is exactly what the dear Lord has wanted, therefore He has let the unkind man say these wicked words. Do you see really, Trineli? So we can no longer be so angry with the one who has done this, for we know the dear Lord used him, just as I use my broom when I want to sweep the room clean and neat. So the dear Lord makes the heart clean and orderly again, and we have profited, because we feel better and

lighter-hearted than we ever did before. Have you really listened, Trineli, and will you think about what I have told you?"

IV

ANOTHER ANGRY SPEECH, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

JULY was coming to an end and with it the beautiful strawberry time. Only up in the forest above Hochtannen was there still to be found a late, hardy kind of berries, which brought an unusually good price, for now many strangers were travelling over the mountains and they usually stopped down at the hotel on the main street. So the rare berries were very acceptable to the hotel-keeper. But it took a great deal of time even to half fill the baskets and one had to know exactly where the scattered berries grow. But to one with a happy disposition, like Trini, it was not a serious matter.

Now, on a blissful Summer evening, Trini, her face beaming with joy, ran up the mountain to the fir-forest. She knew that the last spicy berries up there had reached the desired ripeness. Maneli, too, and many other children knew the place, but it was too far away for most of them and too wearisome hunting for them. Only Maneli came with her big basket after Trini, but keeping far behind Trini, who could spring up the steep heights like a roe, for not a single girl of her age was her equal in strength and agility.

There was work to do up there. The berries were ripe and beautiful and wonderfully fragrant, but they had to be carefully sought for. In a sunny corner several red, gleaming bunches would grow thickly together, and then one could hunt in vain for more. Trini spied into every nook, climbed every knoll, pulled apart all the clumps of grass, and wherever a red little berry peeped forth she would quickly gather it into her basket.

Trini never ceased climbing and hunting and picking until twilight came on and made an end of all berrying. But that did not trouble Trini. She looked triumphantly at her basket; by this time she had succeeded, contrary to her own expectation, in filling it to the top. She had only to fasten the leaves and little sticks over it so that not one precious berry could roll out. Then Trini rushed down the mountain like the wind. It was too late to run down to the hotel, but she could go as far as the Golden Apple farmer's, and his wife would surely take these last beautiful berries and then she could at once bring home to her grandmother the very unusual price. Her steps went faster and faster.

Silently and sadly Maneli came along behind her. One could see that her basket was not heavy to carry, so there must be some other reason why she followed so slowly and sadly.

The farmer's wife at the Golden Apple had just been very much vexed. The young girl, who was standing sulkily near her by the vegetable bed, had washed away

all the young slips. It had seemed to her too much trouble to water carefully each single little tender plant with the watering-pot, as the farmer's wife had told her. She had thrown all the water from the big bucket over the bed. When the farmer's wife saw the destruction her anger boiled like hot milk, which overflows. Just then Trini came running along.

"Good-evening!" she called, still out of breath. "See the beautiful berries. They are the last. Would you like them?"

"I don't want them," cried the farmer's wife angrily. "Run away. I have no time for you."

"If you will only look at them, they will please you, and you would surely take them," said Trini.

"Haven't I told you that I don't want them? Go along," replied the woman. But Trini remained standing there. She thought if the farmer's wife would only take time to look at the berries, she would desire to have them.

But now the farmer's wife boiled over and all the more furiously because her anger had for some time been seeking an outlet. Since she had not poured it out on the sulky maid, the woman had to have some excuse.

"Have you pitch on your shoes?" she cried furiously, "or are you spying out the ripe apples, so you will know which tree to shake first, as you always do, you and the other ragamuffins?"

Trini couldn't let that pass, for she had never done anything of the kind.

" I have never, never shaken the trees, nor taken a single apple ——"

" You are no better than all the others!" interrupted the farmer's wife. " I won't listen to another word, so get out!"

Whereupon the woman raised her arm so quickly and threateningly, that it no longer seemed safe to Trini. She ran out of the garden and around the hedge. But here she couldn't go any farther. Her blood too had begun to boil at the unjust charge. If she had to go away without being heard, everything in her would boil over. She sat down on the ground, for she had to give vent to her feelings.

" No, I never did that," she exclaimed aloud with excitement. " I have never shaken the apple-tree, never once! But the farmer's wife is only a broom, yes, she is only a broom. My grandmother said so, and the dear Lord wants to sweep something away with her. But I haven't done anything, I haven't done anything wrong."

Here Trini suddenly paused, for all at once the question arose in her mind, what would the dear Lord have to sweep out of her heart, as her grandmother had so clearly explained to her, if she had done nothing at all that was wrong? Then Trini was very still and thoughtful. After a while she rose slowly. She no longer looked excited, and half aloud said:

" Yes, it is true. That was not right."

By taking thought, there suddenly came before Trini's eyes how to-day she had again several times pushed

Maneli aside and had quickly taken away the berries which Maneli had wanted to gather. But she had silently moved away because Trini was so much stronger and quicker. So Maneli never made any resistance. Trini now wanted to try to right the wrong and to give Maneli some of her berries at once. She ran faster and faster, and not up the mountain, to her grandmother's house, but across the field quite a distance farther on.

At a miserable little hut, the old window-panes of which were half or entirely broken and closed up with paper, she stood still and took a little breath. It had now grown dark. Through the half panes flickered a pale feeble light. All at once Trini heard a low sobbing quite near her. She looked around. On a block of wood in front of the hut sat quite motionless a little figure, with her head laid on her arms. Trini stepped up to her.

" What is the matter, Maneli? " she asked in astonishment, when she recognized the small form. " Why are you crying so? "

Maneli raised her head and looked sadder than Trini had ever seen her.

" I don't dare go in the house," she said sobbing. " Mother is sick and we had almost nothing to eat at noon. Then she said, God willing, I should bring something home, if I went after berries and took them at once to the hotel. So Mother thought I would bring home some black bread for them. But see, Trini, I have only these." Then Maneli lifted her basket and Trini

looked in. There was almost nothing in it, and only the bottom of the basket was covered. Trini felt her heavy basket on her arm. It seemed to her that it grew heavier and heavier, and not only pressed on her arm but also on her heart. Suddenly she tore off the sticks and leaves, turned the basket round and poured the entire rich contents into Maneli's empty one, so that it was full up to the top, and there were still some berries left. These Trini quickly laid on the leaves on the ground, and said:

"Take those inside too. Good-night!" and away she ran with great bounds.

"Trini! Trini! Thank you a thousand, thousand times!" cried Maneli with all her might after her, then rushed into the hut.

This made Trini suddenly turn round again and she came running back. She wanted to see what the mother would do when she saw Maneli's basket, which had never been so full before all summer. Now she was there, and through the broken windows in the low hut she could see everything that was going on within. The pale mother was standing, with the little children around her, at the table, and gazing at the berries in the basket and on the plate beside it, which was also quite full. She clapped her hands and said again and again to Maneli, who was looking up with her face beaming with joy:

"How is it possible, child? How is it possible?"

"From Trini, from Trini!" replied Maneli three,

four times; " she gave them all to me, all of them! And think, Mother, the hotel-keeper's wife will give two whole francs for so many! "

" May God reward the child, and repay her and her grandmother a hundredfold, for what she has done for us to-day. He alone knows how anxious I have been the whole night through, for I didn't know where I should get bread for you to-morrow, and now we shall have enough for many days."

With these words the pale woman had folded her hands as if silently giving thanks for the great benefit. Then Trini darted away with such joy in her heart as she had never felt before.

When finally she reached home and related her experience with the greatest eagerness, and at last her grandmother noticed the empty basket, she said entreatingly:

" Surely, Grandmother, you are not cross with me because I didn't bring home a single berry? You surely wouldn't begrudge them to Maneli and her sick mother? "

Then her grandmother praised the child and said that what she had done delighted her more than if she had brought her two baskets full.

Trini's potato soup to-night tasted better to her than any food had ever tasted before, for she kept thinking how Maneli could now bring home her black bread, how each one of the children would have a piece and would enjoy it.

V

HOW IT FARED WITH THE COUSIN

The last month of Summer, warm August, had already come. On all the trees the red-gold apples glowed and foretold the Autumn. The cousin had never again been heard from. Many times the happy hope rose in old Katie's mind that he had changed his plan and was no longer thinking of the child. Then she became as light-hearted as if all her trouble had been taken away, and she felt that anything might happen that might, hunger and want and every kind of deprivation, if only the child would not have to leave her. Trini was as happy as a bird from morning until night, for she had long since driven the cousin and his plan out of her mind. Moreover her grandmother's complete silence about it had strengthened her assurance.

One morning a young man came in to old Katie and said he had come from Reusstal and had promised her cousin to deliver a message in passing by. The cousin wanted him to tell her that she must have the child's clothes and everything for her ready, as he would come to take her away as soon as he had finished his business over the mountain. He would then arrange everything with the guardian in regard to the school, the pay and all the rest.

The grandmother was so alarmed, everything grew

quite black before her eyes and she had to sit down quickly to recover herself somewhat. So what she had really, secretly feared, but had seen in the far, uncertain distance, had suddenly come. Now it was here, for it was sure to be that the guardian would immediately consent to entrust the child to her cousin. She could no longer be sure of earning anything; indeed she was not even sure that she could take care of herself much longer, then they would both be a burden to the parish. But her cousin could furnish an excellent opportunity for her, which would provide for the child's future.

It had to be. This she plainly saw. Old Katie had already had much sorrow, but the taking away of this child, who was her whole joy and comfort, seemed to her exactly like tearing off one of her limbs, without which she could no longer live on.

She considered how she should bring the matter before the child. But when she recollected what distress was caused the first time, when she spoke about it, her courage failed to decide to do it again and now. Finally she thought the best way would be not to speak about the matter at all. A short struggle when her cousin came would be the easiest to bear, and in the meantime the child would have untroubled days. But from that morning on, such distress lay on her grandmother's face, that Trini was often quite anxious about it and kept asking her:

"Grandmother, what is the matter with you? I will hunt all night for blackberries if you are afraid we can't

live any longer because you can't do so much any more. I don't need to sleep. I can stand it. Just see, see!"

And Trini held out her two strong arms to her grandmother to prove to her that she had nothing to worry about. But it only increased her trouble, for she saw now only too well how big and strong the child had grown, and that she was fit for quite different work from what she was now performing.

But at evening, when she was again sitting quietly in the twilight and looking back over all the past times with so many hard troubles, out of which the dear Lord had helped her in such a fatherly way, then she was able to find the path again and with trust to say:

> And now my soul, be trustful still;
> Have faith and never lose it.

She was sitting again by the window, when the evening light was still glimmering in, and waiting for the child, in order to make a light and prepare the supper. Then she heard some one walking up to her hut. It was not the child; they were heavy, firm steps. Some one was surely coming—it must be her cousin. The grandmother tried to quiet her beating heart. Now the door opened, and with a firm step, a big basket on her arm, the farmer's wife from the Golden Apple farm came in and said:

"Where are you, Katie? I can't see you at all. I wish you good-evening!"

The old woman rose quickly, made a light, and shook

her visitor by the hand. The basket was now standing on the table, and in the glimmer of the little candle shone a quantity of wonderful golden apples, from which the whole farm took its name.

"I have brought you a few apples; the trees have borne so finely this year," said the farmer's wife, "and what you do not want the child can take. Where is she?"

Katie informed her that Trini had gone with the other children up to the woods once more for blackberries, but now the berries would soon be at an end.

"That is so," stated the farmer's wife. "I am glad the child is away, for I want to talk with you about something."

Katie brought her chair along, and when the two had seated themselves opposite each other at the table, the big basket of apples between them, the farmer's wife began to say:

"A short time ago I had a little trouble with your child. She has probably told you about it. I was a little hasty because my young maid had spoiled a whole bed of kohlrabi, and was indifferent about it, as if they belonged to her. That's the way they are to-day, and if you say a single word to them that they don't like to hear, they immediately refuse to do any more work and that means look for another maid. But to be keeping house with new people all the time is no pleasure, and so my vexation was already boiling over, when the child came along and she got the worst of it. But when she

began immediately to upbraid me behind the hedge it was too much for me and I was disgusted with her and ran after her. But then I heard something that pleased me and I had to say to myself: Old Katie has taught the child well. It must be good to live with one who thinks so, and as I thought everything over I came to a decision and now I want to tell you about it.

"The child is really young still, but she is big and strong and she looks intelligent. There isn't much to say about the few school months until Spring, and so I thought, if you were willing, I would take the child home. Through the Winter I shall have time to teach her everything and by another Summer she would be a good little maid for me. But you must not worry, Katie. I know that now the time has come for the child to begin to work for you, and earn something regularly. She shall do this. I will give her from the first the whole pay that the maid had and every week bread besides, for the child is worth that to me. Besides you have the advantage that she will not be taken away from you. She is quick, and she can go home to you every evening and in the morning early send her to me again. On Sunday she shall stay with you from noontime on. But why are you beginning to cry, Katie? The child will not be badly off with me, and you ought not to lose by it. I have corn and fruit on the farm and milk in the barn. The child shall bring home a bag of meal and a bottle of milk every Sunday, and few have that throughout the year ——"

"Don't say any more, it is really more than enough," old Katie was at last able to exclaim. "I am crying for joy, for great joy. You don't know what trouble you have saved me from and what a kindness you are showing me."

And then the old woman told the farmer's wife how worried she had been all Summer long and was now expecting her cousin any moment, that she had not dared tell the child anything about it, for fear she would be greatly distressed. Just as the grandmother had finished telling her this, Trini came running in. At the sight of the golden apples on the table, and the farmer's wife, sitting there, she stood suddenly still and looked in the greatest amazement at the new appearance.

"Come, give me your hand, Trini," said the farmer's wife. "Since you have never shaken my apple-tree, you and your grandmother must have some of the apples from it."

Trini's face lighted up with great joy. So now the farmer's wife understood that she hadn't done wrong, and it delighted her heart. She came quickly to take the woman's hand.

"What do you think?" continued the farmer's wife. "How would you like to be with me on the farm? Would you work well with me?"

Trini looked in amazement, first at the farmer's wife and then at her grandmother. She could no longer keep silent, her joy was so great.

"Trineli, just think, think what has happened!" she

exclaimed. "You are not going to Reusstal, you will not leave me. Every day you are to go up to this kind woman, on the Golden Apple farm, and come home at evening. Oh, what a relief from the great anxiety. Thank her, Trineli, thank her!"

"Thank you, many times! I will gladly work for you and do anything you wish!" said Trini, who was beginning to understand the matter.

"That is right," concluded the farmer's wife, "the matter is settled. The berry-picking is at an end, and the apples and pears have to be gathered now. It is just the right time to begin with me. Send the child to me Monday, Katie, and give her your blessing. And now God keep you!"

As soon as the door closed behind the farmer's wife, the grandmother began to praise and give thanks loudly, because the dear Lord had changed all her trouble to such joy and help. Trini shouted joyfully:

"Hurrah, now I shall never have to go away from you, Grandmother! I will do right and work well, then the farmer's wife will surely keep me all her life long."

Then she noticed the golden apples quite near her. Suddenly she said:

"Grandmother, may I take half of them right away to Maneli? I now share everything with her."

"Yes, yes," said the old woman in assent, for she was glad to have her poor neighbor benefit a little from her good fortune.

"Run at once, Trineli, and take more than half, there are so many of them to enjoy the apples. Go quickly."

Trini rushed away, and a tremendous scream of delight broke forth from the flock of little children when she shook the apples out on the table, and they rolled here and there filling the whole room with their sweet fragrance.

On Monday, while Trini was already vigorously at work under the trees at the Golden Apple farm, the cousin stepped in to old Katie's hut. She was no longer afraid. She told him where the child was working, and that she would remain there. But the cousin was not going to abandon his plan so quickly, for he was determined to take the child with him. He ran at once to the guardian and pointed out to him how much greater earnings the child would have from the factory than from serving on the farm, for there her pay would be increased every year. But the guardian only smiled slyly, for the farmer's wife from the Golden Apple farm had also been to him, for she knew what she had to do, if she wanted to keep the child. He said if the child went away no one would care for the old woman, but as long as she was with the farmer's wife, they would both be taken care of.

Trini got along better every day on the Golden Apple farm. Now she knows how to do all kinds of work, and the farmer's wife is as fond of the bright, and always happy Trini as if she were her own child. Her grand-

mother takes care that the child never forgets to whom she should appeal whenever she has to bear suffering, for she knows very well how she came to have the good place with the farmer's wife.

Tiss, A Little Alpine Waif

I

ALL AGAINST ONE

IF you climb up the back side of Mt. Seelis, you come to a place where the green pasture lies so fresh and shining on the slope that you almost have a desire to get down among the peacefully grazing cattle and for once try a little of the lovely tender grass. The sleek, well-fed cows are continually moving about with a pleasant ringing sound, for each one wears a bell on her neck, so that one can always hear where she is, and none can wander unnoticed too far in the direction of the side of the precipice, covered with bushes, over which she might fall below. To be sure there is a whole troop of boys to watch them, but the bells are still quite necessary and ring so cheerily back and forth that not one could be dispensed with.

On the mountain-side here and there are assembled little wooden houses, and sometimes a foaming brook near by rushes down into the valley. "On the Slope" it is called up here and quite correctly, for not one of the little houses stands on level ground. It seems as if they had been thrown down anyhow on the mountain and left hanging there. One cannot understand at all how they could have been built on the Slope.

From the road below they all look alike, neat and cheerful with open galleries and little wooden steps up to the house. If you climb higher and come near you see that there is a great difference among them. For instance, the two first on the Slope looked at closely are quite unlike.

They stand not far apart, but are quite separated, for the biggest mountain brook of the region, the foaming Schwemme brook, rushes down between them from the heights. On the finest Summer days, all the little windows of the first house remain permanently closed, and the only air which can get inside comes through the holes in the broken shutters. But it must be little enough for the holes are stuffed with paper so that they might not freeze indoors in the Winter. The steps of the wooden staircase were all half broken away, and the gallery was so fallen to pieces that it was a wonder all the little children pushing and stumbling around there did not break their arms and legs. In spite of this the children all had sound limbs, but were very untidy. They were covered with dirt and no comb ever came near their hair.

Four such little urchins crawled around there in the daytime and at evening four larger children were added to the number, three strong boys and a little girl, who didn't look much cleaner or more tidy, but still somewhat better than the little ones, for they were able to wash themselves.

The little house across the brook had quite a different

character. It looked as clean and orderly down in front of the little flight of steps, as if the earth were wholly of another sort. The steps always appeared as if they had just been scrubbed, and above on the gallery stood three beautiful carnations, which sent their fragrance through the window all Summer long. One of the little, bright windows stood open and let in the beautiful sunny mountain air. One could usually see sitting there, a strong robust-looking woman with beautiful white hair, which she brushed back very neatly under her black cap. She was generally mending a man's shirt of coarse, firm material, but which had always been immaculately washed. The woman herself looked as trim and neat in her simple dress as if nothing dirty had ever come near her. She was Frau Vizenze, mother of the jolly young Swiss cowherd, Franz Anton, with the strong arms.

All through the Summer he made his cheese in the upper shepherd's hut, and not until late in the Fall did he come down again to his mother, to spend the Winter with her, for then he made butter in the lower hut, which stood quite near. There was no bridge across the rushing Schwemme brook, so the two little houses were entirely separated from each other, and Frau Vizenze knew people who lived much farther away better than these neighbors across the brook, towards whom she merely looked once in a while in silence. Usually she shook her head in a disapproving way, when she noticed the children's black faces and dirty feet and the brook

with its beautiful water so near by. But she didn't often look across for the sight did not give her pleasure. She preferred, when her work was done at evening, to look at her red pinks on the gallery or to gaze over the sunny green mountain-side which sloped down in front of her cottage to the valley below.

The wild children across the brook belonged to Hayless-Sepp, as he was called, who found his work outside the house cutting wood or making hay or carrying burdens up the mountain. So he was away most of the time, down in the valley, or around on the roads. His wife had enough to do at home, but she seemed to take it for granted that so many little children could not be kept in order, and later on would take care of themselves. So she let everything go as it might, and in the beautiful pure air they all kept healthy and vigorous, and were content to push and crawl around on the grass.

In the Summertime the four larger ones were employed outside in one place or another, all day long, watching the cows, for it was not as it is up on the higher Alps, where the whole herd is pastured together, and is watched over by only one or two shepherds. On the mountain-side every one sends his cows to the neighboring pastureland, and has to look after them himself. This is always a joyful time for all the boys and girls who gather there every day and engage in all sorts of merry pastimes around in the wide-spreading, green pastures.

Sometimes the children were engaged far down in the

valley weeding potatoes or doing other light work in the fields. So they earned their living all through the Summer and brought home many pennies, which their mother could make good use of. She still had the four little ones to feed, and to make clothes for all eight. Even if these were very simple, each one had to have a little shirt, and the four larger children one garment besides.

Sepp did not own even one cow, as almost all the farmers around him did, even when they had as little land.

The man was called Hayless-Sepp because the grass on his property was not thick enough to feed a cow, and by this name they wanted to signify the poor growth on his land. He had only one goat and a piece of potato land, with which his wife had to feed the four little ones all through the Summer, and also now and then any one of the larger children who didn't find work outside.

The father came home frequently in Winter, but he brought little with him, for his house and land were so mortgaged that he had to be paying out his money the whole year through. As soon as he was paid his wages, some one of his debtors would come and take away all he found.

So his wife managed the children badly, all the more because she kept no order and she did nothing well with her hands. She would often stand for a long time on the little broken-down gallery, and instead of nailing fast one or two of the pieces which had broken away,

she would gaze across the brook to the cowherd's neat little house, whose windows shone in the sun, and would say angrily to herself:

"Yes, she can clean and have everything fine over there, for she has nothing else to do, but people like us——!" Then she would go back again in great vexation to her gloomy, cheerless room and vent her spite on the first one that came in her way. This was usually a boy of ten or eleven years who was not her own, but had lived in Sepp's little house ever since he was born. This little fellow, called "Stupid Tiss," by every one, looked so thin and small, one would have thought him to be hardly eight. He also seemed so timid and scared that no one knew how he really looked, for he kept his eyes bashfully on the ground when any one spoke to him.

Tiss had never known a mother, for she had died when he was scarcely two years old. Not long after, his father had fallen down over the rocks when he was coming back from mowing grass on the mountains and was taking a short cut. He was made lame by the fall and could do nothing more except to weave little mats, which he sold in the big hotel up on Mt. Seelis.

Little Tiss had never seen his father except sitting on a stool with a straw mat on his knees. Every one had called him lame Matthis. He had already been dead six years, and since he had hired a small room in Sepp's house for himself and the little boy to sleep in, Tiss had remained in the same place after his father's death. The

small amount of money paid by the parish for little Tiss was very acceptable to Sepp's wife, and in his room she was able to put two of her boys who, for a long time, had had no place to sleep.

Little Tiss was naturally a timid and silent boy. His father, who had first parted with his wife and then met with the great accident, had entirely lost his spirit, and if he talked little before his misfortune, he said almost nothing at all afterwards. Little Tiss used to sit the whole day long beside his father, without hearing a word, and so for a long time he did not learn to talk. When he lost his father and belonged entirely to the Sepp household, he hardly spoke any more, for he received cross words from almost every one and was pushed here and there, because he didn't know how to defend himself. In addition to all the knocks which he had to stand from the children, came the woman's cross words when she was out of sorts with the cowherd's neat little house over the brook. Tiss never defended himself for he had the feeling that the whole world was against him, and so it was of no use.

Little by little the boy became so shy and afraid of every one, that he seemed hardly to notice what went on around him and usually made no reply when he was spoken to, but always looked particularly as if he were searching for a hole where he could crawl into the ground, so that nobody could find him.

Thus it happened that the four older children of Sepp's—Jopp, Hans, Uli and Lisi—often said to him:

"You are only a stupid Tiss," and the four little ones repeated it after them, as soon as they could talk. As Tiss had never made any objection, after a while everybody supposed it must really be so, and he was known far and wide as "the stupid Tiss." It really seemed as if he could not do what the others did. If he helped look after the cows, and was with all the other boys together, he immediately sought for a hedge or a bush to hide behind. There he would sit trembling with fear most of the time, for he could hear the other boys looking for him with great shouts, to come and share the games which they wanted to play. These games always ended with much fighting, and Tiss regularly got the worst of it, since he never defended himself, and was unable to do so, against those who were much stronger. So he sneaked away as soon as he could, and in the meantime his cows wandered wherever they chose and grazed in the neighbors' pastures. This caused much trouble, and everybody found that Tiss was too stupid to watch the cows and no one hired him any longer.

It was the same way about the work in the fields when the boys were employed to hoe in the potato-fields. They enjoyed throwing potato-balls at each other's heads to make the time pass more quickly, and each gave the other back as good as he sent. Tiss gave nothing back, but looked timid and frightened in every direction from which he was hit. This was exactly what the others wanted, and so the potato-balls flew at him from every side, in the midst of

great laughter, hitting him on his back, on his head and wherever it happened. But while the others had time to work, Tiss only tried to get away and to crouch behind the potato plants. So he was no good for this work, and young and old decided that Tiss was too stupid to do any kind of work and that he would never be anything.

Since he couldn't earn anything and never would amount to anything, he was treated and managed accordingly by Sepp's wife. When there was hardly enough to eat for her own four little children it usually happened that there was nothing at all left for Tiss, and he was then told:

"You must find something for yourself, you are big enough."

How Tiss really was nourished no one knew, not even Sepp's wife herself, but somehow he continued to live. Here and there a kind woman would give the small, thin boy a piece of bread or a potato, as he passed by the door so silently without even looking up, and much less begging, for Tiss never begged. He had never had enough to eat in his life, but that was not so dreadful to him as the persecution and derision of the boys, whom he became more and more afraid of, and held himself more and more aloof from.

II

AT THE COWHERD'S HUT BY THE BROOK

On a lovely Summer afternoon, as all the midges were dancing in the blue, sunny air, and all the cowboys and girls were running together on the mountain-side, they must have something unusual to do. Jopp, the largest of all, was the leader of the company, and when all were together in a group, he directed that they should all go up to the cowherd's hut by the Schwemme brook, for to-day was cheese-fish day. But first of all they had to decide who should remain to look after the cows, while the others went to the festival. This was a difficult question for not a single one of them had any desire to be sacrificed for the others and remain behind. Then the idea came to crafty Uli that for once they might compel stupid Tiss to look after the cows, and so that he wouldn't forget it, they could give him a little beating beforehand. The proposal found favor; and several of the leaders were eager to go for Tiss, when Lisi with a loud voice cried out:

"What Uli has said is not sensible, and we should all have to pay for it, if we came back and the cows had run away. You can't think that Tiss, who is too stupid to look after two cows, can suddenly look after twenty. We must draw lots and three must stay with the cows, or it's of no use."

Lisi's objection made an impression, and the new idea was accepted. Three from the crowd were chosen by lot, and Uli was one of the three to stay. Grumbling and snarling he turned his back on the victorious ones and sat down on the ground, the other two with him. With screams and shouts the whole troop rushed up the mountain, in search of the incomparable pleasure.

The cheese-fish day was always announced by Franz Anton to the boys, who never failed to remind him about it, if he was at all forgetful, for it was their chief pleasure. It was the day when Franz Anton pared around his fresh cheeses, after the soft mass had been pressed in the round wooden forms. Whatever pressed out between the heavy weight and the strong hoop was cut off and looked like a long snow-white sausage. This was then broken into numerous pieces by the friendly cowherd and divided among the children. These then were the so-called cheese-fish.

This festival took place every two weeks throughout the Summer and was each time greeted with loud shouts of joy.

Tiss had kept himself hidden behind the big thistle on the ground, while the discussion was going on in front of him. He made no sound and remained motionless in the same place until he heard the big crowd run away. Then he peeped quietly out a little. The three grumbling ones, chosen to stay behind, were sitting on the ground, with their backs turned to him. The others had already gone a good piece up the mountain.

Their calls and shouts sounded merrily down from above. An irresistible longing seized Tiss to take part also in the cheese-fish celebration. Very adroitly he slipped out from behind the bush, and softly and lightly as a weasel glided behind the three unhappy ones and up the mountain.

After the last steep slope came a little shining green table-land and there stood the cowherd's hut, and a few steps away the clear Schwemme brook rushed down below. There in the doorway of his hut stood Franz Anton, with his round, friendly face, laughing at the various leaps the boys and girls were making in every direction in their eagerness to secure the longed-for pleasure. Now they had all reached the hut and one was pushing another forward to be near by when the distribution should begin.

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" said Franz Anton, laughing. "If you all push into the hut, I shall have no room to cut the cheese, and you will get hurt."

Then he took his strong knife in his hand and stepped to the big round cheese, which he had placed on a little table beforehand. He cut around it very quickly. Then he came out with the long, thick, snow-white strip and broke it off, handing out a piece here and a piece there, often over the heads of the larger children to the little ones, who could not push in front, for Franz Anton was fair and just in his division.

Tiss was standing behind all the rest, and when he tried to press forward a little, he received a blow here

and a blow there, and was pushed from one side to the other. Franz Anton did not see him at all because those who were bigger and taller kept pushing in front of him. At last he received such a terrible push from the broad Jopp, who struck out on all sides, that he was thrown far to one side and almost turned a somersault. The sharing was almost over, and Tiss saw very well that he would not get the least little bit of the cheese, and he didn't want to have any more knocks. He went a few steps farther away where there were young evergreens and sat down on the ground among the little trees. On the topmost bough of one sat a merry little bird singing so cheerily in the bright sunny air, as if there was nothing else in all the world but blue sky and sunshine. This pleased Tiss so much that he almost forgot the disappointment he had just had.

From time to time he had to look up at the cowherd's hut, for there was no end to the noise and shouting when one had rescued his piece of cheese from another. Then he could still see how every one of the others stood there with a big or small piece of the beautiful white mass and was biting into it with delight.

He sighed a little and said softly:

"If I could only once have a single, little piece!" Tiss had never once tasted the wonderful white cheese-fish, for he had never before ventured so far as to-day, to press into the crowd of fortunate children.

He now saw that it had been useless for him to muster all his courage as he had done to-day, and so he

came to the sad conclusion that he would never in all his life have a cheese-fish. He was so cast down by this that he no longer heard the bird and sat crouched down under the fir-trees.

Now the feast at the hut was ended and the excited children rushed away, leaping over each other in every direction, which caused more than one to fall and keep on rolling down the steep mountain slope, and Noisy Hans discovered the half-hidden Tiss as he was running by and screamed loudly into the thicket:

"You mole, come out, you must play with us!"

Tiss understood what to play with them meant; he would have to stand for the others to jump over him, whereby he would usually be knocked down. He would much rather remain in his quiet hiding place, but he knew very well what he had to expect, if he did not follow the command. So he came forth obediently.

"How many cheese-fish have you had?" screamed Hans to him.

"None," answered Tiss.

"Oh, look," screamed Hans still louder to the crowd, "he ran straight into the cheese-fish and then ran away again without even seeing any."

"You stupid Tiss!" they cried on all sides, and immediately the big boys began to jump over his head, so that he had all he could do to get on his feet before he was thrown down again. Occasionally he rolled down the slope with a whole crowd of hurrying children, until some lucky chance brought him to his feet again. After

making this sudden descent, all separated to look after the cows. Tiss ran away to one side, far from all the rest, for now he expected a real persecution from those who remained behind, because he had run along with them. He now ran to the swamp and crouched down so that no one could see him from above or below. The swamp was a hollow in the mountain-side where, Spring and Fall, the water often remained standing, and made the ground swampy, but now it was quite dry and an agreeable spot, for lovely, dark red strawberries grew there in the sun, which shone beautifully warm on the sides of the hollow. But Tiss was everywhere frightened and troubled whenever he was near the houses and the cowboys, for they might at any moment discover him and do him harm again.

As Tiss cowered there timid and anxious, he trembled at every sound, because he kept thinking: "Now one of them is coming and will do something to me"— suddenly there came to him such a lovely recollection of the quiet spot under the young fir-trees up above and the singing of the little bird, that he seemed strongly drawn from the ground and he was impelled to go up there once more. With all his might he ran up the mountain again and did not once stop until he was there and could sit down in the midst of the evergreens. Only towards the valley below was his hiding place among the fir-trees a little open.

Tiss now sat down there in complete security. Around about there was a great stillness, not a sound came up

from below to the lonely heights, only the little bird was still sitting on the fir-branch and piping his merry song.

The sun was going down. The lofty snow mountains were beginning to glisten and glow and over the whole green Alps lay the golden, shimmering evening light. Tiss gazed around him in silent astonishment. A contentment he had never known before came over him. Here all anxiety and timidity would pass away for he had nothing to fear, since far and wide there was not a human being to be seen or heard.

Tiss sat there for a long time, and would have liked not to go away again, for he had never been so content in all his life. But then he heard heavy footsteps behind him from the hut. It was the cowherd. He was coming with a pail and surely going to the brook to get water. Tiss kept as still as a mouse, for he was so accustomed to be scolded or laughed at by every one, that he thought the cowherd would do the same and then drive him away. He crouched down far under the little trees, but Franz Anton noticed the crackling from the movement, stepped up and peeped into the thicket.

"What are you doing there half hidden in the ground?" asked the cowherd with a merry laugh.

"Nothing," replied Tiss faintly and trembling with fear.

"Come out then. You don't need to be afraid if you haven't done anything wrong. Whom are you hiding

from? Did you run in there with your cheese-fish, so that you could eat it without being disturbed?"

"No, I haven't had any cheese-fish," said Tiss, still afraid.

"You didn't have any? And why not?" asked the cowherd in a way no person had ever spoken to Tiss before, so that something awakened in his heart that he had never known until now—trust in a human being.

"They pushed me away to one side," he replied and rose from his seat behind the thick branches.

"There, now I can see you," continued the cowherd kindly. "Come a little nearer. And why didn't you defend yourself if you were pushed away? The children always push one another, but finally every one gets his turn, and why didn't you?"

"They are stronger," said Tiss so persuasively that this reason seemed quite convincing to Franz Anton. Now for the first time he could really see the boy. Tiss stood before the broad, tall Franz Anton like a slender little plant before a tall fir-tree. The robust man regarded for a moment the poor little figure which was almost literally nothing but skin and bones. Now and then, out of the thin bloodless face, two big eyes looked timidly up at him.

"Whose boy are you?" he then asked the child.

"Nobody's," answered Tiss.

"Bah, haven't you a home somewhere? Where do you live then?"

"With the Sepps."

Then Franz Anton began to understand. "So you are the boy!" he said with comprehension, for he had heard a great deal about the stupid Tiss, who was of no use, who was entirely too stupid to look after a cow, but he did not know him.

"Come along with me," he said pityingly. "If you are at the Sepps', it's no wonder you look like a blade of grass. Come, there is no more cheese-fish, but something else."

Tiss didn't know what was happening to him. He went behind Franz Anton, obediently, but it was a pleasure, and this had never happened to him before. The cowherd stepped into the hut, took a round loaf of bread down from a high shelf and cut a slice clear across the whole loaf. Then he went to a huge butter-ball, which stood shining and golden in the corner, and took off a good big piece. This he spread over the slice of bread and handed the good-sized piece with the thick butter on it to Tiss. In his whole life he had never had anything like this before. He looked at it as if it could not be possible that it belonged to him.

"Come out and eat it in front of the hut, I must get some water now," said Franz Anton, whose merry eyes were watching the expression of happiness and astonishment in the face of the child. The boy obeyed. He sat down on the ground in front of the hut and while the cowherd was gone to the brook, he took a bite into his bread and butter, and then another and still another, and couldn't realize that anything could be

so good and was really his, and that there was still more of it, for it was a huge piece.

Meanwhile the evening wind blew cool and refreshing around his head and rocked the branches of the young fir-trees to and fro, and the little bird still sat on the topmost bough and sang clear and merrily up into the golden evening sky. The boy's whole heart leaped with a gladness he had never known before, and he felt as if he must begin to sing aloud with the bird.

During this time the cowherd had gone to and fro several times with his pail. By the brook he had always stood still for a little while and looked around. The mountains were no longer red from the evening light, but now the full moon was rising big and golden behind the white peaks. The cowherd came back to the hut again and stood beside Tiss, who was still sitting silently in the same place.

"Do you like it here?" he asked kindly. "You have now finished your supper, I see. What do you think of going back? See how beautifully the moon will light you home!"

Tiss had given no thought to going back, but now it occurred to him that it was quite necessary. He rose, thanked Franz Anton once more and went away. But he hadn't gone farther than the fir-trees, when a force held him back. He looked around once more, and as the cowherd had gone into the hut and could no longer see him, he stole quickly under the dark boughs.

Franz Anton was the only human being who had

treated him with kindness and love, in all his life. This had made such an impression on Tiss that he could not go away. He had to remain a little longer near this good man. Lying wholly concealed under the little trees, Tiss peeped between the branches towards the hut, to see if he could catch sight of the cowherd again. Some time passed, and then suddenly Franz Anton really came out once more from his hut. He remained standing in front of the door and gazed with folded arms into the silent mountain world, where now the gentle moonlight shone brightly over all the lofty snow-clad mountain tops. The bright moonlight fell on the cowherd's face, and it would have done any one good to see its expression of peaceful serenity. Finally he folded his hands and silently offered his evening devotion. Then suddenly he said quite loud:

"Good-night, God bless you!" stepped back into the hut and closed the door.

His evening greeting had included his old friends the lofty mountains round about, and the people who were dear to him although they were not before his eyes. Tiss looked up at Franz Anton in silent awe. If the cowherd made friends of every one he knew by his habitual genial, calm, happy manner, with what love and wonder must he have filled the heart of little Tiss, whose benefactor and only friend he was.

When it was quite dark and still in the hut, Tiss stood up and ran as fast as he could down the mountain to the Sepps'.

It was late and there was no more light to be seen. But it was all the same, for the door was never closed. He stepped softly into the house and crept to his bed, which he had to share with Uli. Uli slept soundly and well after he had first cried out:

"It is fine that Tiss is too stupid still to find his bed, for now there's plenty of room!"

Tiss lay down quietly, and as soon as his eyes closed, he still saw Franz Anton before him, as he stood with folded hands in front of his hut, and for the first time in his life Tiss fell asleep with a happy heart.

III

A HELPFUL ANGEL

THE next day was Sunday. The people on the mountain-side went down to Beckenried to church. In spite of the long distance the children had to go to Sunday-school every Sunday, for the pastor held fast to the good custom. So the whole crowd came down the mountain-side and were soon sitting together with the other groups as quiet as possible, on the long benches, and the pastor was ready to begin. He said he had spoken to them the last time about a future life, and as his eyes fell on Tiss, he continued:

"I will once more ask you something that you can easily answer, even if much cannot be expected from you. Tell me, where will the poorest and lowliest of

us be so happy that he will know no sorrow, if he leads a pious Christian life?"

"At the cowherd's hut by the Schwemme brook," answered Tiss, without hesitation. Then there arose such a tittering that Tiss looked around very frightened. All about mocking faces were directed towards him and the children were choking with stifled laughter. Tiss was so mortified he wanted to crawl into the ground. He had heard nothing that the pastor had explained the last time, because he had to defend himself all the while against secret attacks from the boys. Now he had answered the question entirely according to his own experience.

The pastor looked at him sternly, but when he saw that it was not a laughing matter to Tiss, but that he was quite overcome with timidity, and sat crouched over, he shook his head very thoughtfully and said:

"There is nothing to be done with him."

But when the pastor had come to an end, the whole crowd rushed out behind Tiss, all laughing out loud and screaming together:

"Tiss, did you suddenly think of the cheese-fish, in the church?" and, "Tiss, why didn't you say something about the cheese-fish?" and a great many more mocking remarks.

Tiss ran like a hunted rabbit panting up the mountain to get away from the shouts. Up above he was no longer followed, for the others wanted to enjoy the beautiful Sunday afternoon in the village.

Tiss ran on still farther up the mountain. In spite of all his trouble, he had one consolation in his heart. He could escape up to the cowherd's hut by the brook and there see Franz Anton's friendly face. He could sit quite still in his little hiding-place, and be safe from pursuers. He now sat down again under the fir-trees and above him the bird was singing his song.

The snow-covered mountains were glistening in the sun, and over the green slope here and there a clear little brook flowed peacefully down into the valley. To Tiss it was so good that he forgot all the derision and felt only a single desire, that he might never have to go away again.

From time to time he caught a glimpse of Franz Anton, for whom he was constantly watching. Then he would crouch down as low as possible, for he had a feeling that if Franz Anton saw him here again, he would think he had come to get more bread and butter, and it was only because he was the first and only person who had been friendly and kind to him, and when near him he felt happier and safer than he had ever been anywhere in the world.

The cowherd didn't discover him to-day, and Tiss sat in his lovely little hiding place until the stars shone in the sky and Franz Anton stepped out of the hut again as he did the evening before and called out:

"Good-night, God bless you!"

Then Tiss ran away and reached his bed as late as yesterday, but this time very hungry for he had had

nothing to eat since morning. But it was all the same to the boy to-day for he had been so happy up there.

In this way a whole week passed. Day after day, as soon as he found a moment, when no one saw him and could follow him, Tiss ran up the mountain and darted under the fir-branches. From there he watched the cowherd's whole daily routine from one minute to another, and never left his peaceful retreat until Franz Anton had said: "Good-night, God bless you!" It always seemed to him as if the evening blessing was meant for him.

These were unusually hot days. Every morning the sun rose in the cloudless sky, as it had gone down at evening. The fodder was fine and Franz Anton obtained such beautiful rich milk from the Alpine cows, that he was able to make marvellous cheese from it. That delighted him, and early in the morning he could be heard whistling joyously in his hut. Also on Saturday he bustled about even earlier than usual, for it was one of the days when the cowherd carried his three or four finished cheeses down to the lake, to have them shipped and sent away. He soon had them packed and firmly tied, and started gayly down towards the valley, his big mountain-staff in his hand, the heavy burden on his broad back. It was the hottest day of the whole Summer.

The farther down he went the more the excessive heat overpowered him, and more than once he said to himself:

"Oh, how glad I shall be this evening to come back to my hut up in the cool air. Down here it is like an oven."

Now he had reached the lake just as the boat came in which was to take away the cheeses. Everything was soon accomplished and Franz Anton stood for a moment undecided whether to climb the mountain again, or first to get some refreshment down below. He felt no appetite, his head was heavy and hot, and he only wished to be up on the mountain. Then some one pulled his arm. It was one of the boat hands who had been helping with the lading.

"Come, Franz Anton, it is hot to-day, let us drink a glass of wine in the shade," he said and drew the cowherd towards the tavern, under the big tree in front of it. Franz Anton was hot and thirsty and did not object to sit here a while in the shade. He drank his glass at one draught. He soon rose and said he didn't feel well down there in the heavy hot air, and he was accustomed to cold milk and water, and not to wine. Whereupon he took his leave and went with great strides up the mountain. But the climbing had never seemed so hard in all his life. The midday sun burned hot on his head, his pulse hammered, his feet seemed so heavy that he had difficulty in lifting them. He struggled on with all his might. The steeper the slope became the greater were his strides, and he spurred himself onward with the prospect that only an hour longer, then only half an hour, and now only a quarter of hot exertion lay before

him, then he would reach his hut and could throw himself down on the fresh hay to rest.

Now he had reached the last steep rise. The sun burned like fire on his head. Suddenly everything grew black before his eyes, he tottered and fell heavily to the ground. He had lost consciousness.

At evening when the milker stepped into the room with his milk, he found that Franz Anton had not returned. He placed his milk in a corner and went away. It never occurred to him to look for the cowherd. But there was some one else up there, who had been watching for a long time for Franz Anton, and it was Tiss. For several hours he had been sitting in his hiding place. He knew every step the cowherd took, and how one duty followed another, so that he couldn't help wondering why Franz Anton left his milk standing so long, for he usually poured it at once into the different vessels. Some was poured into big round pans for butter, where it was left standing until all the cream rose thick on the top, and some went into the cheese-kettle: all this Tiss had been able to notice through the open door of the hut. Still the cowherd did not come. A feeling came over the boy that something was not as it should be. He came softly out of his hiding place and went to the cowherd's hut. It was still and empty in the room below and up on the hayloft. No fire was crackling under the kettle, no sound was to be heard, everything was deserted.

Tiss then ran anxiously around the hut, first down,

then up and then away again in a different direction. Now suddenly—there below he saw Franz Anton lying on the ground. Tiss sprang towards him—there lay his friend with closed eyes, groaning and gasping as if he were dying. He looked burning hot and his lips were quite parched.

Tiss stood for a moment, and pale with fright stared at his benefactor. Then he ran without stopping down the mountain. Franz Anton had lain for many hours unconscious on the ground. A frightful fever had seized him. He suffered a consuming thirst. From time to time in his burning desire it seemed as if he came to water and wanted to bend down and drink, and from the exertion, which he made, he awoke for a moment, since it was only a feverish dream. He was still lying on the ground and could not move and in vain thirsted for a drop of water. Then he lost consciousness again, and he dreamed he was lying in the swamp, where early in the day, as he passed by, he had seen the beautiful strawberries. There they were still. Oh, how he longed for some of them! He tried to reach out his hand, but in vain; he couldn't reach one. But now he suddenly had one in his mouth. An angel was kneeling there and had given him one—and another and another. Oh, how good the juice tasted in his parched mouth! Franz Anton sipped and swallowed, for it was an inexpressible refreshment. He awaked. Was it really so? Was he awake? It was no dream. There beside him kneeled the

He was lying on the ground and could not move.

angel and was again putting a big juicy strawberry into his mouth.

"Oh, you good angel, just one more!" said Franz Anton softly. But not just one—five, six more the angel put into his mouth, and he eagerly took in the refreshment each time. Suddenly a sharp pain shot across his face. He laid his hand on his forehead and could only say in a low voice: "Water." Then his consciousness entirely disappeared again. He couldn't taste the last strawberry.

Now he dreamed quite frightful things: that his head was as big as his biggest butter-ball and then grew bigger and bigger and so fearfully heavy that he thought with terror:

"You can never carry it alone again, you must have strong wooden supports placed under it, as they put under the apple trees when they bear too much fruit."

And now he felt clearly that his head was quite full of gunpowder, that some one behind him had lighted, and it was burning inside like blazing fire and would have to blow up the next moment. But suddenly the Schwemme brook came quite cold and invigorating across his forehead, over his whole face and flowed into his mouth, and Franz Anton drank it, and drank it, and awoke to consciousness.

It was quite true, ice-cold came one stream after another over his forehead and face. Then something came to his mouth like a little cup and he swallowed eagerly the cooling drink. Above him the stars were shining,

Franz Anton could see that quite plainly, and also that he was still lying on the ground out on the open mountain-side. But that could not be the brook flowing over him and letting him drink so easily. He couldn't really understand what it was, but it was so grateful, and releasing him from the heavy dream and the frightful fire. Full of gratitude he said only half aloud:

"Oh, dear Lord, how I thank Thee for Thy kindness and the helpful angel."

Again and again came the refreshing water bath, and finally Franz Anton felt a cold mass on his forehead, so soothing and gratifying that he said:

"No fire can get through that any more!" And he fell into a peaceful sleep and dreamed no more.

IV

WHAT THE COWHERD'S MOTHER DECIDED

The rising sun was streaming from behind the lofty mountain peaks, when Franz Anton opened his eyes and looked about him in wonder. He shivered a little for he felt chilly. He tried to sit up, but his head was heavy and dull. He put his hand to his forehead for there seemed to be something lying on it. And he was not mistaken: folded six ply, the big hand towel from the hut lay wet and heavy on his head. He pushed it

away, and as the cool morning wind blew across his forehead he felt so comfortable and relieved that he quickly sat up and looked around him. Then he suddenly looked into two big, anxious eyes which were directed steadily towards him.

"Are you there, Tiss?" he asked in surprise. "How did you come up here so early? Now, since you are here, come, let me lean a little on your shoulders. I am dizzy and can't walk alone."

Tiss jumped up from the ground and stepped close to the cowherd. He braced his two feet with all his strength on the ground, so that Franz Anton found a firm support in him, and could get up. As he went slowly up to the hut, while he still leaned on the boy's shoulders, he began to recall, little by little, what had really happened to him, but some events of the night were not fully clear to him. Perhaps Tiss could put him on the right track. When they reached the hut, the cowherd sat down on one of his three-legged stools, and said:

"Tiss, bring the other and sit down here by me. But first take down the bowl, we will drink a little cold milk together. I can't make a fire yet. There is a little dish standing beside it—but where is it gone?" the cowherd said, interrupting himself. "I put it up there in its place. I don't know what has happened to me since yesterday."

Tiss grew red as fire. He knew well who had taken down the little bowl. Very timidly he said:

"There it is on the ground," and brought it quickly with the milk bowl and handed both to the cowherd. He shook his head quite perplexed. As long as he had lived, he had never placed his little bowl there by the door on the ground. He now drank his milk silently and thoughtfully, then filled the little bowl again and said:

"There, Tiss, drink too! You have done me a good service by coming up here so early. Did you think it was cheese-fish day and you would be sure to be the first?"

"No, surely not," asserted Tiss.

"Now, tell me something," continued the cowherd, who had looked uneasily several times at the wet towel, which now was lying on the table, and then at the little water pail, which stood ready for a journey close by the door, as if waiting to go out.

"Tell me this, did I have the towel on my forehead when you came up here early this morning?"

Then Tiss grew deep red, for he thought if the cowherd should learn all that he had done, he would not like it and would be cross. But Franz Anton looked so deeply into his eyes that he was obliged to tell everything.

"I laid it on there myself," he began hesitatingly.

"But why, then, Tiss?" asked the cowherd in surprise.

"Because you were so hot," replied Tiss.

The cowherd was still more astonished. "But I was

surely already awake at sunrise," he said. "When did you come up?"

"Yesterday at five, or around four o'clock," stammered Tiss timidly, "the milker came long after."

"What, you were up here all night? What did you want and what did you do?"

Then Franz Anton saw that Tiss was quite frightened, but the occurrences of the previous night now came to him, and patting the boy on the shoulder in a fatherly way he said encouragingly:

"You don't need to be at all afraid of me, Tiss! There, drink up your milk and then tell me everything you know that happened from the time you came up here, from then on."

These words gave Tiss fresh courage. First he drank his milk in little sips, it tasted so wonderfully, he was so very hungry and thirsty. Then he began to talk:

"I wanted to come up here for a little while, near you, but only as I did every day, not on account of the cheese-fish. Because the milker had already brought the milk long before, and you didn't come, I hunted for you and then I found you on the ground and you were very red and hot and very thirsty. Then I ran as fast as I could down to the swamp, and picked all the big strawberries there were and brought them to you and you took them eagerly. But then you pointed to your head and wanted water on it. So I brought the little bowl out of the hut and the small pail and filled it at the brook, and poured the water with the little bowl over your head

and gave you some to drink because you were thirsty all the time. When the pail was empty I went to the brook and filled it again. But the water always ran over your head in a minute and I thought a thick cloth would keep wet longer on your head, and so I brought the towel from the hut and laid it folded together very wet on your head, and when it became dry and hot, dipped it into the pail and put it wet on your head again, and then at last you woke up in the morning, and I was glad, for I had kept thinking if only you wouldn't be sick."

The cowherd had listened very attentively. Now everything that he had experienced in the night became clear to him, and also how half waking and feverish he had seen the angel with the strawberries as his rescuer, and then felt and tasted the water of the brook as the real water of life. Franz Anton looked at Tiss in silent amazement as if he had never seen a boy before. No, such a one he had never seen. How was it possible, he asked himself, that this boy, whom everybody, young and old, had always called stupid Tiss, had saved his life, which had surely been in the greatest danger, for the cowherd very well knew what a fever had seized him. If Tiss had not reduced this with his streams of water, who knows what would have happened by morning! How could this boy, whom no one had a friendly word for, be so self-sacrificing as to spend the whole night carefully watching by another and caring for him! The tears came into big, strong Franz Anton's eyes as

he looked at the shy, despised Tiss, and he thought this all over.

He now took the boy by the hand and said:

"We shall be good friends, Tiss, I shall not forget that I have much to thank you for. Only do me one more favor, for my legs are trembling so I must lie down now. Go down to my mother and tell her she must come up to me, for I am not quite well. You must then come back with her for I have much more to talk with you about to-day. Don't forget it!"

Tiss had never been so happy before in all his life. He leaped down the mountain, as if he could not jump high enough for joy. The cowherd himself had told him to come back again, and he shouldn't have to hide any longer, but would dare to go right into his hut, and besides Franz Anton had told him he would be his good friend. At each of these thoughts Tiss leaped higher, and came down the mountain-side before he knew it. Just as he was running down from above to the neat little house with the shining windows, the cowherd's mother in her Sunday dress, her hymn-book in her hand, was coming up from church. The boy ran up to her, but could not speak for he was out of breath from running.

"Where did you come from?" asked the woman in her Sunday attire. She disliked anything untidy, and examined the boy critically from top to toe, for he presented no Sunday appearance in his ragged every-day trousers and dirty shirt.

"I think I have seen you before over across the brook. Are you one of the Sepps?"

"No, only Tiss," replied the boy very humbly.

Then it came to the woman's mind that the Sepps had a simple-minded boy with them, who was said to be good for nothing, and this must be the one.

"And what do you want of me?" she asked in great wonder.

Tiss had recovered his breath and explained his errand clearly and directly. The woman was greatly alarmed. Never before had her perfectly healthy Franz Anton been sick, and it was a very bad sign that he had sent for her and not come down himself. Without saying a word, she went into the house, very carefully packed everything she thought would be necessary and in a short time came out with her big basket on her arm.

"Come," she said to Tiss, "we will go immediately. Why must you go too?"

"I don't know," he replied timidly, and almost as if it were something wrong he added in a low voice, "Must I not carry the basket?"

"Well, now I understand," said the woman to herself, "Franz Anton thought that I would bring all sorts of things with me, and that he would carry them."

She gave the basket to Tiss. Silently she went up the mountain beside him, for she was buried in thought. Her good Franz Anton was her great pride and delight. Could he really be sick? Could the sickness be dangerous? Her anxiety increased as she came near to

the cowherd's hut. Now they had reached the top—only a few steps more—the distressed mother's knees were trembling, she could hardly go any farther. Now she went in. There was no one there. She looked around everywhere and up on the hayloft. There lay her son, deep in the hay, so she could hardly see him. With a beating heart, she climbed the ladder. Tiss remained respectfully standing by the door, but pushed the basket inside the hut.

When his mother bent anxiously over her son, he opened his blue eyes, reached his hand to her joyfully, sat up and said cheerfully:

"God bless you, Mother! I am glad you are here. I have slept like a bear, the whole time since Tiss went away."

The mother looked at her son, half in delight, half in fear, for she didn't know what to think.

"Franz Anton," she said earnestly, "what is the matter with you? Are you talking in fever, or do you know that you sent for me to come?"

"Yes, yes, Mother," laughed Franz Anton, "now I am quite myself, and the fever has gone. But all my limbs were trembling so I couldn't come down, but I wanted so much to talk with you. I feel my knees still trembling. I couldn't go far."

"But what is it then, what was it then, Franz Anton? Tell me exactly about it," urged his mother and sat down on the hay beside her son.

"I will now tell you everything, Mother, one thing

after another," he said, leaning restfully on the hay. "In the first place just look down at the small, thin boy, that hasn't a good piece of clothing on his body, that nobody gives a kind word to, and that everybody calls 'stupid Tiss.'"

His mother looked at Tiss, who was watching the cowherd like a sparrow-hawk, to see if anything was going to happen to him.

"What about it?" asked the mother excitedly.

"He has saved my life, Mother. If this little boy had not been here I should still be lying out on the ground in a fatal fever, or perhaps it would be all over with me." Then Franz Anton related everything that had taken place since yesterday afternoon; how Tiss had not left him all night long and had refreshed him again and again in his consuming thirst and burning fever, and cared for him and soothed the fire in his head, so that the cleverest person in the world couldn't have done better, and perhaps no other would have done it for him.

The mother had to wipe away her tears again and again. She imagined how her Franz Anton might have lain out there alone and deserted in his thirst, and perhaps might have been entirely consumed by the fever and nobody known anything about him. And then there arose such thankfulness and joy in her heart that she had to exclaim aloud:

"God be praised and thanked! God be praised and thanked!"

Moreover such a love for the poor boy overcame her, that she said in great excitement:

" Franz Anton, Tiss must not go back to the Sepps! The poor boy has surely suffered from hunger and they have let him go dirty and ragged. I will take him with me to-day, and to-morrow I will make him some clothes fit to be seen. He must be treated well by us, we cannot forget what he has done for you."

" That is exactly what I wished, Mother, but I had to know first what you would say about it, and now you have the same idea and have thought everything out so it couldn't be better. There's nothing like a mother! " And Franz Anton looked at her so full of happiness and love that it did her good in her inmost soul and she thought to herself:

" There's nothing like a worthy son."

Then she said:

" Now you must eat something, Franz Anton, so that you will get your strength back. I have brought some fresh eggs and white bread and now I will make a fire. Take your time in coming down."

This Franz Anton had to do, for he was still a little unsteady. But he went. He came down and beckoned now to Tiss, who was sitting outside, peeping in, to come to the table, where he had first sat down himself.

" Tiss," he said, looking kindly into the boy's eyes, " would you like to be a cowherd? "

His face lighted up with great joy, but it suddenly vanished again, for in his ears sounded hopelessly the

words which he had heard on all sides hundreds and hundreds of times: "He will never amount to anything," "He can't do anything," "He is no good,"—and in discouragement he answered: "I can't be anything."

"Tiss, a cowherd you are going to be," said Franz Anton decidedly. "You have proved yourself capable in your first undertaking. Now you are to remain with me and carry milk and water and help me with everything, and I will show you how to make butter and cheese, and as soon as you are big enough you shall put your arms in the kettle and be my assistant."

"Here in your hut by the brook?" asked Tiss, whose face was quite a puzzle at this wonderful good fortune.

"Right here in this hut," said Franz Anton emphatically.

An expression of such beaming happiness now came over the boy's face that the cowherd had to look at him. Tiss was completely changed. The mother noticed this as she placed the big omelet she had just cooked on the table. She stroked the boy and said:

"Yes, Tissli, to-day we will be happy together and to-morrow also, and every day we will thank the dear Lord because He brought you at just the right time to Franz Anton, when nobody knew why you had come up here."

Then the happy meal began, and never before in his whole life had Tiss seen so many good things together on a table, for besides the omelet the mother had brought

on fresh white bread, and next it placed the big yellow ball of butter and a piece of the white cheese, and in the center of the table stood a huge pitcher full of rich creamy milk. The mother now laid big, thick pieces of everything before Tiss, and when he had finished, she gave him as much more.

Towards evening, when the mother was getting ready to go home, she said:

" Franz Anton, I have changed my mind. Tiss must stay with you up here until you are strong again. He can help you, when it is necessary. I will tell the Sepps at once."

This pleased the cowherd, and for Tiss it was the greatest good fortune he could have. Now he was really at home with Franz Anton. He no longer had to hide under the little fir-trees while he listened to the evening blessing, he stood beside the cowherd, under the starry skies, when he folded his hands and said:

" Come, Tiss, now let us say our evening prayer." Tiss reverently folded his hands too, and when at the end, the cowherd said: " Good-night, God bless you! " the joy in the boy's heart was so great he wanted to wish everybody in the whole world a loud " Good-night, God bless you! "

That same evening the cowherd's mother went over to Sepp's wife, who was standing in front of the house, with her three boys and Lisi and seemed glad to hear of something they were all talking about together. The cowherd's mother understood that they were speaking

about Franz Anton, of whose misfortune the milker had told them. When she had explained to Sepp's wife why she had come, and that she and her son had agreed to adopt Tiss, the woman made a great fuss, and said it would be better for them to take one of her three boys, who would be a far different help to the cowherd and a hundred times better than stupid Tiss. And the boys all screamed at the top of their voices:

"Me! Me! Me!" for they knew very well how good Franz Anton was and what good things there were in his hut. But all their screaming and pleading were in vain. The cowherd's mother said very calmly that she should stand by Tiss, and she knew him already, he had more heart and intelligence than many who called him stupid Tiss. She also wished to warn the boys that they must cease teasing and laughing at him, or her son would deal with them. He would speak with his strong arms a plainer language to the boys than any further words, which she would not waste now.

Then the cowherd's mother left the people, who all looked after her quite dumb and astonished, and each one of the children thought in his heart:

"If I were only Tiss. He will be as well off as a king up there in the cowherd's hut."

From that day on whenever Tiss came in sight, all the boys ran after him and each one wanted to be his best friend, for they all remembered the last cheese-fish day, when Tiss was so badly treated, and from this time forth he would be sure to have all the cheese-fish

to himself, so it would be worth while for each one to be his friend. And later they were all good to him for it was the greatest pleasure to Tiss to divide the rich harvest of cheese-fish among them all, and he could never fully understand why all the children had changed towards him, so that not one ever pursued him or laughed at him any more. As he was no longer afraid of any one, to everybody's amazement he suddenly seemed to be a very industrious, handy little fellow, about whom every one had to admit:

"Either he is not the same boy, or we never had any right to call him stupid Tiss."

Even the pastor said, after a while, his favorite scholar in the school was Tiss, because he thought clearly about everything he answered, and the other boys could take him for an example.